THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Volume 197, Number 9

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Samuel G. Blythe—Agnes Burke Hale—George Pattullo
Octavus Roy Cohen—Ben Ames Williams—Sam Hellman

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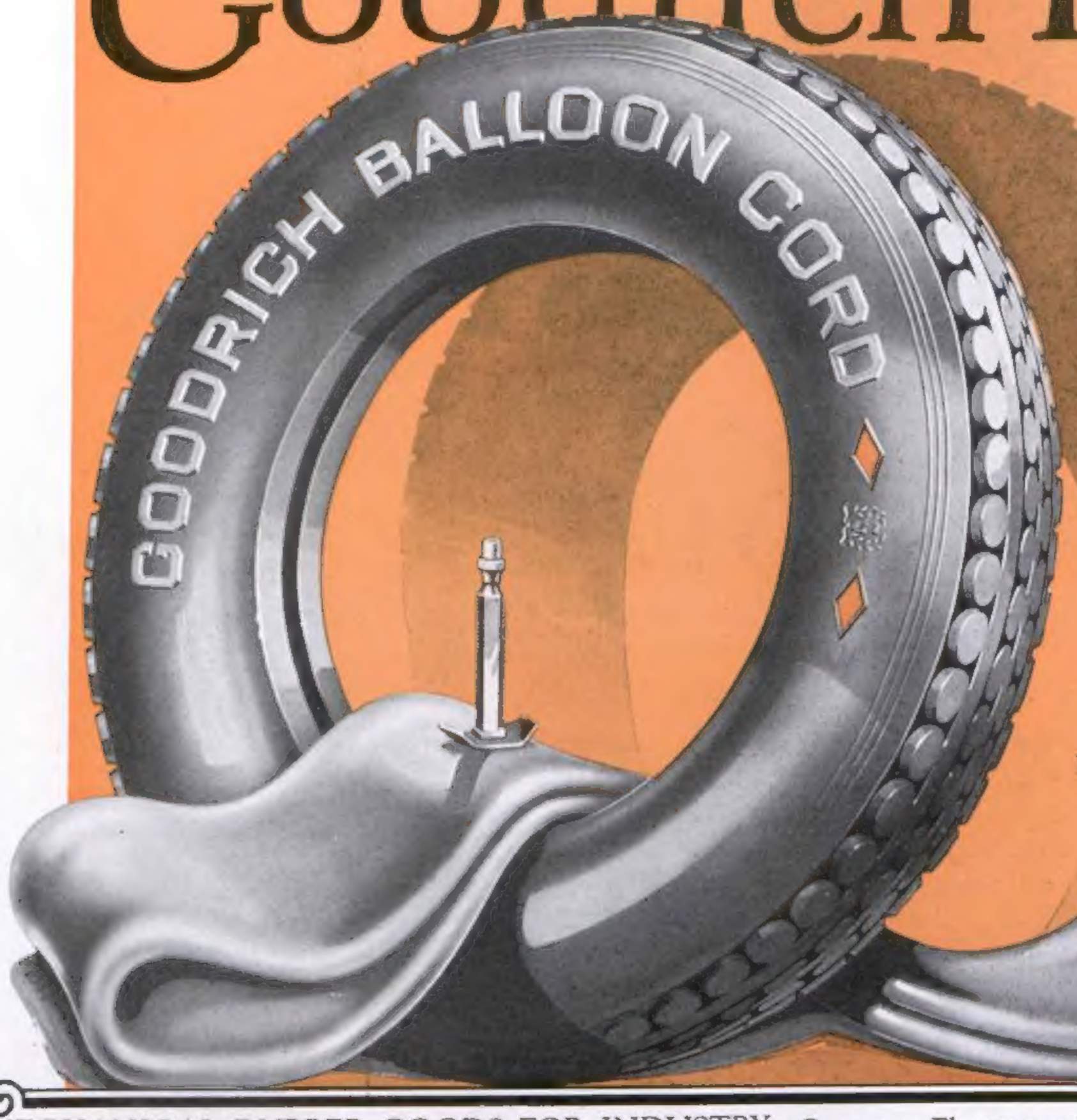

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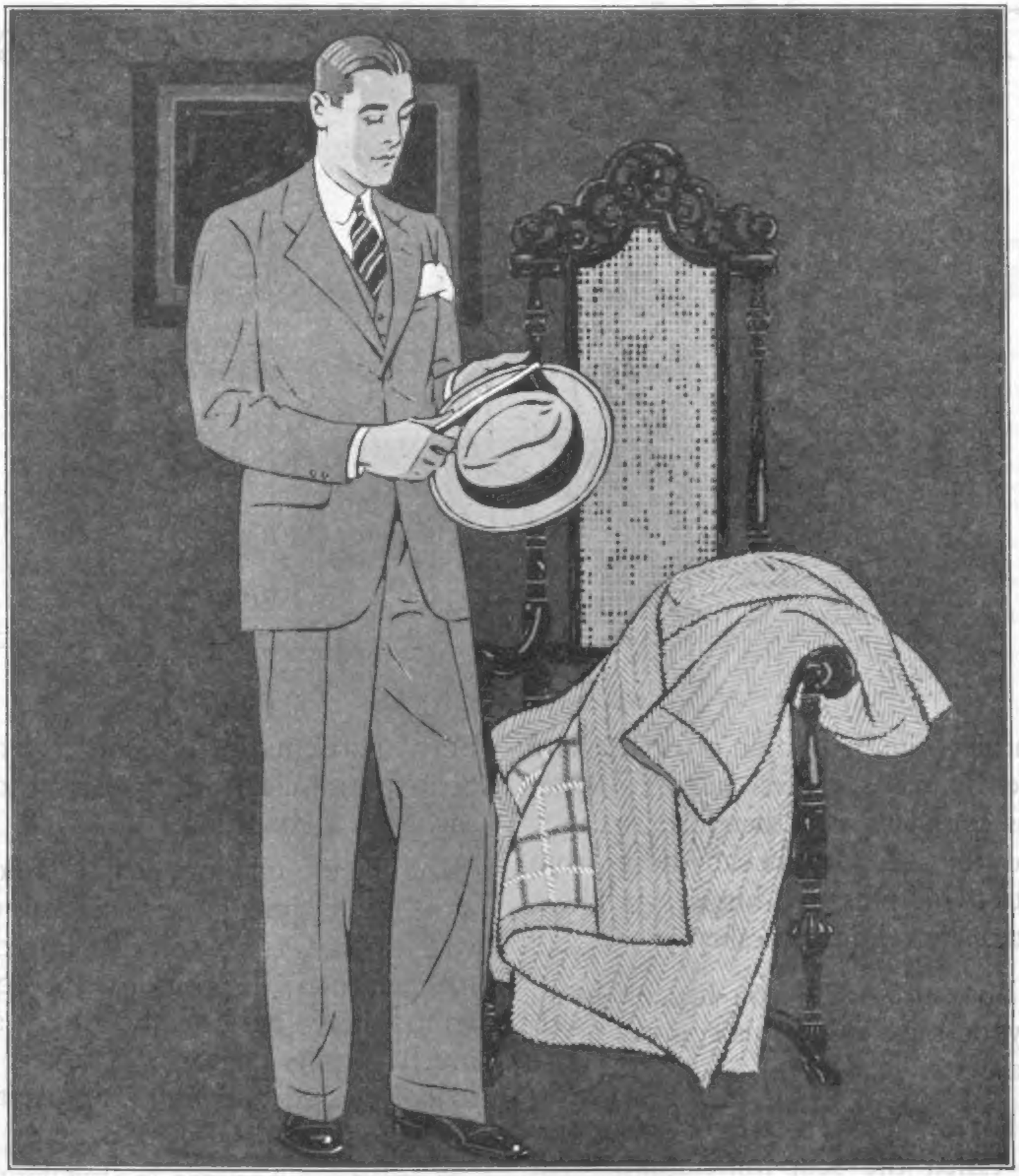

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To men who attend banquets

The favorite peroration of orators and after-dinner speakers begins, "What this country needs, therefore, is ——," and the —— may be anything from better hairpins to bigger, brighter, better after-dinner speakers.

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THE PERSONABLE MR. DAVIS

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

ONE fall day, not so long ago, I was prowling about in that retiform assemblage of streets behind the American Club, which is at 95 Piccadilly, London, seeking something now forgotten, and I came upon a barber shop that had all the earmarks of a haughty and exclusive aristocracy. It was a dignified barber shop, and superior. One could see that before entering.

There was an air about it that caught my attention and caused me to stop and look in its window. I noted a most substantial and correct lady at the desk; an indubitable miss of the upper serving classes at the counter; an array of tonics, washes, soaps and perfumes of the sort used in the best circles; and then a legend on the glass caught my eye: "Hair cutter to His Majesty." That was all there was to it. There was no explanatory "by appointment." The important statement was made in a grave and courtly manner. It carried weight.

It so happened that I could do with a haircut at the moment, and I went in, urged, no doubt, by the thought that though it would be extraordinary, and probably impossible, to have one's hair cut by royalty, it might, at least, be interesting to have one's hair cut by royalty's hair cutter. I was greeted by a majestic person in a long frock coat, and he, upon learning my wishes, escorted me to a booth in the rear and prepared me for the ceremony.

"You are an American, I perceive," he said, with just the slightest aspiration; and there I was again, discovered. For more than thirty years now I have been trying, from time to time, to assume an easy and native familiarity with the Tudor barber shops of England, and act as if their funny little chairs and their early Elizabethan implements were a part of my life, but I never have been able to put it over. Keen chaps, those English barbers.

"Yes," I said, and waited for his comment.

"I had the honor to serve one of your countrymen during his residence here." And I fell to wondering who that might be. One of the boys at the American Club, perhaps. Pic Cross? No, not Pic, for Pic has no hair to speak of. Bill McKinley, possibly. Bill has long and waving tresses. Or maybe ——

"It was His Excellency, the Honorable John W. Davis, when he was Ambassador to the Court of St. James," the barber explained. I might have known. A shop for ambassadors, surely.

"A most personable gentleman is Mr. Davis," the barber continued. "Most personable."

The Five Million Golf Votes

I THOUGHT of what the royal barber said when I saw Mr. Davis, not long after his nomination for President by the Democrats, receiving the congratulations of the Democratic leaders who had just emerged from a sixteen-day struggle not to nominate him, and were there to tell him just how valiantly they contended in the convention that the honor might be his, and would he be sure to make a note of it? A personable man. And well turned out. You may say what you like—and many persons probably will before the campaign is over—but he looks the part. He has a good tailor, and the tailor has a good subject for his drapings. That man is always impeccable in his dress. He was born with his trousers creased.

If John W. Davis gets into the White House you are at liberty to stack up any princes, potentates, rulers or leaders whatsoever against him, and he will be the best-looking of the lot. Also, the best dressed. Moreover, he has the grand manner. With his regular and regardful features, his gray hair, his suitable sartorial scenery and his suave and seemly manner, he is an impressive person, is this West Virginian; but he is no cooky pusher or cake eater. On the contrary.

It is to be hoped his campaign managers will take some pictures of him when on the golf links. Probably they won't because some bonehead is sure to say that the great and common people do not approve of golf, which is political hokum of the sort that prevails with most campaign managers. They'll probably seek to convey the impression that ever since he was a small boy Mr. Davis has spent his entire time studying the Constitution and reciting the Declaration of Independence, with two mornings a week devoted to Washington's Farewell Address. Campaign managers are like that.

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Hon. John W. Davis

Nevertheless, some golf pictures should be made of this candidate. There are five million golf votes in this country, and they are worth going after. Five million golfers would thrill to see John W. Davis come upon the links, for nobody dresses the part of a golfer with more assiduous attention to the fine detail of such correct and seemly garb than he. Nobody. When he walks out on Piping Rock there walks out the last word in correct attire. Perfect. Every move a picture, and the picture framed in the uppest-to-date tweeds, with stockings softly blending into the general color scheme, and shirt and tie and tassels and cap in harmony.

There wouldn't be much to that, for the externals of golf are to be bought ad lib. To be sure, there are many who can apply those externals with the distinction that is the natural heritage of Davis, but, even so, the point is here: It is a wide and liberal education in golf to watch John W. Davis play, because his playing and the manner of it must surely endear him to the great army of golfers who seek to break ninety and never do.

A Test of Sportsmanship

SO BE it that the Democratic candidate is, it may be, more regardful of his golfing attire than many, how does he regard his golf? With imperturbability, with a calm and reasoned consideration, with a philosophy, and with the highest sporting spirit. He is no arrogant and pestilential golfer who can send them screaming down the center, and pluck his par at every hole. Far from it. He is just the same sort of golfer that most of the rest of us are, and his progress from green to green is similar to the progress of the great bulk of the golfing brotherhood and sisterhood.

In fine, the Democratic candidate might get medals for his clothes, but he never will get medals for his cards. To break a hundred is a happy circumstance for him, and thus he qualifies for the golfing vote, for to break a hundred is a happy circumstance for most golfers, for the bulk of that great fraternity that is screaming "Fore!" from coast to coast.

A sporting and an imperturbable and a courteous and considerate golfer and a sporting and an imperturbable and a courteous and considerate man. Sam Burrill, of the Cleveland Times, told me a story a time ago that illustrates Davis better than any I have ever heard about him, and this is it: The Lakewood Chamber of Commerce had a meeting one night in late October four years ago, Lakewood being on the edge of Cleveland, Ohio. It was raining as it rains in the Great Lakes region in the fall. That is to say, it was doing more than raining. It was pouring, and what was poured was cold, wet water.

Only a few members were present, and the meeting was held in the office of the secretary, John C. Bethel. Presently Bethel took his umbrella and went out for something, and when he came back he brought with him about twenty of the forlornest and wettest Democrats in the state of Ohio. They had been trying to hold a Cox meeting in a small tent not far from the chamber of commerce, and the tent leaked, and their umbrellas leaked, and it was a sad affair. Bethel invited the soaked Democrats up to the chamber auditorium to hold their rally, and they were glad to come. They were trying to do something for Cox, but their handicap out there in that leaky tent was too great. It was almost a washout.

The speaker assigned to that meeting came with them, and that speaker was John W. Davis, then American Ambassador to the Court of St. James and now the Democratic candidate for President. Somebody had blundered—or had been vicious—and Mr. Davis had been assigned for his only speech in Ohio to a little tent, put up on a vacant lot on a street in a suburb of Cleveland. He came into the chamber of commerce, crouching under an umbrella held by a man a foot shorter than he was, and soaked.

"Well," said Burrill, "there was an interesting situation. Here were twenty wet suburban Ohio Democrats, and here was the wetter Ambassador to England. Naturally we expected that the Ambassador would demand a cab, and be on his way, but it was soon apparent that he isn't that sort of person. Instead of complaining, or commenting, or making any sort of fuss whatsoever, he stood and dripped until his little audience—there were not twenty-five, all told—found seats; and then, in his best manner, and with as much care and effort as if he had been talking to an audience in Madison Square Garden or the Cleveland Public Hall, he made one of the best speeches for Cox that was made in that campaign. It was superb. He spoke, mostly, of the League of Nations issue, as was to be expected, as he was one of the outstanding figures in the Wilson Administration, and Cox had made the League a leading issue in his own campaign.

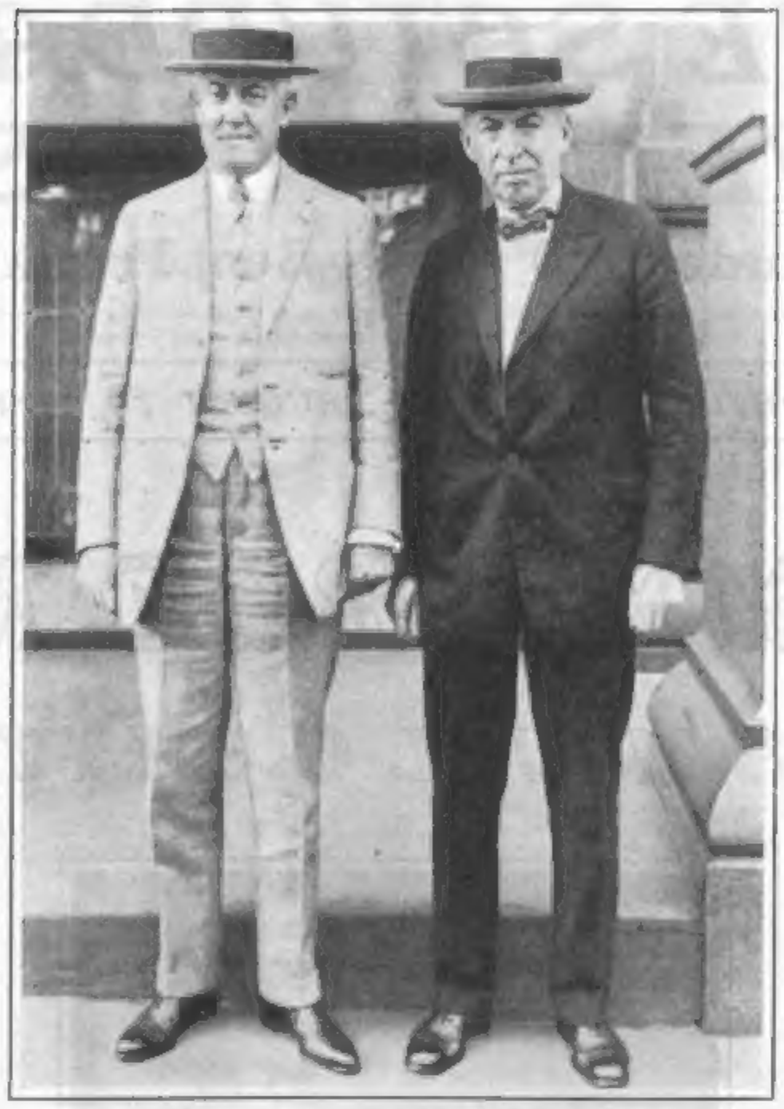
"He talked for an hour, with the same grace of oratory, poise of manner and polish of diction that might have marked a speech to thousands on a most important occasion, and after he had finished shook hands with his damp audience and bowed himself out. He showed no embarrassment, no resentment, nor any desire to do anything but make the very best speech he possibly could for Cox. And he made one of the best political speeches I ever heard. It was a sporting thing to do. A smaller man would have refused to talk when he found himself assigned to such a place on such a night, but not Davis. He went through without a quiver and without a quibble."

Burrill is right. That was a sporting thing to do, and it was a sort of Davis thing to do too. Probably the speech did not have much effect on the fortunes of Cox, but it did establish John W. Davis in the minds of those citizens of Lakewood as a gentleman and a good game sport.

The Clarksburg Home-Town Club

WHEN we look back at those mad and messy days in New York that preceded the nomination of Davis, and think that no matter what political fortune may have in store for this West Virginian who finally emerged with the victor's wreath jammed on his austere brow by a gang of febrile delegates who were, at the moment, willing to nominate anybody save McAdoo or Smith and get back home before they all became Enoch Ardens, we think of Clem Shaver. We think of Clem and we know that, regardless of all the gifts bestowed on this favored son of the Panhandle State, the best luck that ever happened to him was the luck of having Clem Shaver for a friend.

The convention was called to meet at noon on June twenty-fourth. Along about a week or so before that date Clem came into the Waldorf Astoria Hotel, and hired the old barroom, where in bygone days the five-o'clock crowd that surged and soused around the circular bar was more typical of New York than any crowd before or since. Now the bar is gone and there are tables and chairs in the space, and sedate newspapers and magazines to read. Clem was quiet, unobtrusive, almost shrinking. He tacked up a little sign which announced that this room was the headquarters of the John W. Davis Clarksburg Home-Town Club, put up a photograph or two, and began to circulate. The raucous headquarters of Governor Smith were across the hall. Around the corner the Virginians had a revolving glass ball that typified something or other for Carter Glass. Not far away a few hopeful souls held forth for Jimmie Cox, hopeful but not happy. And so on.



The Democratic Presidential Candidate and His Campaign Manager, Clement Shaver of West Virginia

Clem moved around. He brought sixteen votes for Davis with him, sixteen standfast votes from West Virginia, and with these as his nucleus he circulated, never speaking much above a whisper, and always seeming to efface himself; indeed, so unobtrusive was he that many of the correspondents thought for the first week or so that his name was Savory, having heard it indistinctly and not taking pains to inquire. He consorted a good deal with George White, the former chairman of the Democratic National Committee, who although buffeted considerably by the divagations of the Ohio delegation, had a leaning toward Davis that persisted until the end.

Then the convention began, and it was soon apparent that the main object of it was not to nominate anybody and was to prevent the nomination of two somebodies—namely, McAdoo and Smith. The business proceeded with all its slants, curves, angles and incidences until that Monday night, July seventh, when that Doric old Democrat, Sam Ralston, of Indiana, gummed up the program most frightfully by sending word that he'd be hecked if he'd run, and that when the cards were all stacked to nominate him.

The power of connected thought was then practically absent from the gathering, but it began dribbling and dripping and seeping into the bemused intelligences of those present that if something wasn't done mighty soon to close up the affair there would be an adjournment to Bloomingdale forced by the state lunacy commissioners.

Clem Shaver's Private Exit

MEANTIME Clem was moving around, at all hours of the day and night, quietly, unobtrusively, almost deprecatingly, but moving around. Then, at eight o'clock on Tuesday morning, the eighth, the final canvass was made. A way out was imperative. The thing could not be prolonged much further. A nomination must be effected. What that convention needed more than anything else, what it demanded, shrieked for, yearned and yowled for, was terminal facilities. It sought an exit, and it had to have one.

Well, there was Clem Shaver, and Clem had an exit in the shape and form of John W. Davis, than whom there was nobody in the running half so than whomer. As an exit he was dignified, superior, impeccable save for some Wall Street connections that could be sloughed off. He had the looks. He had the record. He had the position. He had the goods. He was conservative enough to suit the East, and he could be made liberal enough to satisfy the West. As for the South, he was a cinch.

"Look him over," said Clem, and they did, and between eight o'clock on Tuesday morning and three o'clock on Wednesday afternoon the looking was transmuted into votes by certain processes of solidification and arrangement and other expediencies of the politicians, and then Clem came into his own. His man was nominated, but, at the moment, Clem was nowhere in sight. He was modestly sitting in a corner, not saying a word.

Now it may be that Davis would have been nominated if Clem Shaver hadn't organized his Davis Clarksburg Home-Town Club, and it may not be. The facts of it are that Clem did organize his club, and that Davis was nominated, and the final and clinching facts are that there never was any intention in that convention to nominate Davis, that he was not considered available, until there had been almost a hundred ballots, although there was none who did not admit his abilities and his suitabilities. Clem stuck around. And he came home with the bacon. All of which goes to show that a friend in need gathers a lot

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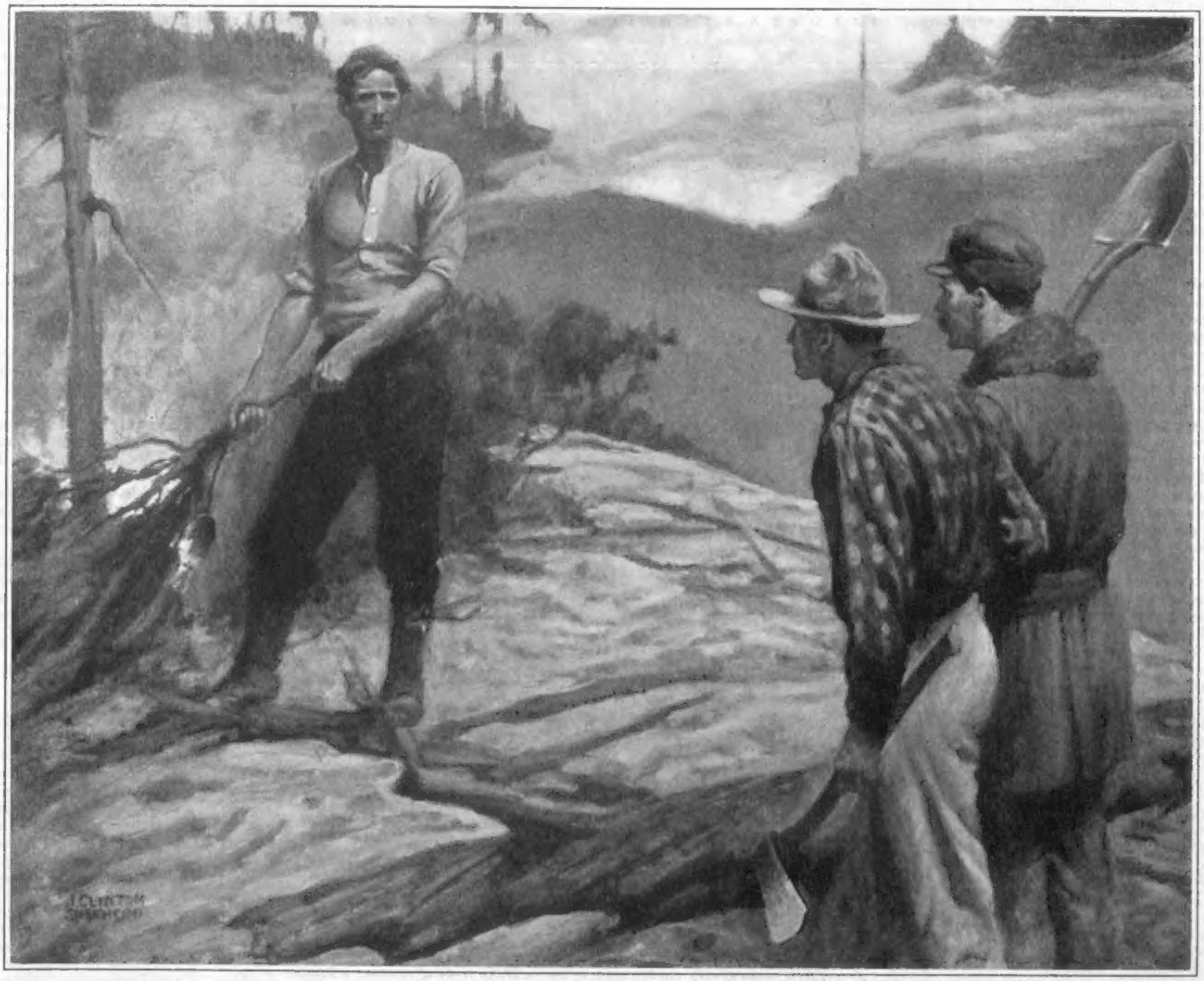
John W. Davis Receiving Congratulations on His Nomination. Left to Right: Mrs. Frank L. Polk, Mr. Davis, Mrs. Davis, Dorsey Potter and Mrs. Phil Watson, a Sister of Mrs. Davis

VALOR

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD



"We Got Out Halfway or So Along the Slide Before We Found Dell. He Was There, Sure Enough"

THE younger man had listened with dogged attention; but Hebron, his back to the window, watching the other's eyes, saw the cloud of reluctant hesitation that gathered there. Ramsey Hebron—they knew him better as "Ram" Hebron, anywhere north of Bangor—could never overcome a certain wistful regret when he saw that look in the eyes of a young man. This young man, this Jack Ford, had seemed to promise different stuff, and Hebron thought he might be mistaken in what he saw; so he continued to the end of what he had to say. At least, he reminded himself, there was no suggestion of fear in the young man's eyes.

Yet Ford might have been forgiven a certain fear in the presence of Hebron. The older man, overlord of thousands of acres of spruce and pine, was the dominant figure in a corporation so colossal that it could and did spend a million and a half to build a road in order that over that road materials might be transported for the construction of a certain piece of equipment necessary to the tremendous task of harvesting the lumber from those northern acres. Two and a half millions to raise the water in a certain lake a matter of nineteen feet or so!

Ford had first met Hebron two years before, on the second day after the final football game of the season. He was not likely to forget that interview, although it had been astonishingly brief.

Hebron had simply said, "I liked the way you kept hitting that line, young man. They were too good for you, but you kept coming back for more. Want to go to work for us in June?"

And the upshot of that was that Ford did go to work for them in June. Since then he had seen many things and done many things. He had watched the transformation of a four-foot bolt of spruce wood into white paper. He had scaled mile-long rafts of logs at the boom in Argyle; he had driven a giant tractor roaring through the snow-filled wood roads with a train of logs behind him; and he had spent one month afoot, a pack upon his back and an old woodsman for companion and instructor, learning how to estimate the amount of lumber an acre of forest would yield. A week ago he had been summoned two hundred miles to this interview; had come face to face with Hebron again, and had listened, with dogged attention, to what the older man proposed.

But Hebron had finished now; his rumbling voice was still; he was watching Ford, and waiting for an answer.

The young man did not reply at once. He pulled a pipe from his pocket and lighted it, and he looked out of the window. Hebron, who had been immovable and attentive, moved when Ford moved, shifted his position to take a cigar from a humidor. He tilted back in his chair again; and Ford's eyes met his and the young man spoke.

"I don't think it can be done," he said steadily.

Hebron seemed to weigh this reply; yet it became apparent that he had expected it, for he countered at once. "That means you don't think you can do it."

"I don't think anyone can do it in the time set." Ford smiled in a deprecatory fashion. "You know best, of course," he added mildly. "That's just the way it strikes me."

"There are some doctors," said Hebron, "who make a practice of predicting the worst. Then if things turn out well they get the credit."

The young man flushed. "I'm trying to make good with you," he said, in a voice a little raised. "If I should tackle this and make a bust of it, it would give me a black eye. I don't see a chance to put it through."

Hebron said reminiscently, "I remember the first time I saw you. Your team was two touchdowns behind; you had the ball in your own territory, with less than a minute to play, and they gave it to you, to hit the line. As I recollect, you did hit the line. Hit it hard too. Kind of a waste of effort, wasn't it?"

"That was different."

"It was different enough to make me hire you."

"I don't see the sense in butting into a stone wall."

Hebron, who had been rigid and attentive, slowly relaxed. His bulky body seemed to sag in his chair, and he tilted back and his eyes turned toward the window. The young man began to remember some of the tales that were told of Hebron's temper, his sudden rages; and he braced himself to meet an outburst of that kind. But when the other spoke, it was in a mild and meditative tone.

"You know Dell Langley?" he asked

"I've heard of him," Ford replied.

"Ever see him?"

"No, sir."

"Little fellow," Hebron explained. "Don't look as though he was hardly strong enough to get himself around.

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EVERY LITTLE MOVIE

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

THE sun shone, birdies twittered merrily, flowers cast their fragrance upon the smoke-laden air of Birmingham, and Eddie Quartz knew that there was naught in the world save happiness. Of late, life had been very kind to the dapper Mr. Quartz. In a single bound he had risen from the lowly estate of iceman to the eminence of a stock salesman; and whereas his decided lack of physical strength had caused him to be a distinctly second-rate chaperon to hundred-pound blocks of frozen water, he was proving a very excellent dispenser of handsomely engraved certificates.

There were several reasons why Eddie made a good salesman. In the first place he despised the ice business and had long yearned to be emancipated therefrom; in the second place, as an aspirant to the hand of the wealthy and pulchritudinous Iodinah Jones, he had discovered that the somber habiliments of the ice-vending profession were not eyed with approval; and in the third and last place, Eddie believed passionately in the thing which he now strove to sell.

There was no slightest doubt in the mind of Eddie Quartz that purchase of stock in the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., was the most gilt-edgest investment since Liberty Bonds sold at 83, wherefore he carried into his sales campaign a passionate conviction which developed frequent sales and luscious commissions. He was certain that the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., was destined to revolutionize the two-reel-picture business, and he gazed raptly into the dim, distant future, visualizing himself as a portly and prosperous stockholder in that organization, supporting, by virtue of his tiny stockholdings, the now somewhat unattainable Iodinah Jones.

Fortunately for Eddie's tranquillity of soul, it was not given to him to know the inner turmoil which was causing frequent conferences and headachy worry on the part of the officials of the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc. He did not dream, for instance, that the company had commenced operations on the proverbial shoe string and that the shoe string gave promise of becoming somewhat frayed.

Headed by the pompous and portly Orifice R. Latimer, of Chicago, the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., had descended upon Birmingham two months since, converted an old and dilapidated warehouse into a studio, equipped it with amazing lights and commenced shooting the first of a proposed series of two-reel comedies of negroes, by negroes and for the universe.

Birmingham's Darktown went wild with enthusiasm. Here was something so new that it defied conjecture; something so amazing as to be beyond belief; something so interesting as to afford a never-ending topic of conversation. Local talent was drawn upon for minor rôles and extra work. Colored carpenters and mechanics were given jobs and received magnificent wages. The new company radiated optimism and prosperity, and when a stock campaign was launched there were many who were eager to subscribe.

Of the three stock solicitors who worked for the Midnight on a strictly commission basis, Eddie Quartz had been the most signally successful. But even his unflagging persistence was not proof against the adamantine skepticism of those who failed to subscribe with the first rush and sat back to await results. Colored Birmingham was interested, but colored Birmingham was also inclined to be somewhat canny and it wished to see a dividend or two before investing heavily.

That this sudden cessation of stock buying might embarrass the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., never occurred to the effervescent Eddie Quartz. He considered that he performed a personal favor for each person to whom he sold a fifty-dollar share of stock. He was strictly of the company, his personal interest in its success being not one whit lessened by the fact that his beloved Iodinah was playing a small part in their first picture, a rough-and-tumble comedy which bore the title of Black Cat Luck.

He did not know, for instance, that for more than a fortnight certain powerful forces had been at work to cause him misery. He knew nothing of the conference which had taken place fourteen days previously between President Orifice R. Latimer, Director J. Cæsar Clump, and Mr. Opus Randall, ponderous masculine star of the company.

"Gemmun"—it was the president speaking—"we is gittin' along fine, but we ain't got no money."

Opus Randall struck an attitude.

"How come?" he asked pointedly.

"These Bumminham folks ain't buyin' stock like they ought to."

"But, Mistuh Latimer ——"

"Don't but me, big boy. All the conversin' in the world don't git us a dollar. An' s'posin' I did tell you us was feenancially solvent, don't you reckon I was obleeged to say that in order to git you down here makin' pitchers? That was business. P'int is now that us needs money an' needs it quick."

J. Cæsar Clump, puttied and goggled, leaned forward.

"We is most finished with Black Cat Luck," he vouchsafed. "When we sell it ——"

"When! What you means is if. I takes it to New Yawk next week, but the chances are they ain't no distributor gwine buy one pitcher. An' doesn't they do so, we ain't got the cash to go ahaid with another unless us sells a heap mo' stock. Black Cat Luck cost about seven thousan' dollars to make. Us needs another seven thousan."

"Mistuh Jones, How Much Money the Midnight is Gwine Make is Gots' to Make a Fliver Fact'ry Look Cheap"

Mr. Randall looked at Mr. Clump and Mr. Clump looked at Mr. Randall. Then both turned reproving glances upon the portly gentleman who had contracted to pay them fairly sizable salaries.

"Cain't be got," pronounced the director sadly.

"They ain't no such word as 'can't' in my hexagon," snapped the president. "Which is how come I to call this confe'ence."

Star and director hitched their chairs forward.

"Shoot!" invited Mr. Clump.

"Hmph!" Orifice R. Latimer snipped the end from a black cigar, lighted it and inhaled luxuriously. "Opus, you is the man which can do somethin'."

"What 'tis?"

"In yo' comp'ny is a young lady—Miss Iodinah Jones."

The eyes of Opus Randall glittered.

"Boss man, you said a-plenty. Ol' Venus D. Milo is a small-timer alongside that gal when it comes to looks."

"Yas-suh, Opus, an' when you utters them words you ain't half started to talk. Now I asks you a question, Opus, same bein' this: Is you aware that Iodinah's daddy, Mistuh Noble Jones, is pretty near the richest cullud man in Bumminham?"

"Says so?"

"Uh-huh. Ain't you noticed that gal drivin' to the studjo ev'y day in her own flivver coop? Ain't you inspected them rings an' that wrist watch what she wears? Man, Noble Jones is so rich that gittin' hol' of some of his money is the onliest thing us needs to make suttin that we gits a chance to put this comp'ny over."

"Yes; but I is an actor."

"Also, you is the heaviest lover I has ever met up with. They ain't no cullud gal c'n hol' out against you. Tha's where you comes in at, see?"

A deep silence fell upon the gathering. Opus Randall smiled slowly.

"I commences to see what you elucidates, Brother Latimer. You kinder haa the idee that was Iodinah Jones to fall fo' me, her daddy would be interested feenancial in the company which bofe I an' she wuks in. Ain't that it?"

"Brother Randall, perception is the on'y thing you ain't got nothin' else but."

"So I rushes the daughter an' gits in with the ol' man an' convinces him that he oughter inwest—yeh; but what does I git out of it?"

"Regalar sales commission, an' a good job when the comp'ny keeps fum goin' bust, an' a good-lookin' gal. Ain't that enough?"

"Well, it seems ——"

Mr. Orifice R. Latimer could be hard-boiled upon occasion.

"Does you refuse," he snapped, "you gits nothin' an' won't even be able to keep that. Comp'ny goes flooie, job ceases, an' you don't even git car fare back to Chicago. Says what now?"

There was but one thing Mr. Randall could say. After all, he did not entirely dislike the task, and he yearned to keep his present job. Wherefore he formally entered the lists; but so subtly did he work that it was two weeks before the beatitude of Eddie Quartz was rived by knowledge that he had a rival.

The knowledge came as a considerable shock to Eddie, for that enthusiastic little stock salesman considered himself engaged to the fair and affluent Iodinah. True, Mr. Noble Jones, Iodinah's male progenitor, had never formally given his consent to the match. His refusal had first been

based upon an unwillingness to see his daughter united in wedlock to an iceman, and later through a canny desire to see how Eddie's present company developed; but as between Mr. Quartz and Miss Jones, there was a delicious understanding.

There came two weeks of fast and furious work at the studio. J. Cæsar Clump was a decidedly efficient picture man with a well-balanced sense of dramatic and comedy values, and he drove the company almost frantic with retakes.

At length Black Cat Luck was completed, cut and titled, and Mr. Orifice R. Latimer departed with the precious negative for the film market in New York; whereupon the studio of the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., went temporarily dead.

During this final two weeks Mr. Opus Randall neglected no opportunity to impress upon Iodinah his own desirability. It was plain, too, that he was making considerable headway. Iodinah, a recruit from local amateur ranks, responded eagerly to the honor of being singled out by this magnificent satellite of filmdom for particular personal attention. It gave her a prestige greater than any she had ever before known. Not that she was false to the bewildered and miserable Eddie Quartz; but after all, Eddie was a gentleman of distinct limitations. Besides, Opus Randall and Noble Jones got along famously. It was plain that Mr. Jones considered Opus some pumpkins, and Opus let it be understood that he was quite willing to be regarded as a friend of Birmingham's wealthy colored citizen.

Eddie Quartz circulated around the Jones homestead like a bantam rooster suddenly bereft of his head. He didn't know what it was all about, and was more than a trifle frightened. Once he cornered his lady fair and put the question direct.

"Iodinah, don't you love me no mo'?"

"I don't do nothin' else, Eddie."

"But you ain't leavin' me see much of you."

"Shuh! I reckon you is gwine see plenty of me after we is ma'ied."

"After we is ma'ied! All the time you make talk 'bout after we is ma'ied, an' we ain't no closer to bein' such than when I was totin' ice."

"We is too."

"Tha's what you says, but how do I know them words gits us anywheres? How comes you to be traipsin' round with this heah Opus Randall all the time?"

Iodinah's eyes narrowed speculatively.

"Is you jealous of he?"

"Ain't I got a right to be?"

"Well, not ezac'ly."

"That don't mean nothin'. I asts you, Is I is or is I ain't?"

"He's an awful swell feller."

"Swell is right. Does he swell any mo' he's gwine bust. I ain't never sawn a man which thinks as much of hisse'f as Opus Randall does. An' you joy ridin' around with him nighttimes in a be-yo'-own-driver car which he rents."

"He's he'pin' me with my art."

"Yo' which?"

"My art."

"Goodness goshness, Miss Agnes! Where at does you git that art stuff fum?"

Iodinah was inclined to resent his voice.

"Don't see where you gits off at 'scussin' art. Ain't I an actor in that comp'ny, an' ain't Opus Randall the big star, an' cain't he show me how to act better'n I does?"

"Yeh"—pessimistically—"or wuss."

"Now listen at me, Eddie Quartz! Us ain't ma'ied yet, an' I ain't gwine stan' fo' you castin' aversions on which gemmun I chooses to run round with. If Mistuh Randall craves my sassiety ——"

"Leave him have it!" Eddie was a gentleman of more spirit than discretion. "Give him all of yo' sassiety he wants an' see does I care. Reckon tha's what kind of a gal you is. 'Long comes a big fat ol' buzzard with a mustache an' you right off quits me. Well, you go right ahaid an' ——"

Iodinah Jones did. When Eddie Quartz showed up at the Jones home on Avenue F the following night he found Noble Jones seated on the porch perusing a late popular novel.

"Where Iodinah is at, Mistuh Jones?"

"Out."

"Who with?"

"Opus Randall."

Eddie emitted a groan.

"That ol' hunk of overdressed side meat! Wonder what she sees in him."

"Opus is a fine man."

"Pff!"

"An' a great actor."

Eddie was honest.

"I ain't never said he couldn't act. I ain't got a lick of use fo' him, but I seen Black Cat Luck an' like to busted a suspender laughin' at how funny he done."

The lips of Noble Jones expanded into an appreciative grin.

"That shuah is the funniest pitcher I ever set eyes on. The things that happens to that feller after he trips over that black cat! Folks tell me they is gwine make a lot of money out of that comp'ny, Eddie."

Eddie had not long been a stock salesman, but he possessed the correct instinct. He detected in the voice of his lady friend's father an I-want-to-be-convinced nuance; whereupon Eddie Quartz went to it. Not only did he yearn to sell a sizable block of stock but also he earnestly believed that the proposition was a good one, and that the surest way to enlist Noble's sympathy in his courtship would be by doing him the enormous favor of putting him on the company's books as a stockholder.

"Mistuh Jones, how much money the Midnight is gwine make is goin' to make a flivver fact'ry look cheap."

"You reckon?"

"Ise shuah. Lots of real wise folks has bought stock a'ready an' they is the ones I envy. Ise on'y sorry you ain't one of them."

Noble Jones was cautious.

"There's plenty of time."

"Tha's what you says. Maybe they is an' maybe they ain't."

"How come?"

"Just thisaway. S'posin' they sell this Black Cat pitcher right offen the reel, does you reckon they's gwine dispose any mo' stock outside? I reckon they ain't. Nossuh, they's gwine keep it all fo' themse'ves, an' you know it."

"But s'posin' this pitcher don't sell."

"Then the next one will."

"S'posin' none of them don't sell."

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"Gemmun"—It Was the President Speaking—"We is Gittin' Along Fine, But We Ain't Got No Money"

THE AFFLUENT CORVINUS

By KENNETT HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

"You Can't Bluff Me, Bill," Suzanne Said. "Only Over My Senseless and Bleeding Form!"

THE house was many-gabled, with unexpected projections of varied but harmonious line; its roof had an artistically mossy stain; its tall chimney stacks terminated in red pots, only a few of which had ever emitted smoke; pierced green shutters that were never shut flanked casemented windows; and a large, shining brass knocker that could have been used if the electric bell got out of order decorated its front door. Modified Elizabethan, the architect had called it. In its neighborhood were examples of modified Colonial, modified Italian and modified Spanish; all modifications being late suburban American. There was just one stubborn example of pure rural American, that belonged to the original owner of the rigidly restricted subdivision. The canny old hick was still hanging on to his weedy pasture, which contrasted strongly but not happily with the smooth emerald lawns, blazing flower beds and trim green hedges of the semi-Elizabethan mansion tenanted by the Atwoods.

Suzanne ran like a young Atalanta down the path through this pasture to the gate opening on the road. It was a fairly high wooden gate, and it had good hinges and an easy catch; but Suzanne did not stop to open it. Hardly checking her speed, she laid her hand on the top and swung over it as prettily as you please, only the not-too-long skirt of her dress had to catch on a sliver and tear.

"Damn!" exclaimed Suzanne.

It was almost excusable, for she had selected that dress after much consideration and some hesitation, and this was its first public appearance. Not at all the sort of dress for vaulting gates, any more than her silly, high-heeled slippers were suitable for a two-hundred-yard dash. It was a pale pea-green crêpe de chine that suited her golden beauty perfectly. But Suzanne wasted no time in vain repining. The next instant she was in the middle of the dusty road and standing directly in the path of a rapidly approaching car.

The occupant of the car honked furiously, but Suzanne stood immovable, her freshly and unnecessarily carmined lips parted in a smile. The car swerved to the other side of the road. With the bound of a two-cup tennis victor, the girl met the move. There was a loud screech of the brakes, a shout, and the car came to a sudden stop; but only a quick backward step saved the pretty dress and its wearer from absolute disaster.

Suzanne laughed and walked to the side of the bright yellow cut-down flivver, wherein a bareheaded young man sat upright, glaring at her under straight black brows and wiping his sunburned face.

"You can't bluff me, Bill," Suzanne said. "Only over my senseless and bleeding form!"

"'Senseless' is right," said the young man emphatically. "You crazy jane! For the cat's sake! You nearly ——" He gasped and swallowed. Then with an effort he forced himself to speak in an even, sarcastic tone: "Well, what's the colossal idea?"

"I want a ride," Suzanne told him.

"Oh," said Bill. "That's it, is it? Well, you ask old man Griswold; and if you talk pretty I wouldn't be a bit surprised if he gave you another ride in that new panhandle of his. You'll have to excuse me, won't you be so kind? I've got a date."

He started his engine and reached for his gear lever. The yellow bug started with a jerk that, somewhat to his surprise, threw Suzanne into the seat beside him, at which he came to a standstill again.

"I guess you didn't quite understand me," he said coldly. "I didn't ask you to get in. Nothing of the kind and quite the contrary, if you get me; unless you want me to take you as far as Pauline Hart's. You can get out there or you can get out here, just as you please; only make up your mind, because Pauline will be waiting for me."

Suzanne's smile widened.

"You never said a truer or more truthful word in your life, Bill. She'll be waiting for you. She won't like it either. In fact, she'll never forgive you if she hears that you were driving with me this afternoon, and I'll see that she does hear of it."

"She may hear that I chucked you out," Bill threatened. "Say, where do you buy that nerve tonic you use?"

"Don't use any. Don't need any," said Suzanne.

"I'll say you don't. Gee! If my brakes hadn't worked! Listen, Suzanne, you pile right out of here. What do you care whether I take Pauline out or not? You don't really, and you know you don't." He looked at her anxiously. "You know you haven't got any use for me yourself," he suggested, with some emotion in his voice. "You wouldn't care if I took forty frails out joy-riding. As long as you can chase around with a mucky millionaire in his panhandle you should worry! Not that I care a darn," he added gruffly, seeing that she was regarding him with increased amusement. "Are you going to get out or not?"

"Not," answered Suzanne. "Now, step on it, Bill, and let me see whether the yellow paint makes her any speedier. You did a lovely job, equal to a professional six coats, and the color is the bee's knees."

"Not so scaly, is it?" Bill modestly admitted, with a faint grin of appreciation. "But listen, Suzanne."

"I can listen just as well if we are moving," said Suzanne. "Better really!"

"Holy mackerel!" sighed Bill, capitulating. "I have got to hand it to you, Suzanne; you get what you go after."

"Of course I do," said Suzanne, as the yellow bug got under way. She twitched Bill's silk handkerchief from the pocket of his shirt and flicked the dust from her shoes.

"Old man Griswold never had a chance in the world," Bill muttered. "Where do you want me to take you?" he demanded. Suzanne crammed the handkerchief back into his pocket.

"Drive past Hart's," she directed. "Pauline will most likely be peeking behind the window curtains. It's a habit she has."

"There's one thing," Bill observed. "I can tell her how you held me up and climbed into the bus and that you wouldn't get out when I asked you to like a gentleman. That will give her a laugh. I don't need to tell her a word more than the truth."

Suzanne leaned against a seat back that had been specially contrived for her ease, her expression one of calm and complete satisfaction.

"There are some things you can always be depended on not to tell. I can give you credit for that," she told him. "How do you like this rag?"

"I was noticing it," Bill replied with a swift glance. "It's the frog's pajamas. Yes, you've got me foul, all right. We'll compromise and make it Silvern Lake."

"Silvern Lake suits me," said Suzanne, "just so we keep moving. I've been reading to grandmother ever since lunch, some of the stupidest, stuffiest tosh you ever did, and my head all feels clotted up—but she's a dear. Don't you think she is, Bill?"

"Oh, I guess so," said Bill unenthusiastically; "aure."

"Harvey Griswold thinks she's a wonder."

"I suppose they enjoy talking over old times together," said Bill; "the good old days when they were young."

"Yes," Suzanne assented, "I suppose that is it; being so near of an age. Grandmother's eighty-seven and Harvey must be all of forty, although he doesn't look it."

"He's all of forty-five," said Bill grimly. "An old widower. What he wants is somebody to nurse him."

"It's a wonder he hasn't long ago, the polo he plays," Suzanne remarked. "But he's naturally reckless. The way he drove the other evening! Sweet daddy!"

Bill turned on her savagely, opened his mouth to speak and closed it again with tightly set jaws and gave his earnest attention to the road. After a little while Suzanne patted him softly on the shoulder. He shook himself impatiently, and she sighed deeply and in a moment or two patted him again.

"Quit it!" Bill snapped. "Cut it out! Paw old Griswold if you want to paw anybody." He brought the car to a standstill in the shade of some roadside trees. "I don't make you," he said angrily. "You told me the other night where I got off, and I got off, didn't I? All right, then that's that! Now what do you want to come butting in between Pauline and me for?"

"Because I don't like Pauline," Suzanne answered sweetly. "I don't think she's at all suitable, and I take enough interest in you to want you to have the right kind of little playmates; and so when she told me last night that she had you dated up for this afternoon, I decided to nip her in the bud. No, Bill, not Pauline. Is it all clear to you now? No, don't start yet. Let's stay here for a while. Have you got any money with you?"

"Three dollars," said Bill. "But I'll have to buy gas. It will spread over to some hot dogs and coffee at the Lake though. But listen; if you have any suggestion to make about a suitable girl for me, who do you think might do? How about Mollie Egan?"

"Bill! Why, you know as well as I do that Mollie —— Well, of course, if you think you'd like a girl like Mollie Egan, I haven't any objection."

"Well then, who?"

Suzanne considered with a very serious expression for some moments. Then she looked up at the young man and smiled.

"Honest, Bill, I can't think of a soul," she confessed. "You really do need somebody like me."

"Forget it!" said Bill emphatically. "Never again! I'll tell you what I'll do though. If you'll give old Griswold the razz I'll forgive all and take you on again. Otherwise I'll pick who I darned well please, and the next time you stand in my road you'll get a bump."

"Lovely!" said Suzanne. "We'd be regularly engaged, wouldn't we? And you could get me a dandy quarter-carat ring—five dollars down and the balance in twenty years—and we'd have a sweet little four-roomed flat and seventeen darling children. I'd go about the housework singing happily as I scrubbed the floors and darned your socks. Bill, I wish you would talk sense."

"But if I'd Griswold's money, you'd feel different about it?"

"Is that your idea of talking sense? Don't you understand, Bill? We're not rich; we're not even so well off as you would suppose, and I'm not an only progeny. There's Fred and Madeleine to think of, and their futures. I like Harvey Griswold no end. I liked him before I knew there was any such animal as Bill Blake. I like him better than most women like their husbands, and the family are happy over it. If I marry him I'll be an asset; if I were idiot enough to marry you I'd be a serious liability"

"If you marry him you'll have everything that money can buy and all your life to get sick of it," said Bill. "But it's your funeral."

He pulled a pipe and a pouch from his pocket, filled the pipe and lit it, snapping the match into flame with his thumb nail.

"I wish you'd teach me to do that sometime," said Suzanne.

"There ain't going to be no sometime," said Bill, squinting down at his pipe bowl.

"What do you mean, there ain't going to be no sometime?"

"I'm leaving for Seattle in a day or two," he replied. "Griswold can't have everything. If he gets you he loses me."

"No!" Suzanne cried excitedly. "Honest, Bill?"

He nodded.

"Cut loose and go; blanket roll, frying pan and a spare tire or two and hit the highway. Got a job there the first of next month. A better one than I've got with Griswold's. Fellow I know. Would have been enough for us to have married on in a small way."

"You aren't going in this car?" Suzanne's eyes sparkled.

He nodded again.

"Yup!"

"Gee! I'd like to go along with you. Wouldn't it be gorgeous, Bill? Wouldn't we have fun! Camp out—O-o-o-oh!"

He shook her hand from his arm

"He doesn't want me to touch him," murmured Suzanne plaintively. "Won't be petted. Doesn't like me at all any more. Abuses me. Takes me out riding and acts like a pig the whole way. Grouches instead of trying to make himself agreeable. Just the same, I bet he'd like to kiss me. He'll be trying it the next thing, and then I'll scream."

Bill puffed stolidly at his pipe, eyes front. She moved closer to him, closer still, her head tilted a little back, her lips pouted enticingly, the devil in her eyes.

"Bill!"

Bill's eyes shifted, met hers somewhat coldly for the fraction of a second. Then his muscular arm shot out and gripped and held her in its crook. His pipe tumbled, spilling its fire on the mat unregarded as he bent his head to hers.

Quite a few seconds elapsed before he raised it, and even then he still held her.

"I like to have you kiss me better than any other man I know," said Suzanne faintly.

Again Bill bent his head, but there was an interruption. A penetrating yet mellow ululation sounded behind them, rising and falling and increasing in volume as a magnificent roadster swept by them and disappeared in a cloud of its own dust.

The two started apart—too late.

"Who were they, Bill? Did you see?"

"A couple of guys," Bill replied shamefacedly. "Sorry, Suzanne, but I didn't hear them coming up."

Suzanne looked a little troubled.

"Why didn't they give us the merry?" she asked. "They must have seen."

"Maybe they didn't, and maybe they were gentlemen," said Bill.

"I wish you hadn't painted it that bright yellow," said Suzanne. "But let's go on. This is our last drive together, Bill."

As her grandchild had declared, Madam Atwood was a dear. Some shallow people considered her rather a dull sort of an old dear, and others emphasized one of her undeniable characteristics by calling her a dignified old dear. She was certainly dignified. In her immaculate morning gingham, her afternoon dove foulards or her evening black silks, enthroned in her straight-backed, winged easy-chair, or walking quite erectly with her crutch-handled ebony stick, she was never less than impressive and at times majestic. In her presence the most frivolous and irreverent became sober and deferential, and well for them that they were. Madam Atwood had a way of looking at an offender through her lorgnette that was calculated to quell the boldest and reduce the more sensitive to blushes or even to tears. A wonderful old lady! Everybody agreed that she was wonderful. Eighty-seven last January and all her faculties, except that her memory of recent events was somewhat unreliable, hearing quite good and eyesight ——

"My dear, where is your ring?"

Suzanne looked rather disconcerted and spoke unthinkingly.

"Darned if I didn't forget!" she exclaimed. She dived into her bosom and pulled out a knotted scrap of handkerchief and untied it. A large sapphire set with brilliants came out of the knot.

"Darned!" Madam Atwood's tone was shocked.

"I mean dear me," said Suzanne. "I took it off ——"

"Your engagement ring?"

"Why not, grandmother?"

"In my day—and I was unaware that the custom had changed—a young lady only removed an engagement ring after the wedding ring had been placed upon her finger, and that was never removed. If by an inadvertence or accident the engagement ring was taken off before the wedding day, it was regarded as a presage of misfortune. I am not inclined to be superstitious, but my own experience has convinced me that beliefs of this nature have in most cases some foundation, else why should they ever have obtained currency?"

(Continued on Page 51)

"Thanks So Much," Said Griswold Gratefully! "I Will Certainly Try It. Marks, Did You Say? M-a-r-k-s? Thanks"

A BOUT WITH ABOUTS

By SAM HELLMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

"This is a Road House, Ain't It?" I Comes Back

THE other morning I'm hoofing it to the Doughmore station—sure, they're talking of building a new one—to make a rattler for the Big Town when I find my tick-tocker's gone on the blink. So I stops a bobo and asks him what time it is by his watch and chain.

"It's just about eight o'clock," he answers, polite.

I catches him flush on the jaw with a short right, and as he's sagging into the gutter I cracks him on the chin. I'm planting my dogs in his map when another lad butts in.

"What's the adorable idea?" he inquires, and tries to pull me off.

"He said 'about' to me," I explains

"Gimme a free kick at him, won't you?" begs the newcomer. "I'm having a house built too."

Of course, this didn't really happen—what'd I be doing chasing trains at dawn, and besides what's the time got to do with getting 'em on the Long Island?—but it expresses my feelings, and yourn too, maybe, if you've fallen for this own-your-own-home hop and are spending the rest of your life filing down the teeth of a coupla mortgages. You know, a dollar down and a sheriff a week.

Three months ago me and "about" was on the bestest terms; it was just a nice little noun that I threw a lotta my alibi trade to and treated just like any other verb that didn't never do me no harm. But now it's a fighting word with me even if you smiles when you pulls it.

According to Webster, who must 'a' been a cuckoo, anyways, wasting his time on a book that couldn't be turned into a movie feature with a off-color title and a colorless story, "about" pinch-hits for "near," "close to," and the such. I guess it does sometimes, but they should oughta be a note in the dictionary explaining that when "about" is used by a real-estater or a contractor it signifies "you should live so long," "some snowy Thursday in July, maybe, if ever," "five times as much as you think it's gonna cost and then you're low," and the so forths.

All that I owe or ever hope to pay I owe to Hank Ritter. Us and him and his frau and the Magruders is sitting around the porch one evening giving the neighbors a rubdown and having a lotta pleasures feeling sorry for some friends of ourn that's in a jam, when that bimbo twangs his bow and shoots a poisoned arrow at me.

"Talking about that murder in Chicago," says he, careless, "why don't you build yourselfs a house, Dink?" "For the same reasons," I returns, "that I ain't in Africa shooting one-eyed frizzle-wiffles and eating stewed missionary with the chief of the Eczemas. I ain't got no desires."

"What a ridiculous comparison," sniffs Lizzie Magruder, whose brains is noted for their ain't-ness. "What is the connection between shooting what you're talking about and building a house?"

"Don't you know?" I exclaims. "You tell her, Hank."

"I thought it was common gossip," plays along Ritter. "The friffle-wizzle's a bird with the face of a crying hyena and the eyes and nose and ears of a Welsh rabbit that lives in the mortgage tree. When the wind is in the wrong direction its high interest notes can be heard for a mile or three."

"Take that bottle inside," snaps the frau. "You two've had enough and."

"Serious, though," goes on Hank. "What do you wanna keep on paying rent for?"

"I'm willing to quit," I answers. "Ransoming the hut every month ain't no hobby of mine, but landlords is got to live, ain't they?"

"Not necessarily," returns Ritter. "As far as that goes, so does Lizzie ——"

"Leave me outta this," cuts in the Magruder think blank, cold. "I does like I pleases."

"Here you is," continues Hank, "forking up three thousand fishes per annual for rent, and what you got to show for it at the end of the year?"

"I shave every morning," says I, "but what have I got to show for it at the end of the day? What have you to show for anything in the long run excepting a stone with your moniker chiseled into it?"

"Buying a house," remarks Ritter, "is a serious matter, but it don't call for no crying jag or a graveyard stew. Know how much dough three grand is the interest on?"

"No," I returns, "but it's one of the things I've wanted to know for years."

"Why didn't you ask me?" inquires Lizzie.

"Oh, well," I shrugs, "you got a lotta housework to do and you ain't been in such good health lately and ——"

"Fifty thousand iron men," interrupts Hank. "Let's say you sink thirty thousand into a shack. You put up ten thousand and set yourselfs up to a pair of mortgages for the rest. It only costs you a hundred a month to carry the plasters, another fifty for taxes and the such, and you got your own roost."

"The mortgage trick strangles the idea," says I. "You know darn well I ain't got no son."

"What's that got to do with it?" asks Jim Magruder, who up to this time ain't said nothing, which don't mean that he ain't been talking. Quite the contraries, ma cherries.

"Who," I wants to know, "is gonna come back from the wild open places and lift it just as the sheriff is auctioning off our dead baby's cradle and the chromo of Kate's uncle, Zebullem? Who's gonna dash into the garden when me and the old lady is kissing the family cheese-hound good-by and yell 'I forbid the bands'?"

"Maria and hell!" yelps Ritter. "Ain't you got nothing in that mind of yourn tonight excepting cemeteries and poorhouses?"

"In a pinch," says I, cheerful, "I could drag out a hospital or a hanging."

"I think," exaggerates Lizzie, "Dink's reasons for not buying a house is silly, don't you, Hank?"

"Well," replies Ritter, who'd paint a picture of the Magruder double-O if he was asked to do nothing in oils, "they is much to be said on neither side of the question. Of course, when I first brung up the idea I didn't know that Kate had a uncle named Zebullem and ——"

"I ain't," snaps the misses.

"And then," continues Hank, "if Dink expects to keep a cheese-hound he'd probably have trouble getting a place. One of them pups will destroy anywheres from eighty to twenty-three lawns a night."

"That'll be enough cabaret," suggests the wife. "I'm really interested in getting a home of our own."

"But I ain't," I barks.

"Yes, it is cool tonight," returns Kate. "How should we go about finding what we want?"

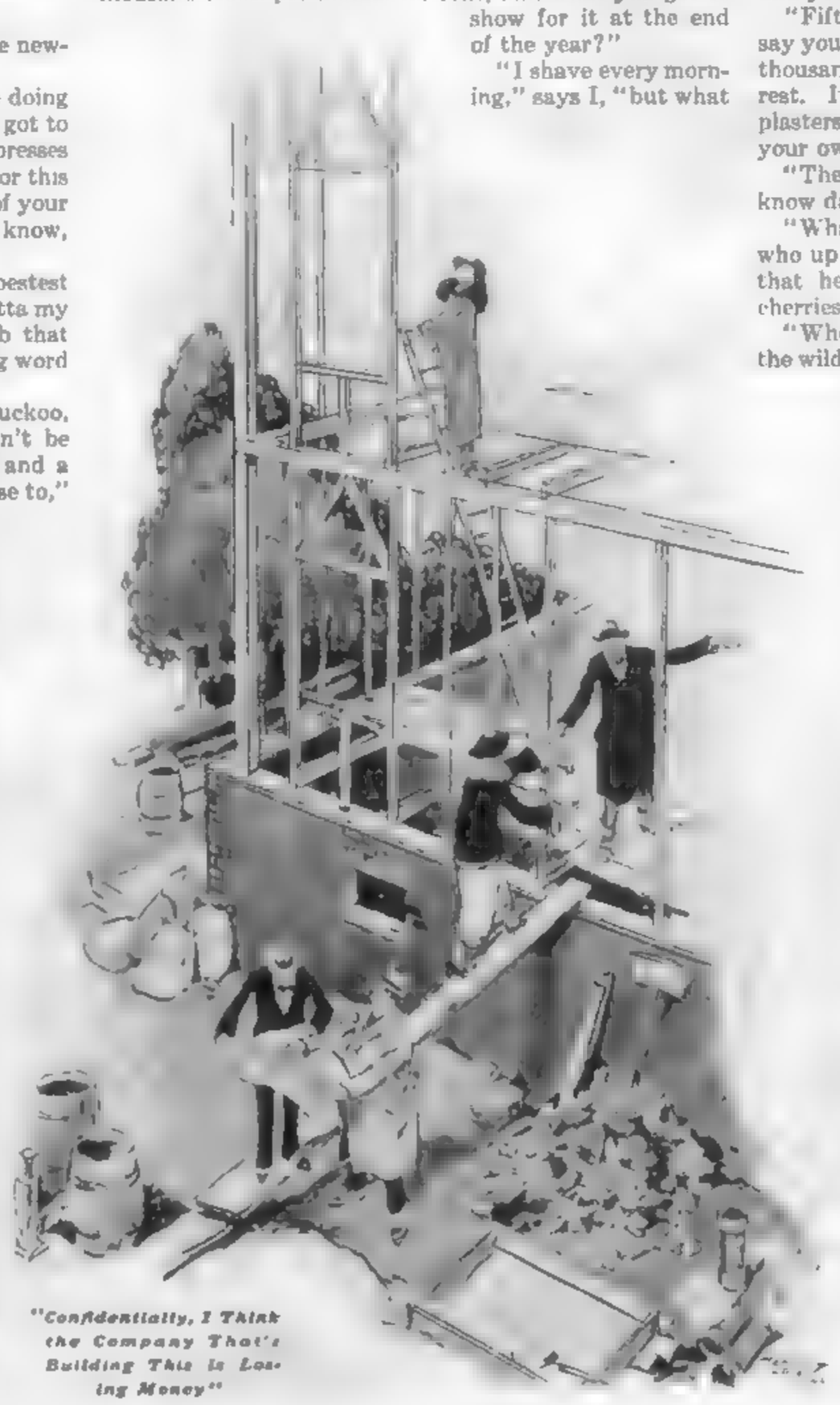
"Hunt up a real-estater," says Ritter, "tell him what you're after, and he'll do the rest."

"Who, besides me?" I sneers.

"You won't be done," answers Hank, "if you hooks up with a honest lad."

"Is they such?" I inquires.

"The real-estate business," says he, "runs about as many dips and porch climbers to the hundred as any other game, and not no more.



"Confidentially, I Think the Company That's Building This Is Losing Money"

Of course it's pretty hard to get one that won't try to talk a swamp in Arizona into a mountain with a ocean view, or who ever heard of any distance greater than a ten-minute easy walk between a house and a station, or who won't guarantee to sell the dump he's unloading on you for five thousand dollars' profit in five months, but you know the motto—'Caviare emptor.'"

"Fish eggs, eh?" I remarks. "What does that make me, the fish or the egg?"

"It means," explains Ritter, "'let the buyer beware.'"

"Where?" asks Lizzie.

"There," returns Hank. "'Let the buyer be there.' It's up to you to sieve the blah outta the blarney he'll hand you. Why not try John Gates? They calls him Honest John."

"You can wash him up," says I, prompt. "I'm always suspicious of babies that is gotta label theirselves as being K.O. I oncet knew a feller they called Square Bill Ginley, that was so crooked he used a corkscrew for a ruler. Remember how Honest Dan Grogan got his handle, don't you?"

"The wheeze has probably grown some since I heard it last," returns Ritter. "What does the revival sound like?"

"It seems," I spiels, "they was holding a political powwow on the New York East Side and about noon the boys took a layoff for chow. It was winter and they was a red-hot stove in the room. Being afraid it might start a fire they left Grogan on watch. When the gang come back the stove was still there; it hadn't even been moved.

"Since then they've called Grogan, Honest Dan."

"How could anybody steal a red-hot stove?" Lizzie wants to know.

"That ain't nothing for some of them East Side lads," says Hank. "They could swipe the socks offa guy's kicks without touching his shoes while he was running a foot race in another town."

"It don't seem hardly possible," gasps the Magruder why-am-I.

"Getting back brisk to the real-estate business," I suggests, "did I understand you to make the crack that I gotta frisk myselfs for ten thousand sinkers right offa the bat if I was to buy a shanty, which I ain't?"

"Just about," answers Ritter, ringing the bell for the start of the bout with the "abouts."

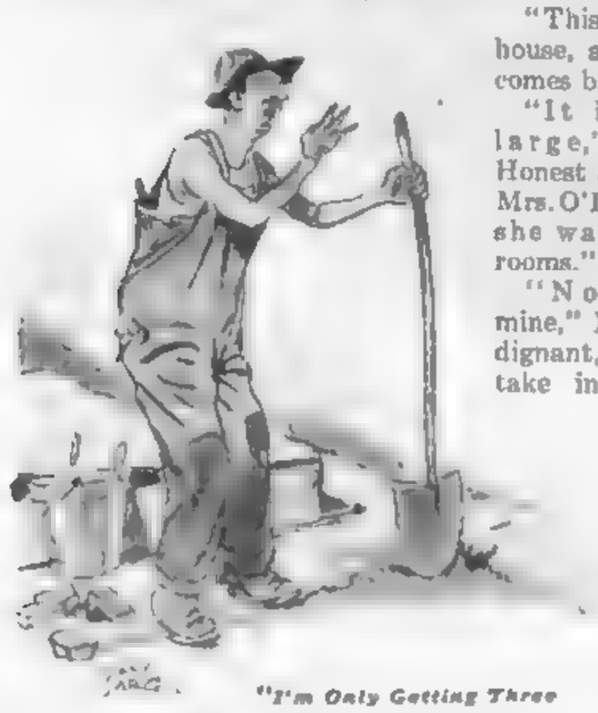
II

THE next Sunday, leaving my objections in my everyday suit, I piles with the Ritters and the frau into Honest John's buzz buggy and we clicks off to Manor Park, where the glib tells us they is practically giving homes away. "Practically," I finds out quick, is the stable mate of "about"; in facts, they live in the same stall, right next to where the bull's tied

The first dump Gates tries to stick us with is a stack of stucco with about six masters' haylofts, enough bathtubs for me to wash each finger and toe in a different one, and a beautiful view of the Sound, if you're willing to walk a mile for it, lugging a pair of marine's glasses and your imagination with you.

"Is this where we have lunch?" I asks. "Call a waiter."

"Eh? What's that?" inquires the real-estater.



"I'm Only Getting Three Dollars a Day, and I've Only Been Here Two Days"

"This is a road house, ain't it?" I comes back.

"It is pretty large," smiles Honest John, "but Mrs. O'Day tells me she wants guest rooms."

"No wife of mine," I yelps, indignant, "is gonna take in boarders, not so long as I got a thousand berries, and I nearly got that much cash saved up now. I'll have eight hundred sure by Christmas the way the dough's piling up in the penny bank."

"Huh!" gasps Gates, and I sees his jaw drop over the idea of showing sixty-thousand-dollar mansions to a sixty-cent piker. "I—er—thought ——"

"My husband," cuts in Kate, "is kinda religious; he don't never let his brains work on Sunday. How much is this place?"

"Well," returns Gates, "they wants seventy-five thousand, but I thinks I can get it for you for about seventy if you'll make a cash payment of about thirty."

"Cut that out," I snaps, doubling up my fists. "You're pretty fresh for a stranger. I don't stand for nobody flattering my misses. I know all about you Long Island fast livers and them wild week-end parties with midnight revels and ——"

"Clam yourselfs, Dink," interrupts Ritter. "What you doing, writing a movie or getting ready to move? Let John show you some other houses if this one ain't in your reach."

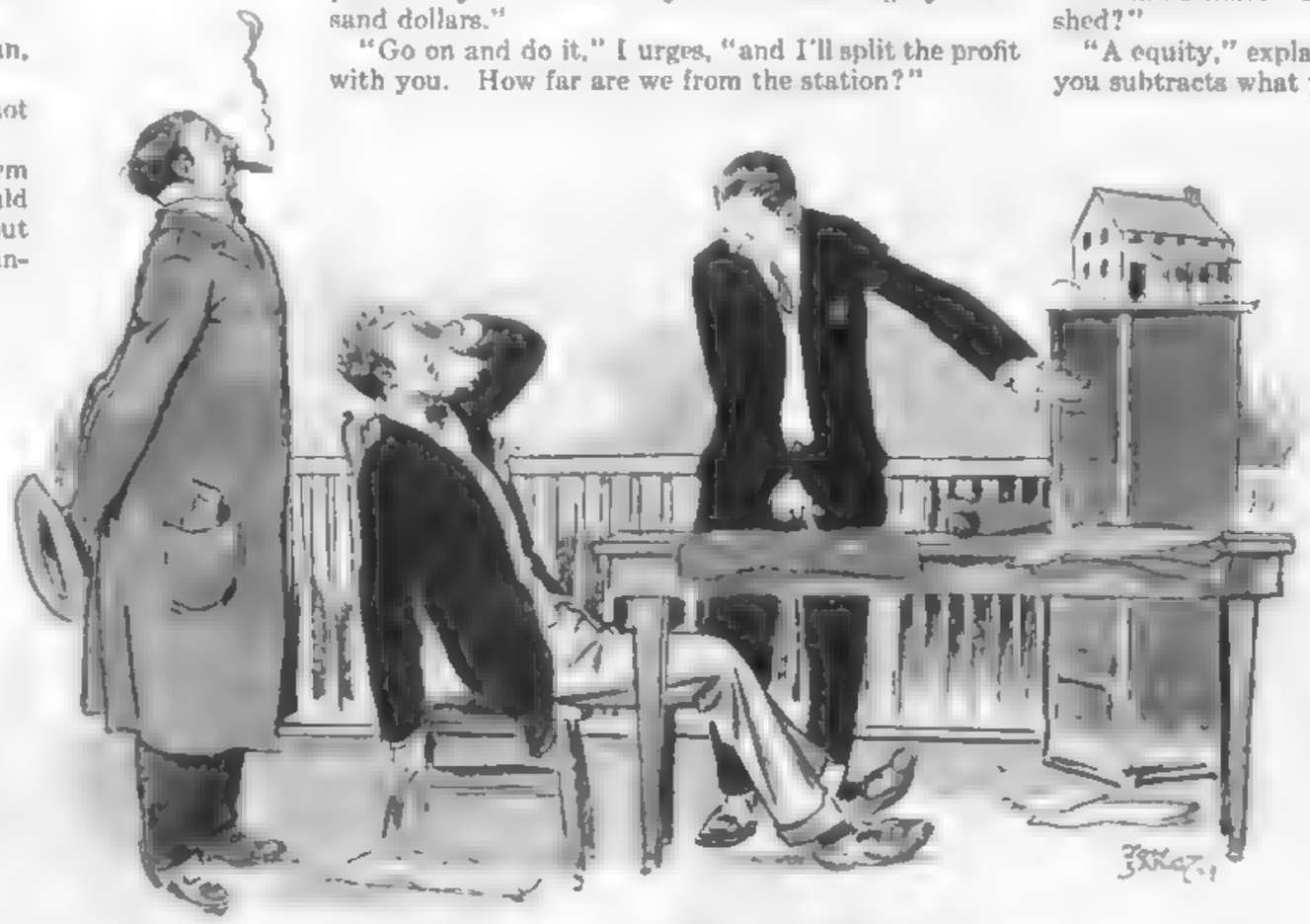
"My reach!" I barks. "I got as much right looking at a seventy-five-thousand-dollar deadfall as a goldfish is got of chasing a cat up a sic-em-more tree."

"It is rather high," admits the wife.

"Some rather!" I adds.

"But," persists Honest John, "you should see all the land they is around the house. I'll wager I can sell the place for you in about a year for about eighty thousand dollars."

"Go on and do it," I urges, "and I'll split the profit with you. How far are we from the station?"



"Take Me Outta Here Quick!" I Shouts to Hank. "I Feels the Blood Lust Coming on Again"

"About eight minutes," he answers.

"Ain't that a shame, Kate?" says I. "I was just getting ready to make you a offer," I explains to Gates, "but the eight minutes kills the deal cold. I'm one of them systematical guys, and seven minutes and eleven seconds is the limits I allows myselfs ——"

"Come on," sighs the frau, weary, "and let's see some cheaper homes."

"What you trying to do," growls Hank when we is sitting in back of the whizz wagon—"put the skids under the house idea with kids?"

"No," I tells him, "I'm going to get hooked with a hut, sure enough, but that guy Gates is kidding me ——"

"How much," cuts in Ritter, "do you figure on picking your pockets for?"

"About fifteen grand," I tells him.

"First payment?" he wants to know.

"First, last and all the time," I answers.

"Don't be silly on Sunday," says Hank. "For fifteen thousand they wouldn't sell you the leaks in the garage roof in this part of Long Island. You gotta brace yourselfs for a forty-thousand wallop at the roll anyways."

"Don't be a sap on the Sabbath," I comes back. "If I was to strip forty big boys offa the roll I'd be so deep in the hole it'd take a suction pump to pull this sucker out."

"You don't have to take it all to the cleaners at oncet," goes on Ritter. "Ten or twelve down and the rest on mortgages. Suppose you put up fifteen on a forty-thousand tap. You gets yourself a first for fifteen and a second for ten. That's got you paying fifteen hundred a year interest."

"It's got me, all right," I agrees, "but suppose I muffs out on some of them interest fork-overs? Don't they stick up a red flag, plant a constabull on the front porch and begin pitching furniture outta the window?"

"Heavens!" Snaps the Frau. "Ain't I Got Enough to Do With the House Without Worrying About Trifles?"

"I never seen such a guy for getting a run outta feeling run down," grumbles Hank. "What do they do if you don't pay rent? If you've been able to stand a gig of three thousand a year, why does one of fifteen hundred give you the pip?"

"I don't know," says I, "but I sorta had a idea that mortgages was always foreclosed."

"Somebody," remarks Ritter, "musta foreclosed on alla your ideas. No matter what happens, you is always got a equity in the house."

"What's that?" I inquires. "The view from the back shed?"

"A equity," explains Hank, "is what you has left after you subtracts what you has from what you hasn't, minus what you owe, plus court costs, and multiplied by interest. That's simple, ain't it?"

"Even a blind moron could see it in the dark," says I. "If I was to pay eight dollars to draw cards in a poker game, twelve bucks to call with my pair of deuces, and another guy netted the chippies with a ace full, what I'd get outta the pot'd be my equity. That's it, isn't it?"

"What's he stopping here for?" asks Ritter, as Gate pulls up his oilcan in front a place that ain't nothing but a foundation with poles sprouting outta it.

"I guess," I returns, "he wants to show us what makes these shacks out here tick."

"This," explains Honest John, "is the best buy in Manor Park. The price is twenty-seven five and - "

"As is," I cut in, "or with a roof on?"

"Completed," says the real-estater. "Here is the way it'll look." And he drags a circular outta his pocket.

From the picture it's a right spiffy layout, and the price is kinda interesting after that seventy-thousand-piaster jolt at the other joint.

"Confidentially," continues Gates, "I think the company that's building this is losing money. I'll wager I can get thirty-two five for it with my hands tied."

"Maybe," says I, "but not with your tongue in a sling. Why don't you do it then, and knock off five thousand berries for your favorite real-estate agent?"

"You has perhaps heard," returns Honest John, "that they is some realtors ——"

"Some which whats?"

"Realtors," smiles Gates. "That's the new name we is known by."

"Well," says I, "if a real-estate man is a realtor, that makes a section hand with a pick a picador and a mat peddler a matador, don't it?"

"And," adds Ritter, "a old-clothes man a closet door."

"What I was gonna tell you," babbles on the Babbit, "is that they is some real-estaters that is out for nothing but the money, regardless, but I'm in the business to make people happy by getting 'em homes. Why, sometimes I even forgets my commission."

"Estimated liberal and high," I asks, "about how often would you say that was?"

"Let's take a look at the dump," whispers Hank, "before this bobo gets a crying spell and makes you a present of the bus and his right ear."

"How far is it to the station?" I queries of Gates as we is climbing up a jiggly plank into the skeleton.

"About half a mile as the crow flies," he answers.

"I ain't got no crows keeping me, or no ravens, neither," I tells him. "How long would it take a middle-aged gent with a Charley horse to flat-foot there?"

(Continued on Page 70)

HOW I FOUND MYSELF

The Retailer's Story—Reported by Chester T. Crowell

ILLUSTRATED BY L. EVANS PARCELL

I BEGAN my so-called career playing baseball on sand lots and frequently getting paid for it, but not always. Sometimes each team made up a pot and we played for the money. Of course, my team didn't always win.

My father had an enormous farm on the Ohio River and it had been in the family several generations. They were pioneers. It was one of the best equipped and best managed farms I have ever seen. We even made our own wagons; and for every piece of seasoned hardwood taken off the barn rafters another piece of green hardwood was placed there to dry. My grandfather—and perhaps his father—had an obsession on the subject of not buying anything that could be made on the place. The result of all this thrift was unusual prosperity; the market for farm produce was not very good in those days.

My father was a sort of feudal baron, very proud of his independence. He was especially full of dignity when selling a crop. To see him measuring out potatoes you might have thought they were the law or the Gospel. He would give precisely the quality or size demanded, and I don't believe a barrel top was ever nailed on until he was willing to testify that every article under it was up to the highest grade.

He didn't really have to sell anything, and if prices were lower than the cost of production—as they often were he didn't sell anything. He had money in the bank and livestock enough to eat a crop, so he'd go hunting.

Where R Stood for Riot

HIS people originally came from England, where they were merchants. My mother's people were merchants in Ireland, and still are. I used to hear mother talk, once in a while, about her father and uncles. The only story I remember was something about some sailcloth that her father sold to a sailing master. He discovered a defect just before delivering it. Then he traveled a long distance to exchange blows with the man who made it; he came back very happy, with a black eye. His position, mother said, was that defective sailcloth constituted possible murder.

There were ten of us children and we went to the usual little red schoolhouse of that day. Pupils ranged in age from eight to eighteen years. There was only one teacher. The principal business of that teacher was to lick the big boys and keep them licked. School was a riot. Mother used to get up about four o'clock in the morning and the first batch of us kids would start to school along about seven. We were turned out in pairs from then on until eight o'clock. We rode to school in buggies, spring wagons, one pair on a mule, and the last pair would be given a saddle horse because they had to hurry. When it rained we all rode horses or mules, two or three kids on each mount. We whooped and hallooed and raced and splashed along the road all morning. People for three miles around the valley could hear us going to school. We'd yell at them and they'd yell back at us. It was great fun, but I didn't get much education, I am sorry to say.

The only teacher I remember with affection was an elderly gentleman who taught me about four years of arithmetic in three months. I was just getting hold of algebra when he lost a battle with one of the big boys and the others piled in with the playful intention of riding him on a rail. The last I ever saw of that teacher his coat tails were disappearing over a worm fence. Ten half-grown men and a couple of overgrown girls were in hot pursuit. That just about ended my education, although I continued to go to school.

The last thought on earth for me, as a boy, was that I might ever have any difficulty about the necessities of life. I was handy at the forge and a good craftsman in the tool house; I knew the farm work fairly well and my father thought I was prepared to take charge when the time came. Meanwhile he was entirely willing for me to enjoy my youth. So I spent most of my time playing baseball.

About this time a drastic change was made in baseball rules and it turned out to be a determining factor in my life. Pitchers had always been required to lob the ball up easy so the batter could hit it, but a new rule permitted them to use any skill they possessed to deceive the batter. I could throw a baseball so hard you could scarcely see it, so I began pitching. Presently I discovered how to control its curves, for it will nearly always curve if you throw it hard enough. Not long after that I was wearing the uniform of a National League team, drawing a salary that made my farmer family dizzy.

When it was suggested that I ought to take over the management of the farm I laughed. My right arm was producing more cash every year than the farm. I didn't realize that all wealth isn't cash. I was paid two hundred and fifty dollars a month. Men reared families then on fifty dollars a month. Father died, the farm was sold, each of us children received a little dab of cash, and baronial days were over. I was a foot-loose entertainer of the multitude, homeless, landless, traveling with a strange crew, and under the tragic illusion that my fortune was made.

Pitcher or Bookkeeper?

WHEN I came home at the close of my first season, mother told me she had made arrangements for me to take a position as bookkeeper with a wholesale produce house. I didn't really know how to keep books, but I was somewhat of a prodigy in mathematics. I can still add a column of figures in my head faster than most men do with an adding machine. Also my penmanship was good. You know, they used to drill us in penmanship by the hour in those old red schoolhouses. Mother said she thought I ought to be learning something that I could depend upon when my baseball days were over. If I had only taken her advice! But how can a boy, after his first season, dream that his baseball days will ever be over? Poor, dear old mother, I thought, she's nursed us through measles and whooping cough and so many other troubles that now she refuses to believe there aren't any more.

Also, I kept thinking, I'm going to have a business of my own. I want some kind of business that I can own and manage. I don't want to work for someone else. That was my father's spirit speaking; but the farm was gone. I would look around for an opportunity to buy a business; but, you see, I didn't know anything about business, so I couldn't see any opportunities. Probably I didn't look very close either, because I wanted to go back with the

(Continued on Page 37)

The Last I Ever Saw of That Teacher His Coat Tails Were Disappearing Over a Worm Fence

THE QUEEN MAKER

By Agnes Burke Hale

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

"Now Look Here, Miss Cole, You've Got to Pay Some Price for Being the Most Beautiful Girl in Springdale"

MISS CARLOTTA COLE was the prize child of an adoring mother. As Mrs. Cole, the widow of a bank teller, was always telling people, Carlotta was all that she had to live for. She had been christened Hazel. After Carl Cole's death her mother had renamed her Carlotta, as if through the name Mrs. Cole could retain some shred of her husband's poor pale self. Carlotta, despite the flood of maternal passion in which she was drowned, grew up to be, the neighbors agreed, a lovely girl.

These neighbors along the street of semidetached houses allowed, too, that Mrs. Cole was as smart a woman as God had made. When Carlotta had reached her early teens her mother was making a good living as a dressmaker. She could cut and snip and fit with an unfailing yet refined smartness; unfailingly, she knew what was good and what was not; the fat and the thin she could restrain from the mistakes of their desires. Carlotta was dressed and washed and curled as if that dark-haired nymph were heiress to a kingdom.

Carlotta was, indeed, the good little girl her mamma was always asking her to be. She brought home good report cards. As she matured she exchanged prettiness for beauty. She had large gray eyes, sometimes pale, slaty, almost innocuous; yet as she drifted into adolescence these eyes grew softer, wider, more luminous. Their inner pupils were dots of deep-sea blue, and their lashes were long and dark. The boys in the West Side High School were not slow to put themselves, like sheep, under their unfathomable spell.

Carlotta liked high school. Some of the girls in her class were going to college, others were staying home; most were going to work. Of these, Carlotta appeared least fitted for that future. This lily, with her smart, severe frock, her satiny black head, her wistful doelike eyes, was not easily envisaged amidst filing cases, offices, business. Yet ever since she was a little girl Carlotta had heard her mother talk of that time when Carlotta herself would be able to help mamma. Helping mamma meant going to business, more money, and less tension for that tireless woman. Going to business, too, meant a sally into the unpredictable world, in which men made money and women found husbands. Carlotta would have a home of her own and the shelter her beauty deserved.

For she had beauty. She knew it, her mother knew it. The boys in the West Side High School were sure of it. So Carlotta was taken into the Gamma Iotas, because one had to have Carlotta no matter what her family was. Yet the plaudits of her calflike beaus left Carlotta cold. She was growing up to the values of life. Sometimes in the homes of her giggling friends she would consider furtively the silver, the linen, the chintzes and the sateen-covered chairs, the marks of worldly prosperity. These girls did not differ from her; certainly they were less beautiful; their clothes cost more, but they wore them no better. Celia Ardell's father was a rich wholesale feed dealer; Nannie Talbot's a lawyer. Carl Cole, had he lived, might have been a banker; richer than any of these. He might have moved his family over to the North Side, where she would have gone to Miss Willis' School and reached heights from which the Talbots and the Ardells would be invisible.

When she was eighteen Carlotta came home one day, a week before graduation, and said that she intended to get a job. Her mother was desolated.

"Oh, Carlie," she said, her hands busy with the folds of a pink organdie, "you're not going right to work? I was thinking maybe you'd rest all summer, and then we could go to the lake together in August."

If there was one thing Carlie didn't want to do it was to go to the lake. Nannie Talbot's people had a large camp in the near-by woods, and Carlotta did not intend to be rescued by the Talbots from the inexpensive Eagle House, where Mrs. Cole spent two weeks each summer.

"No, I'm going to work," she said. "I can't stick around here all summer."

"You have all your nice friends."

"All my nice friends' papas have houses in the country. And they'll soon forget me. At least ——"

"Why, Carlie!" Mrs. Cole was dismayed. She was proud of the connections her girl had. "Nannie Talbot adores you."

Carlotta, in a chair opposite her mother, put a long leg up on the sewing machine, and stretching her arms above her head, cupped her black head in her hands. Her body made one long enchanting line, and her mother imagined that slimness incased in a thousand delightful materials.

"She's my friend now," went on Carlotta, "but she won't be in six months. Neither will Jim Hennion be taking me out in his car. She's going to a boarding school and he's going to Yale. Each of them is going to pick a different crowd. No, I'm through. I'm going to work."

Mrs. Cole's sentimentality was offended by Carlotta's bluntness.

"It seems too bad, Carlotta, that you have to plunge right in. If your father had lived ——"

"But he didn't." She moved one foot affectionately to her mother's lap. "Don't worry, mom. I'll make you rich and famous."

She meant it. There were lots of good jobs. And somewhere, sometime, a man would come into her life to offer her love and money, ease and happiness, all tied up in a little package, a premium that came with marriage.

Three years later, when Carlotta was twenty-one, she was earning thirty dollars a week as secretary to Mr. Alanson, the head salesman of the Hedges-Hawley Wrench Company. She had climbed to these heights from the outer darkness of the mail department, and she was as absorbed in the affairs of Hedges-Hawley as she was in the shingling of her hair. She felt important, too, in her job. Hedges and Hawley might make these wrenches, but where would the partners be if she and Mr. Alanson and the salesmen of the New England district ceased to sell them?

She was typing one January afternoon in the outer office when a young man came in and asked for Mr. Alanson. She lifted her eyes, to see that his suit was the kind her imaginary husband wore, English, tailored, an indescribable brown.

"What name?" she asked.

"Carmichael. He'll know. He told me to come."

His eyes were direct but impersonal. When she came back he was looking at a map of New England.

"Gosh," he said, "I never realized that the Maine coast was so indented. Did you?"

"Well, yes. That's my map. . . . Mr. Alanson says for you to go in."

She pointed to the door, which he fell up against as he opened it. A hard boy to have around the home, thought Miss Cole.

Fifteen minutes later Carlotta took up her sheaf of letters and ventured into Mr. Alanson's office. No partition could have kept her from hearing that Mr. Carmichael was in the promotion office, helping out Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Alanson must be advising him, for except for intermittent shouts the talk had quieted down. She decided to look at Carmichael again. Regally she slid around the door and drifted to the desk, where she laid the letters down, and stood, her sleek head a little bent, only her long lashes flickering as she followed Mr. Alanson's eye over her letters. They were faultless. So was her poise. If she felt Carmichael looking at her, she had perfect office control.

Mr. Alanson signed the letters. With a ladylike bend, she took them and went out.

"Who's the princess?" said Carmichael.

"Princess?" said Alanson. "She's my stenographer and the best in the house. Two years ago that girl was a file clerk."

"Two years, you say, she's been with you?"

"Two years this February."

"Two years, taking your dictation," said Carmichael sadly. "Have you ever thought of what happens to some women in two years?"

"Oh, come," said Alanson. "The girl's well off. She's got at least forty-five beaus, whose candy she never eats because it's bad for her skin. I take it home to my wife."

"Well, your wife doesn't need to worry about her skin. She's got you padlocked. Yet this girl—now, she's good. Have you noticed her shoulder blades?"

Alanson shot Carmichael a look.

"See here, young man, you came in here to talk about the Detroit conference."

"I know," said Mr. Carmichael dreamily, yet with a demoniac interest in his gray eyes. "I know I did. But that girl interests me. The Lord made her with a certain kind of a body and head and throat, so that she walks like a queen. And this civilization sets her down in a wrench factory!"

He looked out the window, where the towering little skyscrapers of Springdale were turning into fire-dotted pavilions against the winter sky.

Mr. Alanson swung around, too, to look at Carmichael. He was a handsome young man, as a rich man's son should be; impulsive, errant, yet intelligent. Alanson liked him.

"Yet this woman must work, Carmichael," he said.

"Yes, she must work like you and me. But who wants to work? Now that I think of it, and it's the first time I have thought of it, I curse this crushing of woman in industry."

"Oh, woman does well enough," said Mr. Alanson. "She's always getting engaged, married. Look at Miss Cole—candy in her desk all the time."

"It's not that. It's the stupidity," said Carmichael, "which chains her to a typewriter, when she ought to be in a temple. Suppose, Alanson, you put Miss Cole in a window, with a sign, See What We Have in Our Shop. Buy Hedges-Hawley Wrenches. Can't you feel the pull of the market? Who could forget Miss Cole? Who could forget her associated cofactor, the Hedges-Hawley wrench?"

Mr. Alanson shook his head.

"You're a nut, Carmichael."

Mr. Carmichael grinned.

"Not so nutty as most people think."

"No, one never is. Now let me do the talking."

He handed the young man a report of sales of rival wrench companies for the preceding year, and Carmichael read and listened, while Alanson talked. But he wasn't thinking about wrenches.

Mr. Carmichael could not be anywhere long without starting something. He had started so many things which might have better been unbegun that his father decided to put him to work. Running his eyes over all the companies in which he held a controlling interest, he decided that Joe could do least harm in the Hedges-Hawley wrench works. It was in Central New England, far from New York, the races, the theaters, even—old Mr. Carmichael in his innocence believed—from seductive women.

"You stay there a year and then tell me what you think of things," he said, "and perhaps I'll give you the business."

"And perhaps you won't," said Joe. "Right."

Joe, strangely enough, was weary of New York, and he did not want to go abroad. Moreover, he feared that he would not last another season unmarried. He must work sometime, and if it had to be the Springdale wrench works, why it might as well be that as anything else.

He looked upon the wrench works as he was wont to view musical comedies, dog shows and dinner parties. What was here to divert him? With innate adaptability, he found Springdale and the wrench works exciting, like a new kind of circus. His mind jumped lightly from one aspect of it to another. Not until Carlotta came through the door did he feel what he called the rush of blood to the brain. An idea was germinating. Carlotta would have been annoyed if she had known that Mr. Carmichael's interest was not in her, but in the ideas she had evoked in his capricious mind.

Two weeks later Mr. Alanson was working away one morning when Miss Cole came in.

"Mr. Fields wishes to speak to you."

Alanson took down his receiver. What did the old man want now?

"Come on over, Alanson, will you? I want to ask your advice."

Alanson went over, relieved. J. B. Fields was the managing director, fifty, dominant and awfully clean—a model magnate. If he cared for anything but wrenches Alanson had yet to learn of it. But Alanson liked him because no man could get around him.

At his desk sat Fields, and beside him, smoking, the irrepressible Carmichael, who gave Alanson the nod of a conspirator. Immediately Alanson knew that Carmichael had got around Fields.

"This young man," bellowed Fields, "tells me that you have a beautiful stenographer."

Alanson nodded.

"Don't try to take her from me," he warned.

Carmichael grinned. Alanson had a horrible vision of Miss Cole detailed with Carmichael to Detroit for the United Convention of Promotion Men—her head turned, her speed ruined.

"I trained this girl ——" he began crossly.

Fields waved a soothing paw at him.

"Come, come, you're not going to lose her. What I want to ask—Is she the knock-out this young man says?"

Mr. Alanson didn't answer.

"Is she?" pressed Fields. "It's a business investment. If she isn't, we'll get another."

"What for?" asked Alanson hopefully.

Carmichael jumped to his feet.

"Oh, come on, Alanson! We want Miss Cole for the All New England Beauty Show next month. Fields wants to know what you think before he sends for her."

Alanson looked at them in amazement. The Hedges-Hawley Wrench Company, the oldest wrench makers in America, lending themselves to the circus antics of a lot of yelling boosters!

"This is your doing, Carmichael," he said.

Carmichael nodded proudly.

"Is she a knock-out?" boomed the insistent Fields.

"You mean, will she win the prize?" asked Alanson.

Fields nodded. Carmichael nodded. So Alanson nodded too.

"She's your best bet. But I'll do my best to persuade her against entering," he said.

"You won't," said Fields. "Send her here. I'll talk to her."

Alanson raced down the corridors to his office, where he found Miss Cole, a picture in a dark-red flannel frock, laying letters on his desk.

"Miss Cole," he said breathlessly, "you mustn't let them make a fool of you." Abruptly he paused. She waited. Was he crazy?

The telephone rang. As she answered he took the receiver from her hand.

"Run along. Mr. Fields wants you right away. . . . Oh, shut up!" he yelled through to Carmichael. "She's on her way."

Mr. Fields was impressed by Miss Cole's entrance. It was her usual entrance—the little beseeching pause as the door closed, the eyes searching the room for a terminal and the lilting march across the floor. If Carmichael was there he did not exist for her. This pleased Fields

"You sent for me," she said in the low throaty voice she had acquired to match her coloring.

"Walk over there and back," said Fields, rising as if to address the Kiwanis Club. "Now over to the window. Now turn the profile. Good! Now the other way." Carlotta did all these things without embarrassment, for the fit of her frock was as flawless as her face. "Fine!" said Mr. Fields. "Now sit down in that chair."

Carlotta sat down with a fluent slowness; her feet and legs went into place, her hands fell into her lap. Her gray eyes were wide open, gracious, but questioning. Fields turned to Carmichael and nodded

"Good!" he said. "Very good!"

"Top hole," said Carmichael.

"What is it?" she asked, looking coolly at Carmichael and then back at Fields. "What do you want of me?"

Mr. Fields explained in a little speech into which he wove the Springdale beauty show, the chamber of commerce, the more-established firms, beauty and wrenches, a new departure, her selection by the board, service to the company. When he finished she should have been persuaded.

"It will take the next month. The company will spare no expense. Your salary will go on as usual. When you are out of the office a substitute will do your work."

Carlotta leaned forward in her chair.

"Oh, that will upset everything. I don't think I care to do this."

Mr. Fields had never imagined refusal.

"Don't care to!" he boomed. "Miss Cole, you are drafted for service."

Carlotta shook her head mulishly.

"No, I won't be. It's good of you, but I don't care to."

"But why?"

Carlotta shrugged her shoulders and looked unhappy. She wished Carmichael would go away so that she could tell Fields what she thought of beauty shows and cheap advertising.

"But why?" insisted Fields. "Why?"

"Why should I?" she asked boldly. "I don't like publicity. My mother wouldn't like it." That was a lie. Her mother would love it.

"Oh, come, Miss Cole," said Mr. Fields. He looked appealingly to Carmichael, a young man who had never failed to persuade a girl to anything. That youth leaped up, grabbed a chair and planted himself in front of her.

"Now look here, Miss Cole, you've got to pay some price for being the most beautiful girl in Springdale," he began.

Her gray eyes met his, and as Carmichael talked something flickered in their depths. A little flicker of vanity, of ambition; whatever it was, Carmichael saw it and encouraged it, and breathed over it with subtle flattery, so that after ten minutes of hypnotic persuasion she consented. His words did not vanquish her; it was because he treated her as if he and she together were putting over a little deal.

"Right," said Mr. Carmichael as she rose to go. "We'll go into Boston for the costume, and the rest of the things we'll get here."

"Oh, yes ——"

"Local men," said Fields. He shook Miss Cole's white hand and Carmichael took her to the door.

"Tomorrow," he said, "I'll submit a schedule."

Miss Cole went out, wrapped in a heady assurance. Yet it irked her a little that Carmichael had managed her so adeptly.

When she told Mr. Alanson he said, "It's all foolishness. And I'd like to know what's going to become of me."

When she told her mother that good woman, who was running up a green crêpe de chine for the wife of a rich grocer, took the pins out of her mouth in her excitement.

"Oh, Carlie," she said, "you—you mean they chose you?"

Carlotta nodded.

"They did. It's all that Mr. Carmichael."

"Who's Mr. Carmichael?"

"Oh, a new bird in the promotion department. He's full of ideas. I wish he hadn't picked on me though." She was secretly glad he had. "Mom, is my flat crêpe pressed?"

"It's in your closet. Ella did it before she went." Ella was the laundress. "I'll stop in a second and get the supper."

"No, I'll get it."

"No, you'll have to dress."

Carlotta went into her bedroom and Mrs. Cole sat idle for a moment. They must think pretty highly of Carlotta down at Hedges-Hawley if they chose her to represent them at the beauty show. It was official, dignified, and the whole city would marvel at Mrs. Cole's daughter. Mrs. Cole glowed with pride.

"This's going to make Steve sore," said Carlotta when she came down to set the table; "sore as a crab."

"Steve isn't your boss."

"No, but he'd like to be." Carlotta shrugged her shoulders and thought of Mr. Carmichael.

Steve was a burly, dogged young man who had been a senior in high school when Carlotta was a freshman, and who was now the owner of a garage. His ambition was to convert his present rather makeshift structure into a vast concrete autodrome, with plate-glass windows, inclined drives, elevators and superservice. He intended to create a motor home—the garage beautiful. When he was not dreaming about garages he thought of Carlotta, whom he humbly but indefatigably desired. Her beauty, her indifferent independence, scared him. Yet Steve had the persistence of the patient, and propinquity was on his side. His mother lived in the same block. He was always coming around in the evening to forestall other male advances.

That night at the movies Carlotta told him about the beauty show. He shifted his long body in the seat and shook his head.

"Don't do it, Carlotta. Don't do it."

"Why not?"

"It's cheap advertising, and it will cheapen you." She shot him an angry glance. He was unimpressed. "What's the big idea anyway?" he said, turning toward her. "Ain't the wrenches paying dividends? Or is it some new fool of an advertising man?"

Carlotta was suddenly on the defensive. Her pride, as well as Mr. Carmichael, was impugned.

"Don't be a gloom, Steve. All the automobile people are for it."

"Of course they are," he echoed her. "The big saps. One company goes in and then all the others chase after it. But what do they get out of it? Hey? A lot of hot air. You oughta hear the Priceless man on this publicity stuff. If you've got a good car you can sell it. You don't need a beauty show. The same applies to a wrench."

"Well, it doesn't hurt the wrench, does it?"

"No, but it hurts you." He was angry now. "You, stuck up like a human billboard, with a lot of other janes! It's cheap, and the janes will be cheap and the men cheap."

"They're not," she fired at him.

"Oh," he said, "they're not? Well, you ought to know. Anyway, you won't win anything. Thank God for that. You won't get a chance against all those houris."

"You make me tired," she said. "You're a Turk."

"That's what you girls need in this country," he said; "more Turks."

They didn't speak for fifteen minutes. They became engrossed in the film of A Flapper Who Gave All and Got Nothing. Yet Steve, when he left Carlotta at her door, went away without lingering.

"He's mad," thought Carlotta. "Well, he's been mad before." She went calmly up to bed.

In the excitement of the next three weeks Carlotta forgot Steve. She forgot everything but herself. Very skillfully the agile Mr. Carmichael was holding up a mirror to her into which she liked looking. She already knew some of her good points; those she had neglected Mr. Carmichael pointed out to her.

There was a great deal to be done. To Mr. Alanson her work seemed a series of exits; her place was taken by a stolid, snub-nosed girl who had bobbed her hair in a desperate effort to gain piquancy. The effect was dispiriting, and so was the stenography. He missed his Miss Cole.

That paragon was engaged in continual conferences with Carmichael. Her photograph went to the press. Mr. Fields called a meeting of all Hedges-Hawley employes and presented Carlotta to them. They gave her cheers. She made a little speech. Some thought she was pretty; some did not. But she was a cynosure.

There was a tremendous discussion about her costume. It was decided that Mr. Carmichael should take her into Boston a week before the contest, when Miss Springdale was to be chosen. Carmichael had a married sister there who would take them to a dressmaker. Carlotta, who had had a modest wish that her own mother might dash her off a tinsel robe, was abashed. This dressmaker was a man; his name was Berté.

"He's immense," said Carmichael. "Used to design wall papers. But now he doesn't care about the home—only women, home wreckers. Boston is changing." He whispered this hoarsely. "Women who go to Berté develop strange mysterious charms; the coldest eyes melt; they stop wearing spectacles; the soberest lawyers run after them; the most austere bankers grow indiscreet. The old barriers are breaking down."

Carlotta was dazed.

"And you want me to go to him?"

"You're going. You'll send tremors down the backs of the aldermen. The other girls will be got up as City Pride or Municipal Ownership; then you'll come in, all black night and white pallor, perhaps a splash of crimson—the touch of blood that unites us all. Wow!" He snapped his fingers. "You'll have a name that will knock 'em cold."

Carmichael was having the time of his life. He had enjoyed manipulating the pretentious Fields; he liked even better to make a goddess out of a little girl. For Miss Cole, for all her twenty-one years and her show of poise, was, by his standards, a little girl. This was her first trip to Boston. She had never left Springdale except for vacations at the lake; she had beaus who took her to the movies or dancing; but the assumptions, the penetrations, the aura of protective disillusion that is sophistication, these she had not. Yet she knew all about the wrench market, and was as beautiful as Diana. For her physical endowment Carmichael's sisters would have pledged their souls. She was piquant to him.

So he took her down to Boston. His sister Rebecca, who was Mrs. Spademan Gore, met them at Back Bay. Carlotta, who had expected a haughty duchess person with pearls in her ears, was startled. Mrs. Gore was thin, not so tall, and as incredibly homely as she was smart. She was one of those horselike girls with large protruding teeth and an oncoming smile who occur in the best families. In a great many cases, as in Rebecca's, such a girl warms up the home atmosphere. Mrs. Gore wore smart French clothes, black, mannish, but unangular, and her hat was clamped down over her honest green eyes in the best air-tight type. If she had hair, she hid it until night. She embraced Carmichael.

"Oh, Joe, hooray for you! This is Miss Cole?" She took Carlotta by the arm. "Well, well, so this is your work, Joe. Where are your bags?" She stopped short. "You're going back? Unsay those words! You can't. Stay for a party."

"We can't, Beck, honestly," he said. "Miss Cole's mother expects her. We can just make the six o'clock. I've got to be on my job."

"Aren't you on it now?" She laughed in his face. "That's no reason for not being human. Come on, we'll fight later. Come on, Carlotta."

They got in the motor, a long low town car with two men on the box. Carlotta was terrified. What was ahead of her? She wished she hadn't come. Yet she felt safe with Carmichael, and his homely sister, for all her grandeur, was intensive and alive. Rebecca Gore never talked according to rule; she did not ask after the hunting in Springdale or if Carlotta knew the Singleton Sopestones. She raved about Berté, theorized on beauty shows, asked if the other girls were jealous, until Carlotta was talking as naturally as if she were at home.

Berté practiced his art in a house on Newbury Street, whose commonplace exterior gave way indoors to the proper atmosphere of unprecedented fantasy. A tall Senegalese—who, rumor said, had saved Berté's life in the war by extricating him from a heap of fallen trunks at the Gare Saint Lazare—let them in. He wore long black trousers, a red satin jacket, and on his head a white fez; there was something diabolic about the Senegalese as he raced, slightly sidewise, up and down the yellow stairs.

"They're Terrible," He Told Carlotta. "Now Remember, Don't Walk Like a Model"

They waited in a little drawing-room, taffeta-hung and mirrored. The only decorations were some frail chairs and a jabbering monkey in a painted cage. Carlotta shivered.

"What's the matter?" said Carmichael.

"That man," she said, "and this monkey."

Rebecca laughed.

"The monkey's tame. The man is too. His name is Pete and he goes to all the baseball games. He's Americanized."

Pete came back, grinning.

"Monsieur Berté will see you."

He bowed and ran up the stairs again. Carmichael ran after him and the two girls trooped along. They waited again in a great room, unfurnished except for a black velvet carpet, a model block and a row of chairs. At one end was a full-length mirror. Becky turned her back to the mirror.

"I never look," she said. "I feel better about things. But you needn't worry, Carlotta. You were made to stand in this room."

The devastating Berté stole in upon them. He was a thickset blond Frenchman, whose head thrust itself forward from his shoulders and whose sleepy blue eyes suggested inexpressible compliments, indiscreet flattery. He cared only for beautiful women, but he never turned down a homely applicant who also happened to be rich. He had therefore the greatest respect for Rebecca. He knew she could ruin him if she so chose. He was all attention.

"Meester Carmichael, how do you do, Meester Carmichael? It is delightful to know the brother of your veree smart sister. Veree smart. She has brought me thousands of business. I do for her one little robe—you know"—he made indescribable gestures, indicating what the robe was like—"a little frock I call Her Little Secret Sin; yes, that is it—Her Little Secret Sin; and she wear that frock to a party at Mrs. Peabodeez; and I tell you, Meester Carmichael, the next morning, the ladees they rush up theex stairs—oh, two thousan'-three thousan' ladees. I cry, 'Plees, plees, go back, ladees.' I stamp the foot. I send Pete; but no, no, they cry, I must do the frock, they say, like Mrs. Gore's. I refuse. I refuse encore. They are not chic like Madame Gore. But I gif them the appointment. I make them other frocks." He shut his eyes, raised his eyebrows and extended one hand toward Mrs. Gore. "You see, my dear Meester Carmichael?"

Carmichael admitted that he saw.

"You are ruining pure Boston. But I want you to do something for Springdale."

"Springdale? Springdale? Where is Springdale?"

Carmichael explained about Springdale's beauty show.

"This is the candidate," he said, pointing to Carlotta, who had stood all this time, ignored but interested, between Carmichael and his sister. Berté, not knowing that she was anybody, as she wasn't, had never looked at her. She was badly dressed too. Now he took her hand and led her forward. Placing her just so, with the light on her white face, he walked away to look at her.

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The Making of a Stockbroker

By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

CARTOONS BY
M. L. BLUMENTHAL

Many a Rich Man Makes Money Because of His Money

TO A PHILOSOPHER there is no such thing as luck, resumed John K. Wing, but the average man finds it a convenient theory; and we all know the type we call a lucky man. Progress toward that man's goal is made easier by circumstances over which he has no control. I might have known that Bronson & Barnes would pick the right man to put in charge of their New York office. Nevertheless, I call myself fortunate indeed that my chief there was Joe Williamson. His friendship has been a greater comfort to me than the money I've made. He had more to do with my success than I can make clear to you, because it is difficult to dramatize the way in which a good chief brings out the best in his men. I liked Mr. Williamson from the first, and he, New England-like, said nothing about liking me; but it was not long before I was certain that he trusted me.

One day when I was feeling rather blue over my failure to put through a certain deal on which I had been working rather hard, he said to me, "Jack, don't worry about that matter. I know you are reliable and you always do your best; so I'm with you to the limit. I have no doubt whatever about your ability or your intention to make good. I see only one danger ahead."

I looked at him and perceived that he was in earnest. I asked him, "What's the danger?"

"That when things begin to go your way in a rush, you'll get the swelled head."

I laughed. I couldn't help it. I had just fallen down hard on a deal I was sure I had closed, and here was my boss warning me against the swelled head. What a warning to give after a disheartening failure!

High Standards of Service

I THINK I told you that I early fell into the habit of talking over our business with Mr. Williamson every afternoon after the close of the market. The first thing we agreed on was that we must show the home office what service was. That meant that everybody in the New York branch must be on the job every minute of the day. We were quick and accurate. We never explained why things we were asked to do couldn't be done by anybody, nor did we insist on demonstrating the impossibility of giving better execution. We contented ourselves with doing our best. In doing this we gave such service as had never before been given to any Boston house by its New York correspondents. The home office perceived it and played it up so that even if our local business did not grow as fast as I wished, the Boston business increased. And such is human nature that the very excellence of our service caused us annoyance. The slightest delay or a difference of one-eighth of a point in the price we paid or obtained on a market order brought us complaints from our Boston customers. Had we not led them to expect infallibility and competence from us they never would have asked for perfection. It used to vex me deeply that Boston did not seem to realize that in Mr. Williamson they had the best broker on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange. Being only a clerk, I could not know that Mr. Williamson was the most intimate friend as well as the trusted associate of both Colonel Bronson and Mr. Barnes.

Well, I think Mr. Williamson and I succeeded in building up a machine for doing business that had a capacity far greater than we could utilize. In the consciousness of this we found a fresh and stronger incentive to do more business. As I have said before, the only way to get business is to go after it, and that is what I did. I made changes in the office system and developed a more efficient clerical force, but my chief concern always was new business.

In common with most commission houses we were still under the influence or glamour of the old tradition. We still believed that it was the big trader who paid. We all wanted big accounts. The other day somebody asked me why in Wall Street tipsters still spoke about the mysterious and purely mythical coterie of supermanipulators who are known as "They" and are supposed to move prices up or down at will in furtherance of elaborate plans for milking the market. Well, I really think the persistence of the "They" myth is due to the fact that we still hear more stories about the millions made by this or that plunger than about the aggregate winnings of the thousands of men who trade successfully. I mean the men who have used common sense and have bought or sold stocks only after informing themselves thoroughly about conditions.

Being still under the persuasion that the big account was most desirable I went after it. After all, there was ample reason for preferring the big customer. He was usually much more than merely a man with money. He was a man who had made a fortune in his own business by the use of those success-compelling qualities which are valuable in any business. Now a man who had gumption enough to make millions in his own game was a good man to do business with. He usually did his own thinking. He wanted facts and not opinions. He was more apt to give good advice than to ask for it. All he needed was accurate information—if and when obtainable—and good execution; or, in other words, good brokerage technic.

With such a man I did not have to use words of one syllable. If the customer got enough clinical data to enable him to form an intelligent opinion he did not hesitate to act; and that made him a good purveyor of commissions. Such a man was accustomed to assuming responsibilities, to deciding quickly, to losing money without losing his grip. In other words, the big customer was a big man in many ways. He didn't make millions in his own business without learning something.

Of course I knew even then that there were exceptions. There were and are d.f. millionaires just as there are d.f. pikers, and many a rich man makes money because of his money rather than because of his brains or his knowledge or his nerve. But I am speaking of the type of big man who earns his success.

The little fellow was more bother. That was the common experience. He was the reverse of the big one. He wanted not facts but tips. He wished to be told what to buy or sell and then to be forced into doing it. If the advice proved good he would think that he had paid for it when he allowed his broker the twelve dollars and fifty cents commission per hundred shares. If the stock went up ten points and he made a thousand dollars he still thought the twelve dollars and fifty cents amply paid for it, though he told his friends how clever he had been to get aboard when he did. If he lost he didn't think of the broker's twelve dollars and fifty cents, but of the four or five hundred dollars he himself had dropped—as though the broker had taken the money out of the customer's pocket and put it into his own.

Facts Better Than Tips

TODAY the up-to-date brokerage office has its fully equipped statistical department which supplies the desired information—official statistics of earnings, analyses of trade conditions, and so on. Our customers today are actually compelled to know what they are doing. We do not give irresponsible tips or market gossip. When we are bullish on a stock we know why, and we give our reasons in full. The customer does not have to do anything if our reasons don't hit him right. If he takes our advice he does so, knowing what he is doing and also why.

People often ask me what the principles of investment are. Well, I should say the first thing to do is to go to an honest dealer. The operation of buying stocks or bonds is like buying jewels or shoes or furs. Get an honest broker; ask him for facts and figures and do your own thinking and deciding. Use the care that you would use to select a doctor or a butcher.

When I first came to New York I took every account I could. I made mistakes. I mean, I took accounts I never should have taken. After I exhausted what I might call the immediate prospects on my Harvard Club list, knowing we had the capacity to handle much more business than we were doing, I went after the big man in earnest. I remember, for instance, hearing that Colonel Bronson was acquainted with Winthrop C. Ross, at whose office I had called at least fifteen times but never got beyond the secretary, for Mr. Ross was one of the busiest men in the world. He was interested in all sorts of enterprises. At that time he was interested in promoting a big deal in Boston and he spent half his time there, so I took it upon myself to ask our senior partner to tackle Mr. Ross. I myself was perfectly willing to call at Mr. Ross' office every day for ten years, but I wanted the account as soon as possible. It didn't matter through whom it came into the office so long as it came. The important thing was to increase the business done by the New York branch, and Ross was no chair-warmer.

He was a New Hampshire man and owned about all the trolley lines in that section of New England. He had

accounts with some of the biggest and richest commission houses in the Street, and if he was good enough for them he was good enough for us, I thought. I learned it was nothing unusual for him to swing a line of one hundred thousand shares in the office of Westcott, Blaine & Co., at that time one of the biggest of the big houses of the Street. They had more multimillionaire customers than any other. The glory had passed from I. & S. Wormser, and Long & Dawes and Flower & Co. and Westcott, Blaine & Co. were now the topnotchers; but not in the newspapers. The firm had at least fifteen customers of Ross' caliber.

Well, Colonel Bronson did talk to Ross. You know, the colonel is the most persuasive man that ever lived. He always gets about everything he asks for, and the reason, as near as I can make out, is that everybody is willing to do as he wishes because it is perfectly plain that he himself is willing to do what they ask of him. They all feel they cannot refuse a man who cannot refuse them.

Safety in Trading

AT ALL events, the colonel told me to call on Mr. Ross, and I did. This time I was allowed to see him. I told him we were ready to give him the best of service in both Boston and New York. He was doing quite a bit in Boston just then and he used us rather extensively; but I saw to it that he also gave us a lot of business to do in New York. It was a very profitable account, for, as I told you, he swung a big line. He was the moving spirit in a half dozen corporations whose stocks were dealt in on the New York Stock Exchange and he traded heavily in those shares as well as in others that were not controlled by him.

I will say here that many people wondered that a conservative house like ours took the account of such a plunger as Mr. Ross. They thought it couldn't be safe. There is a popular delusion that margin business is risky and therefore not quite legitimate and all that. That is not true. Of course, margin business is like everything else. A house may be so keen about getting business that it will take too many chances. But if a broker uses judgment his margin business is the safest business in the world.

Our own experience is that we, as a firm, have lost more money dealing in first-class municipal bonds than in bad marginal accounts. We have not lost ten thousand dollars in such accounts in ten years. We simply do not let any customer trade on a small margin. By insisting on safety for ourselves we insure safety for the customer. We have stuck to our rule of having margins kept up, and by so doing we have kept our business and our customers. We never have been so anxious to get commissions as to make us forget this rule. That is one reason why we have never had a bank call on us for additional collateral. What we have insisted our customers should do we have ourselves done without waiting to be prodded by the banks, whose margin customers we were

A man in the brokerage business has to deal fairly by the banks. It is a theory of my senior partner that it is silly to quarrel with the banks about the terms of a loan. Suppose we pay one-fourth of one per cent more to our bank than we would need to if we went about and shopped for money, what difference does that make? We always keep about a thirty per cent margin on our bank loans, for it is a rule of Bronson & Barnes to see to it that this is kept up. The moment it begins to look weak we pump more collateral into it. If a bank asks us to take out certain securities we do so at once, without remarks, however strong our conviction may be as to the value of the securities in question.

There isn't anything remarkable about all this. Every good brokerage house does the same thing. But I will say that for years I worked very hard to demonstrate to my fellow brokers the folly of doing business on an inadequate margin. When I first came to Wall Street the average was about 10 per cent. There were some houses that did business on a five per cent basis, for they thought they must compete with the bucket shops. But we have changed all that and thereby eliminated a source of loss to the public. Insufficient capital and inexperience are the chief causes of commercial failures in the United States. This is as true of stock speculation as of retail dry goods or shoes or men's clothing.

Winthrop C. Ross was the largest account of our New York branch. We made a great deal of money in commissions and we gave him the best service we could. It must have suited him or he would not have stayed with us. We naturally wished to keep him in that frame of mind.

He was a very shrewd man, a multimillionaire, with a record of a dozen brilliant flotations and a reputation for great skill in corporation financiering, which is very different from financing. Such a man would not expect to be dunned for margins or be subject to the ordinary rules of a broker's office. Star customers are apt to want more than the usual consideration.

Well, there came the time when we had the Silent Panic of 1907. Things began to go wrong and the reason was not clear at first, although when the big crash came one

epigrammatic broker explained it by stating that somebody asked for a dollar and when he could not get it tried to sell stocks. But weeks before that happened came the news that Mr. Ross had resigned the chairmanship of the board of directors of a bank of which he had long been the largest individual stockholder. With his loss of the absolute control of the bank came rumors, for Mr. Ross had been too bold a plunger to go unscathed by the gossip mongers of Wall Street during a crisis.

Mr. Ross, as I had reason to know, was a very rich man and his account had been very profitable to us; but we had our rule about margins. When a rule is based on sound business principles it is wise to adhere to it. If you begin to make exceptions every time that adherence to it means a disagreeable five minutes, the rule becomes worse than valueless. Policy is policy always.

We were carrying a big block of New Hampshire Traction for Mr. Ross. It was his pet. He had made several sensationally successful coups with it. In fact, common gossip had it that he always paid for political favors, franchises and the like with market tips on that stock; also, that when aldermen or bosslets, having tasted blood, threatened him with strike bills and other forms of unpunishable blackmail, Mr. Ross gave them more tips on New Hampshire Traction. He thereby reduced the cost to himself of the previous favors, and as the politicians lost their shirts, they were in no position to fight, so they compromised. Mr. Ross, they used to say, would often bear half the alderman's losses even though that involved his contenting himself with half the profit to which he was entitled. I did not begin to hear these stories until later. One never does.

Calls for More Collateral

AS I SAID, we had this big block of New Hampshire Traction in the office. The price of it began to decline in sympathy with the general weakness, and presently Ross' margin began to get closer and closer to our irreducible minimum. If it had been anyone else I should have sent him notice to come up with more margin, but in Ross' case I hesitated to do so. We had never before had to call on him for more margin, and star customers often suffer from the peculiar irritation displayed by all very rich men when they are asked for actual cash at any time for any reason. They do not relish taking gilt-edge securities out of their strong boxes. It is too much like using up actual capital instead of doing business on their name as usual. There isn't much difference when you get

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Star Customers are Apt to Want More Than the Usual Consideration

PROFESSOR, HOW COULD YOU!

By Harry Leon Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

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EMERGING from the park we walked rapidly to the nearest corner to await a street car, and here Mr. Jackson asked me for the silver he had restored to me. This I readily gave him, and his first act was to hail a street urchin and purchase a newspaper. Handing this to me he directed in a gruff low tone that I hold it before my face continuously. As I took the sheet I glanced back to the park exit and saw Bertrand Meigs issue from it. Almost at once he caught sight of my companion and me and had the impudence to wave his stick at us. I directed the attention of Mr. Jackson to him, who shook his clenched fist at the fellow. Our car coming, he seized my elbow and propelled me to it. Boarding it, we both observed that Meigs still regarded us, and Mr. Jackson again shook his doubled fist, whereupon the detective, as I now did not doubt him to be, waved his stick and his unencumbered hand in a manner that seemed not only carefree but cordial.

Our car started and as we seated ourselves Mr. Jackson savagely remarked, "I should have soaked that bird a plenty when I had the chance."

"I dare say," I replied, not divining the precise meaning of his speech, but feeling its intention to be hostile. I then held the newspaper up before my face as I had been instructed to do, and was shocked to find my glance resting upon a muddied portrait of myself.

Noted Educator Still Missing, was the headline over an account of the futile search for me in the environs of Fairwater. I was glad to see that I was not any longer described merely as "spouse of mayor," although much of the article was devoted to the activities and eminence of Mrs. Copplestone, who, said the screed, "occupies a place of distinction in her unfailing support of cultural things in addition to extensive philanthropic and social-service work, all of which have combined to make her the town's ideal mayor." The dispatch was dated at Fairwater and I had little doubt that Mrs. Copplestone herself had penned it. I presently folded the paper so that this item might not arouse the suspicion of Mr. Jackson.

A long time we rode, penetrating at last a dingier part of the city, and when we alighted in a mean street I was pleased to think that my Nemesis was at last baffled had it been his intention to continue the odious persecution. Also I was glad to remember that should he again come near me while Mr. Jackson was by he would become a soaked bird, which, from the tone of my companion, would seem to be something harshly to his disadvantage. I was beginning to rely greatly upon this strange person who, for all his theatrical surface, seemed devoted to my interests.

Rapidly we walked several blocks along the street in which we alighted, then turned into one of an even meaner aspect, its houses dismal and dilapidated. Into one of the most sordid appearing Mr. Jackson led me and, after mounting three flights of uncarpeted stairs into a squalor that increased with our ascent, threw open a door of a tiny chamber at the back of the house, containing an iron bed, a scarred bureau and one decrepit chair.

Closing and locking the door he breathed a long sigh as of relief, and remarked as he surveyed me, "For the nonce that h—l-hound of the law is thrown off, but don't show your face outside this dump till I give you the word. I didn't like the way that bird was acting."

"I dare say he would be much better soaked," I said.

"Trust me," replied my companion grimly, "but I ought to get you out of town, because that bird is probably this minute making his report and every police station here will have your description. However, I have a flash. I got it when we come along in that car. But first I'll have to get some things out of hock, so if you were on the level about that kale, show me."

I saw him to mean that if I had been honest in saying I was in possession of money he would like to see some, so I reached into a convenient pocket and, manipulating the safety pin, brought forth one of my assortments of currency. The eyes of Mr. Jackson lighted eagerly as he took the bills and ran them over with deft fingers.

"Eighty-five," he said, "and I sure beg your pardon, Professor, for having doubted that fairy tale about you being a murderer."

"Bing, bing! I mow them down," I said, recalling Joe's tribute.

"I believe you, I have to believe you. No one gets eighty-five dollars these days for much less than murder."

"I have still more kale, a number of dollars of it," I said, reaching for another pocket, but he stopped me.

"This is enough for tonight. Later, I may have a serious talk with you about the rest, but now I got to hustle out with my tickets."

He opened the door, pausing only to warn me that I must not leave the room, and was off. Again I nursed misgivings about the integrity of Mr. Jackson caused by his description of this abode as a dump. Both Edward and Richard had predicted that I would on the morrow awaken in a dump with nothing but my safety pins left. Now I was in what Mr. Jackson himself frankly admitted to be a dump, and I had intrusted him with a considerable number of kales. Resolving to face the situation calmly, however, I picked up my newspaper and, having crumpled its first sheet into a ball, searched its remaining columns in the hope that I might find further particulars of the frightful degeneracy that menaced America's home life. But, as I have so often remarked about our public press, it ignores the gravest of our problems for the petty round of murders, robberies, official corruptions at our national capital and the scandals of the ill-mated. Aside from the account of my own disappearance there had been little of real interest in the sheet.

As I threw it down in some disgust for its trivialities a knock sounded on the door, and in answer to my call a young man entered briskly. He was a slim youth rather carefully attired and wearing a cap pulled down over a pair of gray eyes that had a curious effect of being constantly watchful.

Seeing that the room was empty save for me he remarked in a friendly manner, "I thought Sooner was here. Didn't I hear his step a while ago?"

"You perhaps did," I rejoined, "but Mr. Jackson has gone out on some errands. It is possible, however, that he will return after a time."

"After a time, eh?" said the young man genially, and added, "Is the old bird still up against it or has he made a killing?"

I instantly now perceived that it must be a fashion of speech among these men to refer to human beings as birds, but I was puzzled by the remainder of his speech. However, the boy had an ingratiating manner, so I thought to satisfy him.

"I do not know," I answered, "what Mr. Jackson may be against, but in any event I doubt if he would resort to murder. It is true that he lately spoke of soaking a bird, but I do not think he would have gone to the extreme of killing him. He merely hustled out with his tickets after I had given him some of my kale."

The young man was now regarding me steadily with a somewhat bewildered glance. After a moment he paced twice across the narrow room, humming lightly. Then after readjusting his rich cravat in its broken mirror, he came to rest by leaning against the edge of the dresser. From this position he eyed me pleasantly and said, "Some of your kale—I believe you said you gave him some of it!"

"Yes," I replied. "I was about to give him more, but he declined it, saying he had already enough for his present purpose." Again the youth paced across the room, humming lightly. He made a conventional remark about the weather and absently took from the pocket of his well-cut coat two small objects which I did not at first recognize. With these he began to play on the dresser top and appeared to have forgotten my presence.

At length he glanced up at me apologetically, saying, "I beg your pardon, sir, but I became engrossed with an interesting little game I have just found. I noticed a chap playing it on the street today and it simply fascinated me, so I bought a set of the implements for a few cents. You will see how simple they are." He held up to me what I now saw to be merely the two detached halves of an English-walnut shell and a small pellet of some composition I could not identify. "It is most interesting," he went on, turning again to put his toys on the dresser top. "If you will step here I shall be glad to show you the game."

I left my seat on the iron bed and went to watch the young enthusiast. It was indeed a simple game, a mere matter of deftly manipulating the two shells so that the onlooker should be uncertain as to which of them lay over the pellet. I saw at once what the object of the player would be and observed that the youth could not yet have mastered sufficient skill to make the contest other than one-sided. I frankly pointed out that he was doing the thing clumsily, and he took my comment in such good

Several Other Attempts He Made to Baffle My Quick Eye, and When Each Time I Picked the Shell Concealing the Pellet He Became Rather Piqued

spirit, showing not the least sign of offense, that I could not help liking him.

"I know I can't do it well, yet," he confessed, "but you should have seen that chap on the street. He deceived me almost every time. Now, let me see—how did he do it?" And taking the pellet and the two shells he again manipulated them, but still so clumsily that I had no difficulty in picking the correct shell. Somewhat chagrined, he hopefully tried again, and once more I was able to follow the movements of his fingers. Several other attempts he made to baffle my quick eye, and when each time I picked the shell concealing the pellet he became rather piqued and, declaring that the quickness of his hand would yet deceive my eye, he again went through his clumsy motion, and turned pridefully to me with the boast, "Now you are fooled. This time I have succeeded."

I assured him, however, that he had not and was about to pick up the proper shell when he restrained me. "One moment," he remarked. "I am so sure I have fooled you this time that I would be willing to wager a few dollars upon it. What do you say to that?"

Now I knew he had been clumsy again and that the pellet lay under the shell to his right, but thinking to teach him a good lesson, I cried, "Willingly!" meaning, of course, to give him back such money as he might foolishly stake and lose to me.

"Good!" he replied, and taking some notes from his pocket he looked at me inquiringly. "How about a ten-spot [ten dollars]," he inquired, and as I had one of these bills at hand I heartily agreed, laying my own bill beside his on the table and promptly picking up the right shell.

My astonishment may be surmised when I say that the pellet was not there, where I had distinctly seen it placed. My opponent smilingly lifted the other shell, proving, indeed, that my eye had been deceived.

I was now concerned about the young man, for I knew that only an accident had served him, and I immediately proposed that we make other wagers so I might presently prove to him that he was not sufficiently master of the game to hazard his money on it. He seemed rather loath at first, but, in response to my urging, at last consented, suggesting that we double the stakes. To this I gladly agreed, and I was reaching to unfasten another safety pin when our door opened and Mr. Jackson entered, his arms full of bundles.

My young friend glanced around at him in some annoyance and instantly closed his hand over our first stake. Mr. Jackson, although he seemed not to notice this movement, dropped his bundles on the bed, came over to the youth, grasped the hand that still held the two notes, extracted one of them and lightly flicked the wrist above it, saying, "Naughty, naughty, Harold!"

Although I was aghast at the rudeness of this performance, my injured young friend merely grinned at his assailant not unamiably, although he remarked as he paused at the still-open door, "I wish you had broken both legs coming upstairs." This, of course, must have been said in jest, but before I could expostulate at the treatment he had received the speaker had gone and Mr. Jackson was eying me severely.

"Was that your first bet?" he demanded.

"It was," I replied, "although I had just prevailed upon the young man to make another at double the stakes when you so roughly spoiled our game. And I wish you to understand clearly that I was not trying to fleece the lad. He is very clumsy at the game, this being the first time he has tried to play it. After showing him that he should not risk money on his skill—it was by the merest accident he won our first wager—I meant to return his losings with a few words of wholesome advice. As you have prevented me from doing him this service I make no doubt he will fall into the hands of people less considerate."

Mr. Jackson had again stared at me in his curiously steadfast manner during this speech—which I meant him to take as a rebuke for his interference. He continued to stare a long moment after I had finished. Then he came to me and warmly grasped my hand, which he shook at length, to my great bewilderment. Presently he held me away from him and again surveying me, spoke.

"Professor," he began, "in my forty years some very wondrous things have happened to me, but never anything like you. I really don't know what I have done to deserve you. And I see now that you are indeed the person you have claimed to be. You are beyond a doubt Mr. Addison Simms, of Seattle. That's just as easy to believe as the rest of you."

I now surveyed him in my turn. "Your speech is not clear to me, Mr. Jackson, and yet I feel a confidence in you not warranted by your manner. In short, sir, you are an enigma to me, even though I rely upon you."

"That's just what I wanted to say about you," he replied, "only I couldn't think of that word. But I am glad you rely upon me. And further, I am about to put your confidence to a severe test. For your own good I want you to come clean with whatever kale you have left; you have mentioned a number of safety pins, and I am afraid one of them might work into your old hide and cause appendicitis."

Seeing that I was quite at the man's mercy and still, moreover, feeling the confidence I had expressed, I proceeded to disburden myself of the bank notes secreted about my person. As I removed them Mr. Jackson placed them in a pile on the bed, skillfully counting them as he did so.

When I had removed the last note he sighed and remarked, "I certainly am the original bobbed-haired bandit. What lovely picking you would have been for Harold and his trained shells. And if you hadn't met him you would tomorrow have been buying the city hall. Let me warn you now, should you again come into money, not to buy that property. I admit the offer is temptingly made; I have known the city hall to go for as little as two hundred dollars if that was all the bird had, but promise me you will never buy it."

Despite the obscure wording of this speech I felt somehow that a true devotion to my interests underlay it. Without misgiving I saw Mr. Jackson roll my bills into one lot and stow them in a pocket. Only then I remembered my old precaution.

"I ought to tell you," I said, "it was long since made a rule that I keep one bill constantly pinned in this upper left-hand pocket, in case I should find myself away from home utterly without money, as more than once has happened."

Mr. Jackson withdrew my money and took a bill from it. "Very well," he said, "I'll let you keep this one if you'll promise to forget which pocket it's in, and especially promise not to wager it on the game of that Harold boy that rooms across the hall. Your intentions were noble, but let

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To This I Stepped the Dance and Reproduced the Sounds He Had Made as Best I Could

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PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 30, 1924

Man the Conqueror

EVERY man with a drop of red blood who has been following the gallant attempts of the Third Everest Expedition to scale the peak of the Queen of Mountains will wish to accept the belief now held by Lieutenant Colonel Norton, leader of the expedition, that his lost comrades, Messrs. Mallory and Irvine, before they perished actually stood upon the topmost crest.

The world has too few of these bold and steadfast pioneers, who will go happily to poverty or to death to reach a goal that has never been reached before and who see no less glory in failure than in success, provided only that they do their best and keep up the fight as long as life is in them. And yet we can point to some fine specimens of the breed. Some of them have been flying round the globe. Some are giving their lives to stamp out devastating diseases.

Mr. Richard O. Marsh and his fearless companions braved hardship, pestilence and all the perils of the Isthmian jungle before they found the lost tribe of blond Indians; and Prof. J. L. Baer, of the Smithsonian Institution, and Mr. Paul Brin, the Panamanian botanist, perished in the attempt. Other men of the same breed dedicate their lives to reaching that spot of earth where there is no direction but south; and their brethren of the laboratories, no less devoted, labor day and night to trap an unseen atom and learn the motions of its invisible members, as though they were the steps of a new dance.

Of such is the vanguard of humanity. Such are the men who haul the rest of their kind after them and set up the new milestones of human progress. Whatever task they undertake, these leaders have one character in common: They are the officers who direct man's age-old warfare against Nature; and they head an army that continually marches on from victory to victory and leaves many a dead captain by the way.

Sir Francis Younghusband, the distinguished Tibetan explorer, publishes in the London Times a stirring article in which he argues that the eventual conquest of Everest is a foregone conclusion. It is worthy of more extended quotation than space permits, not only on account of the world-wide interest in the subject but also because the author's argument applies to every field of Nature that man has determined to penetrate and conquer for his race. Thus Sir Francis:

"The doom of Everest is sealed; and for one simple, one very obvious reason. Man grows in wisdom and stature; but the mountain's stature is fixed. Man can exalt the spirit within him, but the mountain cannot add a single cubit to her measure. . . . He finds means to outwit the mountain's allies. And each throw he receives only heightens his spirit. He quickly recovers himself, and undaunted returns to the battle. While the mountain for ever remains fixed, the spirit of man can heighten itself—can rise higher and higher as the battle demands and occasion requires. As man looks up to the hills and earnestly strives to attain them his spirit increases within him."

Sir Francis goes on to survey the history of mountain climbing during the past forty years. A generation or more ago, 21,000 feet was the Ultima Thule of altitude. Twenty years ago the limit had been advanced to 23,000 feet, and so on until, a few weeks ago, Colonel Norton's expedition reached 28,000. Sir Francis reasons: "21, 23, 25, 27, 28—arithmetic itself shows that 29 must follow and Everest be vanquished."

And then he pictures the sight that brave eyes will some day behold:

"A sea of peaks will stretch all round him. Kingdoms, principalities, and powers far down below will lie submerged in bluey haze. Raised high above the rest of earth he will feel himself to be, and to have reached a region of sternest austerity, indeed, but loftier, purer, clearer, and of more dazzling radiance and farther stretching horizon than man had ever known before. And his vision will be all the more intense because he will have won this glory for himself by his own unaided efforts. And ever after as man looks upward at Mt. Everest it will not be with a craven sense of his own littleness beside her. He will then be justly proud of his own greatness. Supremely lofty as she is among all mountains, he will know for certain that his own spirit can exalt him higher still."

As man has conquered lesser peaks, so will he conquer Everest. As he has put down smallpox and tuberculosis, so will he put down cancer and infantile paralysis. Presently we shall have cold light and derive our power from the energy of the sun. We shall understand the constitution of matter, we shall know more about the mysteries of time and space.

Those who dare the mountain tops will achieve; and we who grub in the valleys shall enjoy the fruits of their labors—but their visions we shall never see.

The Anglo-Soviet Muddle

LONDON has for many weeks been the scene of as dreary and grotesque a tragi-comedy as the financial world has ever witnessed. We refer to the negotiations of the Russian delegates to the Anglo-Soviet Conference looking toward closer trade relations and the flotation of large credits with only the sky for security.

The world has never seen a more striking example of a government that wanted to eat its cake and have it too. Twin aims of Bolshevik polity were to destroy the purchasing power of money and to annihilate capital. In both these designs it succeeded. Bolshevism made the ruble worthless and it did to death that portion of its economic capital represented by instruments of production, by allowing its mills, factories and industrial establishments to go to rack and ruin. Then, to signalize its contempt for the ethical standards of capitalistic nations, it repudiated its obligations.

We have yet to see a newspaper comic strip depict a situation more absurd than that of the Soviet delegates attempting to wangle the British Government into guaranteeing an international loan in order that bankers may have a sound talking point when they try to distribute the bonds among investors. Both communists and socialists are to such a large extent tarred with the same brush that the Soviet commissioners feel infinitely more at home at Westminster than they would at Washington; but even Mr. MacDonald, with all his reputed tenderness for the pink thought of Continental theorists, has not, up to this writing, been able to stomach the proposals of his Russian visitors. The Soviet bait is the promise of a profitable outlet for British manufactures. Improved housing conditions alone excepted, this is the one thing that Britain most needs; but even the most radical of her ministers knows that the price is too high and that the delivery of promised benefits is too uncertain.

To appraise the good faith of the Soviet proposals at their face value would be grossly to overrate it; for though it is reported that the Russian conferees have offered to unsay their repudiation in respect of fifteen per cent of Russian obligations due to Britain and British subjects, even this shrinking fifteen per cent honesty is conditioned by several provisos and stipulations, not the least of which is the granting of a loan amounting to some fifty or sixty million pounds sterling.

The mission of the Soviet conferees has not been made any pleasanter or more plausible by the fact that the officials with whom they are treating are fully aware that the Soviet Government, through its tools, is waging the bitterest sort of warfare, both in the open and in the dark, upon Mr. MacDonald's government. There cannot be the smallest doubt that Russian money is being used to foment outlaw strikes and to stir up discord within the ranks of British trades-unions; to form communist groups in every large industrial plant in England; to convert moderate socialists into red communists. It is always to be observed that no matter how lean the Soviet exchequer may be, no matter how heavy the toll of famine and misery may be at home, there is never lack of funds for propaganda abroad.

Just what measure of success will crown the Russian efforts in the end it is not possible to predict with any certainty. No one can forecast just how the Labor Government will handle the problems that are pressing for solution on every side. Indeed, we doubt if the ministers themselves can see much farther into the future than those who are not in their confidence. We like to think, however, that Mr. MacDonald and his colleagues are animated by genuinely patriotic motives; and that they will, as their eyes open, throw overboard some of the radical notions to which they stand committed, rather than afflict their sorely vexed country with new and needless trials and burdens. To some members of the Labor Party it is a cause for secret rejoicing that they are not in undisputed power and for that reason do not bear quite so heavy an onus of responsibility for the events of the next few months as they would have to shoulder if Mr. MacDonald's will were law.

The Labor Party's position is most difficult. Not only is it in a parliamentary minority but it is powerless to maintain any semblance of discipline within its own ranks. There is always some ginger committee ready to kick the sleeping dogs into snarling activity. Labor's most formidable enemies are the extremists of its own household.

The gravity of Britain's position is indicated by the restraint that marks the utterances of both the Liberal and the Unionist press. This attitude appears to be predicated upon a belief that the times are too ticklish to warrant irresponsible heckling or to justify the ordinary tactics of partisan politics. During the sessions of the interallied conference for the consideration of the Dawes report the press, as a whole, was most careful to refrain from publishing matter calculated to embarrass the prime minister or to hamper his negotiations. In practically every quarter there has been a whole-hearted disposition to give the government a chance.

Dark as the British outlook has been, there are on the horizon bright spots which have been growing noticeably larger. Anglo-French relations seem to be approaching a firmer footing The final adoption and faithful execution of the Dawes plan for the rehabilitation of Germany hold out vast possibilities for good. . Broadly speaking, the socialist government has not been successful in coping with the housing shortage; but its failure has been relative rather than absolute, and gradual betterments may be looked for, even though they eventuate with tragical backwardness.

In time, even the Anglo-Soviet tangle will be straightened out; and one is tolerantly safe in assuming that when differences are finally accommodated England will again prove that she is too old a trader and too experienced a banker to accept the hot end of the poker.

Uncle Sam and the Tub Thumpers

By GEORGE PATTULLO

EVERY great nation is symbolized for pictorial purposes in a type, and to this symbol its citizens fondly cling, persuaded they can visualize in it the national virtues. Hurrah for John Bull! Hurrah for Uncle Sam!

When the English think of themselves in bulk they like to conjure up a hearty, bluff old gentleman of the Georgian era, possessed of a manly contempt for subtlety, who continually manages to muddle through to triumph by sheer force of character and the luck popularly credited with attendance upon purity of aims. Now this portrait of John Bull would raise raucous laughter anywhere in Continental Europe. Of course in point of physical resemblance it is not a faithful symbol, and in respect to the other attributes Europe considers there has never been a nation in history so subtle and farsighted in statecraft and business.

Europe Studying Uncle Sam

AND we ourselves have long, lean, phlegmatic Uncle Sam—shrewd and kindly and wise, patient with the patience of great strength. How about that picture?

To the outside world it is even more banal than the other.

Cartoons of Uncle Sam as a cunning, swollen, greedy miser hugging a huge pile of gold have enjoyed immense journalistic vogue in England and France; and from England, which ruled the world with gold from 1815 to 1914, countless high-purposed missionaries have come to our shores to urge the salvation of our souls by getting rid of it. At the other extreme are the cartoons of Uncle Sam as a beneficent brother of charity, which the needs of certain hungry lands made temporarily popular therein.

Each of these portraits had a specific purpose, and they represent only what the makers of public opinion in the countries where they circulate want the masses to accept. Also, they hope for certain reactions to them in the United States. What those governing classes themselves think is entirely different.

Therefore, though we may experience a measure of surprise that a people whose humanitarian gifts abroad during the past six years exceeded those of all the rest of the world combined should be lampooned in the rôle of a miser, we can afford to ignore it, remembering that the passing of financial supremacy to the Western Hemisphere could hardly come about without some bitterness and envy. Nor should we be sold on the beneficent-brother portrait. It is quite as much out of drawing.

The governing classes of Europe follow our politics and internal affairs closely; since their war needs made it necessary they have made a study of how the American people respond to various forms of appeal; they have sounded us time and again to determine the best way of winning American acquiescence. And naturally they have arrived at a picture.

It is far removed from the cartoons of Uncle Sam as a greedy miser—farther still from that portrait of a self-possessed, resolute and patient gentleman with a goatee which we have grown to revere. If put into words the picture they have built up through watching us perform since 1918 is that of a very nervous giant with the opportunity and potential strength for world leadership, but so devoid of moral courage he will not undertake it, nor even stand up for his own rights against organized clamor. They see what they call a *nouveau riche* so uncertain of himself that he grows garrulous to conceal it; easily pricked into going out of the way to justify his course when it needs no vindication; a colossus so supersensitive to criticism that he can be kept continually on the defensive; who succumbs to every sentimental appeal, and is so readily hoodwinked that his idealism and fits of magnificent generosity do as much harm as good.

The Johnson Act

THAT may sound overdrawn, and I freely admit my own observation in nine countries I have visited during the past seven months may be all wrong, so let us dismiss personal conclusions from consideration and proceed to a study of the methods of approach employed by other nations since 1918 in their dealings with us. They ought to provide sure indications of their estimates of the American people.

Recently the American Congress passed an immigration act long overdue. Every country asserts the right to restrict immigration, to say what kinds of people shall settle within its borders and what kinds shall not. And all nations concede this right, except to those countries so defenseless that they cannot assert anything. Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Japan, Canada, Australia—all have restrictions; they all discriminate. Consequently the United States was well within its undeniable rights. Yet immediately the purpose of the new act became known, a storm of protests broke out. Italy vigorously objected;

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

An Unnatural History

II

Miss Willa Gray—The Hyena

THE Wild Hyena's laugh, we've found,
Is probably the world's worst sound
Unless, when at a matinée,
You've chanced to hear Miss Willa Gray.
Now laughs themselves are no disgrace—
But hers are always out of place.
She has an awkward way of choosing
Such moments as are most confusing;
As when, let's say, the audience
Is plainly panting with suspense
For fear the Hero's shot will miss—
Or during a perfervid kiss—
Or when our pet abomination,
The Questionable Situation,
Arises as it has a way
Of doing in the modern play—
Or jokes are told that make us try
Our best to shun our neighbor's eye—
It's then, as by some force mesmeric
Propelled, that Willa's laugh hysteric
The theater's tension tears to tatters,
And every nervous system shatters.
Hyena and Miss Willa Gray—
One in the Zoo, one on Broadway—
Both share this common quality
Of misdirected jollity.
Since Science contradicts the rumor
Hyenas have a sense of humor
And Willa certainly has not,
Although she talks of it a lot,
We'll bet that neither, off the bat,
Could tell us what they're laughing at.

Edgar Swope—The Soapfish

THE Soapfish, although known to few,
We find well worth a closer view.
Of lowly piscatorial rank,
He shares another fish's tank.
At least, that was the way we saw him
The day that we went down to draw him.
You've never seen a fish forlorner
Than he was, lying in one corner
While lank mates, gayly flitting o'er him,
Seemed, selfishly, to just ignore him
And leave him there alone to mope.
It made us think of Edgar Swope.
For he, in Mother Nature's plan,
Sustains the rôle of Extra Man.
How oft a hostess, disappointed,
Her dinner table all disjointed,
Sees suddenly a ray of hope
When someone says, "Call Edgar Swope!"
But when in answer to her prayer
He comes—you'd think he wasn't there.
Look here how Mesdames Wills and Reece
Just treat him like the centerpiece
And talk across him! He must wish
He hadn't come—the poor fish!

Mr. Jonas Bone—The Dancing Bear

PERHAPS you think we seem unfair
To Jonas Bone—or to the Bear—
To pair the one, so nobly bred,
With such a clumsy quadruped.
We hasten, in this circumstance,
To add it's only when they dance
They seem—especially round the knees—
As like as the proverbial peas.
The Bear, of course, must dance for treasure,
While Jonas does it just for pleasure.

The Superiority Complex

(A complex is a modern name for a fault; something good that is carried too far; a virtue devilized. It is an imp that hovers about us but which can be seen only by the Psychoanalyst—so they say—and sent back to normal—whatever normal is—where no complex can exist. In the interests of science we have pictured a few of the most noted complexes, believing that it is best to come face to face with them and talk it over.)

The Superiority Complex—Roosterius Progressmo—Sings a Song About Itself. It Feathers Its Own Nest and Is Ready at Any Time to Pose for Its Picture. It Never Recognizes Any Other Complex Unless It Belongs to the Superior Species. Its Favorite Habitat Is in the Minds of College Graduates, the New Rich, Literary Cults, Public Officials, or Wherever a Sense of Proportion Has Been Lost or Neglected

The pleasure—if it pleasure is—
Is solely and distinctly his.
Yet both dance solemnly and sadly,
And very, very, very badly.
Though Jonas' faults we would condone
If, like the Bear, he'd dance alone.
And here's another way they're kin
In their Terpsichorean sin:
Although, at superficial view,
The Bear has four feet—Jonas two—
We know that on a ballroom floor
He never walks on less than four,
And stumbles through a waltz divine
On two of his and two of mine.

Wilfred Peek—The Penguin

THE Penguin's superserious air
We never have seen anywhere
Except in Greenwich Village parts,
Where Little Groups pursue the Arts.
"Pursue," we think, is just the word;
For most of them—or so we've heard—
Have striven with but slight avail
To nail poor Art's elusive tail.
La Vie Bohème that poets sing
Is really quite a solemn thing
For pale young men, with thoughts free-verse-ward,
Who use "Victorian" for a curse word.
They're serious about their thinking,
And awf'ly so about their drinking.
Of Art they're sternly critical,
And Life, and things Political.
While Love—ah, Love! They scorn—they flout it!
You ought to hear them talk about it!
You wonder where they get the time.
Young Wilfred Peek's just written Slime—
A book in verse that's more than free—
To prove that Marriage Shouldn't Be.
He feels this sad world sorely needs it.
Come on, let's go before he reads it!

The Debutante—The Seventeen-Year Locust

ATTENTION is but rarely focused
Upon the Debutante or Locust
Before the age of seventeen.
But once they've burst upon the scene
They vie, with Youth's horrific zest,
To see which is the bigger pest.
No follower of Fortune shifty,
We'd place the odds at fifty-fifty
Without the slightest hesitation,
And recommend extermination.

The Hon. Augustus Glupp—The Great Auk

AT PRESENT there is little talk
Of what was once the far-famed Auk
Which on a time, we've read and heard,
Was thought a most important bird,
And merited sufficient fame
To warrant "Great" before his name.
His fault was it—or Fortune's whim—
That now one rarely hears of him?
Perhaps Augustus Glupp's sad case
Explains what may have taken place.
For 'Gustus, at a tender age,
Seemed made to grace some History's page.
A genial youth, and one prolix,
He early turned to politics.
Of promising and noble nature,
He quickly reached the Legislature,
Which proved to be the Rubicon
That won for him the prefix "Hon."
From there—the move was purely tentative—
He next became a Representative
At Washington, D. C. And then it
Was but a step into the Senate.
It seemed that ever on and up
Must glide the star of 'Gustus Glupp.
Alack! His foes, with fell intent,
Elected him Vice President
And now the fact cannot be blinked—
Both Auk and 'Gustus are extinct.

Mrs. Bell—The Elephant

THE Elephant and Mrs. Bell
We think are deadly parallel.
They're each the largest of their kind.
But neither of them seems to mind.
The Elephant can tuck away
Without a qualm a bale of hay;

(Continued on Page 105)

Right now! You'll like them more than ever —

Campbells' Beans

—the beans that are good to the very last one on your plate.
—the beans that are such nourishing food.
—the beans with such delicious tomato sauce.
—the beans of such famous Quality.
Insist on Campbell's Beans!

12 cents a can, except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

Serve hot

Serve cold

Slow-cooked

Digestible

BALISAND

By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

The Perfume of a June Garden Illusively Enveloped Him

IN THIS manner a vague discontentment ran parallel with Richard Bale's complete appreciation of Balisand, his unquestioned allegiance to all that the plantation and his fortunate engagements expressed. But with the progress of summer, the approaching election of a President, he was drawn further and further into the local agitations and party rivalry. He viewed this, mostly, from a largely traditional—Bradlock Wiatt called it an antiquated—position. Richard had never been reconciled, at ease, with the extreme developments of party organization. He insisted that, with things as they were, the voter—after shouting that only the Democratic-Republicans could ensure his freedom from tyranny—had become no more than a machine: he would cast a prepared ballot, in the coming election, for electors already chosen in the State legislature; and the electors, in turn, rather worse than better, must vote for candidates previously selected by Congressional caucus. That was the full extent of his new liberty.

For this, though, Wiatt reminded him, he had his own party to blame: it was Hamilton who had conducted secret nominating committees, and there had been a conference in the Federal Senate chamber for the purpose of forwarding Adams' interests.

"The Republicans only followed our example," Bradlock asserted. "But I'm not like you, I don't object; it's necessary, Richard; the country can't be reached to-day with local methods. And, we might as well admit it, Jefferson is ahead of us. Look at his supporters—Madison, he came back to the Assembly to take care of his party in Virginia, James Monroe, Sam Adams, Gallatin, George Clinton, in New York, Franklin. Perhaps Marshall is as good as any, but he hasn't the support here he'll need. Those Richmond circulars in March that Franklin signed did us a lot of harm. Why, the one on the vindication of the General Ticket Law carried the list of proposed Republican electors everywhere over the State.

"We've had no such meeting as the one in January where they had near a hundred members of the Virginia legislature, and every prominent man they could get, at the capitol. There isn't a Federalist as loud as Giles or as skilful as Samuel Shields. They appointed committees for everything—to interview the electors for the party, to notify the counties of the answers; they have special men to see voters they may influence; and, not satisfied with that, they have a standing committee in all the important sections. I've heard 'em. Don't you think they're letting the Jay Treaty get out of sight! Copies of the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions have been sent to every excuse for a village. I don't know who wrote them, but it was no clerk. The Alien and Sedition Acts were never popular, Richard; we know why they were framed—to take care of Genêt's friends and editors like Freneau and Bache; but that's all been forgotten. It's the Federal Government again oppressing the people."

"Are you preparing to follow Madison?" Richard Bale demanded. He stared with disagreeably narrowed eyes at Bradlock Wiatt.

"No, I'm not, you contentious Tory, and you know it. If you insult me I'll shoot you with both barrels of one of these new French guns. It's just that I'm not blind."

They were standing outside the tavern, where a meeting had been called of the leaders among the Federals of Gloucester County. There was a stamping of tied horses, a great activity among the hostlers, a hum of voices from the tap room.

"It takes more energy than I have to convince you of anything," Wiatt proclaimed; "I'll have to have brandy."

They went in to the familiar crowded space, sharp with the odour of strong spirits, and a concerted laughter met Richard Bale. He was led, ceremoniously, to where, written in chalk on a wall, was his engagement with Balantine, the landlord: Mr. Richard Bale of Balisand is agreeable to a hundred dollars when Jefferson is elected President of the United States.

"How much," he was asked, "will you pay to have that wiped out? What will you settle for now? Fifty dollars?" That amount was met with jeers. "Ninety? Ninety-eight?"

"I am at the wrong meeting," he called above the friendly tumult of voices. "This one is to propose Page as an elector. I'm looking for one to nominate me." Henry Dalney cheered.

"Listen to them supporting each other!" Bradlock cried. "The old musket and the venerable hull! Why, they think it's still winter in 1776! My dear Henry and Richard, follow us carefully—the law of 1792, when elections were viva voce and held by the High Sheriff is no more. The Act of '99 has taken its place. You must now proceed in a decent and orderly manner, and endorse the names of your choice."

"Or make their mark on the printed ballot." That was greeted with prolonged applause. "In addition," the instruction was continued, "the clerk of the county will be at the polls to see if your taxed land is proper and right."

"Taxed land, I'm told, would disqualify me," Richard answered. "To have anything to-day—a plantation, a house, a servant ——"

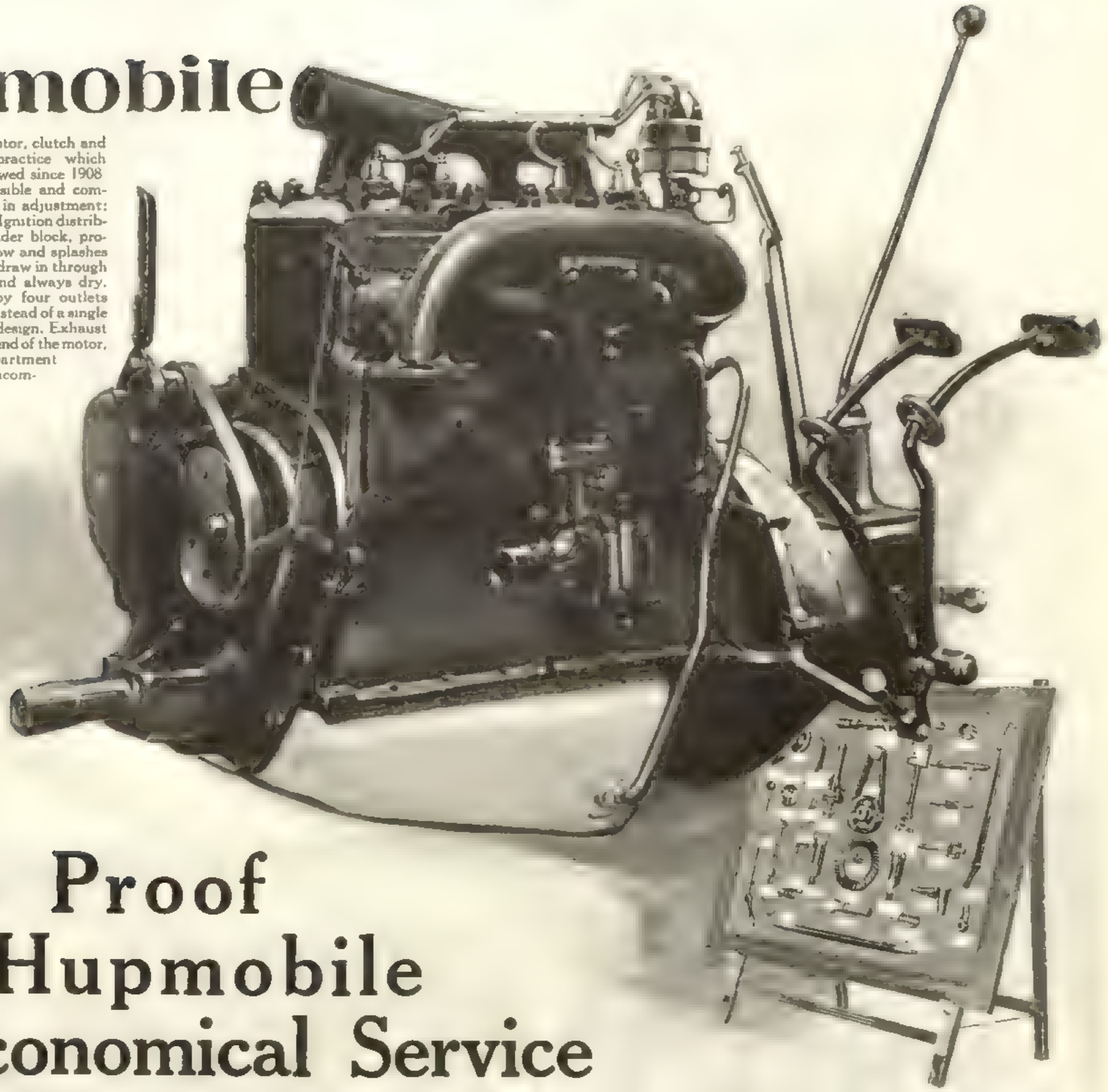
"A fast horse," he was interrupted.

"To own anything," he proceeded, "is to be suspected of designs against ——"

"Thomas Jefferson."

(Continued on Page 26)

Hupmobile



Unit power plant-motor, clutch and transmission—the practice which Hupmobile has followed since 1908 Clean, simple, accessible and compact. Easy to keep in adjustment: easy to take care of. Ignition distributor at rear of cylinder block, protected from rain, snow and splashes which the fan might draw in through the radiator, high and always dry. Cooling promoted by four outlets from water header, instead of a single outlet as in the usual design. Exhaust pipe leads off at front end of the motor, so the driving compartment does not become uncomfortably warm.

More Proof of Hupmobile Economical Service

Scientists tell us that there is a cause for every effect.

The trouble-free operation of the Hupmobile, and its low mechanical upkeep costs, are the effects of simplicity of design, quality in materials and high standards in manufacturing.

In the picture above, the simplicity of the Hupmobile engine is apparent at a glance.

Note These Effects

The effects of that simplicity in operating economy and durability cannot be seen, but they nevertheless are definite.

For example, the Hupmobile L-head motor is notable for the accessibility of its valve assembly.

As a phrase that means little, perhaps. In actual use it means the difference between low-cost and high-cost upkeep.

Where Hupmobile Saves You Money

Take the simple, but inevitable job of valve-grinding.

Hupmobile valves can be ground in about half the time that it would take to do the same job in a more complicated engine.

And in that job—as in every other—time is literally money—the car owner's money.

Simplicity is not the only quality characteristic of the Hupmobile engine; it is equally distinguished because of the strength and quality of its units.

The Hupmobile valve assembly, exclusive of nuts, bolts and lock washers contains only 60 parts; another popular car uses 274 parts in the valve assembly.

The Hupmobile crankshaft, for example, weighs 14.37 pounds per cylinder; 3.11 pounds per cylinder more than in another well known car which is slightly higher in price.

The Hupmobile oil pump is easily and quickly accessible from the outside for adjustments.

Simplicity Means Economy

In every detail Hupmobile is designed to give long and trouble-free service. Nothing is skimped or hastened—but every part and every operation held to close tolerances and exact standards.

Never forget the simple but important fact that engine complication wastes money, where simplicity saves it.

And remember, too, that Hupmobile long life and operating economy are results obtainable only from genuine quality in the hidden but important parts.

By all means examine the Hupmobile parts display which the nearest dealer has.

There you will find conclusive proof of Hupmobile's outstanding right to be called far and away the best buy at its price.

Hupp Motor Car Corporation
Detroit, Michigan

(Continued from Page 24)

"That will do as well as another," he acknowledged. "And I'll say this: the country may go to hell with him, but Balisand won't; every friend I have can turn Republican, but there will be no Republicanism at Balisand. As long as it stays where it is by the North River, as long as there is a Bale alive, it will keep the way it's always been, with a bowl of punch on the table and a horse to carry the black cockade. It may be a small horse, or even a mare, but I'll back her to beat any gray Pegasus ever foaled."

A renewed shout rang through the tap room. Everyone present emptied a glass in the honour of Careless.

"But this black cockade," he was asked; "we don't appear to remember about that." A chorus rose eager to repair the fault of memory.

"Richard's grandfather wore it riding, and whoever passed had to get off his horse and stand at attention, or he had a whip broken over his head." Dalney said to Richard: "It's getting pretty drunk. If the meeting isn't called soon there won't be one."

This, Richard Bale saw, was true; but he replied that if it was necessary to stay sober in order to preserve the Federal party, then, at last, it had vanished into thin water.

"No gentleman can make his mind up about a candidate, any more than he can fox-hunt, without the resources of Antigua," he said. "An election can only be floated on rum."

"If that's so," Dalney replied, "and true of meetings, the anchor is up and you are already far from shore. It's a good thing you have a safe harbour up the river."

The noise, generally, was subsiding; the tone of the assembly grew serious; solemn voices, absurd plans and pretensions, took the place of the former lightness of humour. Richard Bale was suddenly depressed, his confidence in the ultimate, if not immediate, triumph of Federal principles, diminished; he felt almost helpless in the face of an increasing spirit that he couldn't measure or understand. In the past there had been a specific issue, a designated man, to meet; but now no place could be selected for attack. It was useless even to declaim against Jefferson, for he had withdrawn himself into the organization of his ambitions. Washington, and, it seemed to Richard, the example of Washington, was gone. He was obliterated in a featureless and shallow praise. Hamilton, who was popularly supposed to have prompted and led the President, was an infinitely smaller man . . . and so were all, all, the others.

The meeting, in the main room of the tavern, was called by James Fanning, who proceeded, briefly, with a review of the local situation and its part in the approaching national crisis.

"As we have found out," Fanning went on, "the local conventions we have been holding were very unsatisfactory. They hadn't any authority, and the delegates they sent to Richmond couldn't bind their districts. They were held whenever called and at any time of the year, and each year had to be completely reorganized. Sometimes their instructions were followed and sometimes not, and, if one or another wasn't satisfied, he was free to nominate himself and split his neighbourhood twenty ways. In addition, what we've been hearing of as the correspondence and conference system, though it was an improvement on mass meetings, isn't a great deal better for the simple reason that the local committees are too loose and narrow—I'd like to say ignorant—in their sittings. We're too content with ourselves, that's plain.

"I have seen, in our committee room, a dozen circulars asking for our preference in candidates not even opened. That, however, will soon be over, because the general elective privilege of Virginia is slipping away from us, since the Legislature is taking on itself the nominating power. Well, we can't complain about that, for we brought it on ourselves; but we can, if it isn't already too late, come to a common agreement and act with one informed mind. I do not, personally, think it is too late; but the situation is dangerous. We're carrying too much old baggage, relying on the special virtues of our past, and if that continues it will mean the destruction of Federalism."

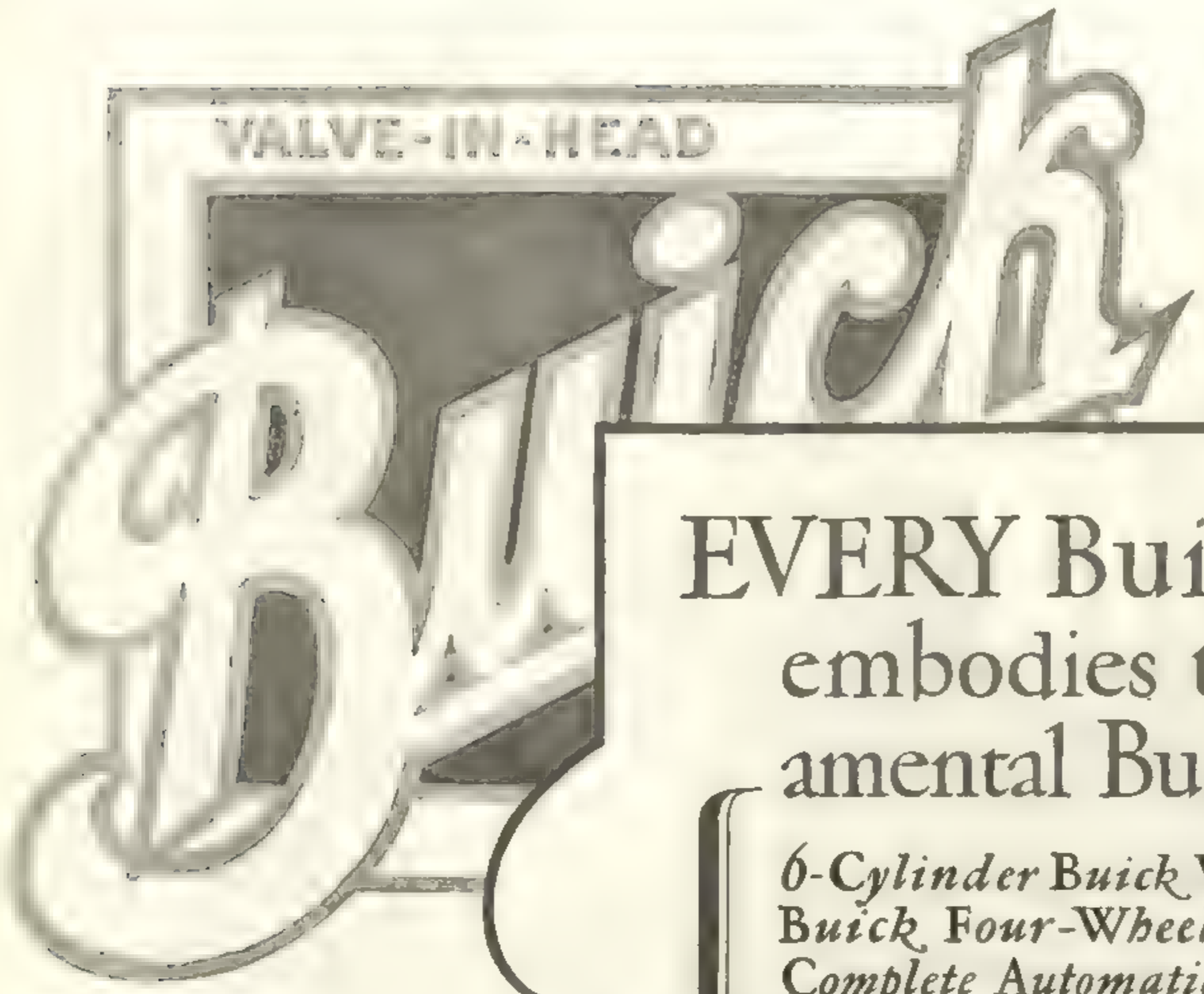
Richard Bale, increasingly irritated by all that Fanning said, and recognized by the meeting, rose.

"Before I came into this room," he said, "I was pessimistic about the future of the principles we firmly believe in; and, again before that, there was a certain amount of laughter at the mention of a black cockade. My temporary dejection, I'm certain, was from that misplaced though happy humour. Mr. Fanning thinks that we are at fault; we have, he says, no organization, no party integrity; and he makes it clear that he'd like to call us, in his sense, ignorant. For one, I am totally willing to accept that charge—I am highly ignorant of all but a few things; and, as I hinted in the tap room, when they pass away and are no longer valid, then I shall be no longer valid; there will be no Bales at Balisand.

"With your permission, and the assurance that they hang directly on the issue of the gathering, I shall repeat them. The first is that the United States is a nation independent of all other nations; and, together with this, you will recognize the undeniable truth that the business of the separate integrity of a country lies exclusively with the central Federal Government. We will not pause here. The second fact for your notice is that, practically speaking, what independence we have was won for us by a small, a pitifully small, group of men guided by Federal honour and principles. They were strong men, and, I am willing to admit, moved by prejudices. Even General Washington—I like best that title—had certain views upheld with more emphasis, than, perhaps was warranted. These, then, obtained our freedom; and, through a bitter period of doubt, they were ceaselessly attacked by what, I believe, is known as the people. Every law passed for our proper safety, every measure for our mere life, was fought by the public and the leaders of the public. I needn't, now, recall the outrageous conduct of the Democratic-Republicans through the summer of '93. That soon enough collapsed, broken down and dispersed by the character of the President. The Jefferson party has made you so familiar with the Jay British Treaty that I won't subject you to further details;

(Continued on Page 91)

"Taxed Land, I'm Told, Would Disqualify Me," Richard Answered. "To Have Anything Today—a Plantation, a House, a Servant ——."



EVERY Buick Model embodies these fundamental Buick features

6-Cylinder Buick *Valve-in-Head Engine*
Buick *Four-Wheel Brakes*
Complete Automatic Engine Lubrication
Low Pressure Tires
Third Member Drive
One-piece Full Ventilating Windshield
(*On all Closed Models*)
Cantilever Rear Springs
Double Bearing Steering Gear
Buick *Velvet Action Instantaneous Clutch*

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

Standard Sixes

Open Models

2-pass. Roadster	$1150
5-pass. Touring	1175

Closed Models

5-pass. Double Service Sedan	$1475
5-pass. Sedan	1665
4-pass. Coupe	1565
2-pass. Double Service Coupe	1375

Enclosed Open Models
(With Heaters)

2-pass. Roadster	$1190
5-pass. Touring	1250

All Prices f. o. b. Buick Factories
Government Tax to be added

Master Sixes

Open Models

2-pass. Roadster	$1365
5-pass. Touring	1395
7-pass. Touring	1625
3-pass. Sport Roadster	1750
4-pass. Sport Touring	1800

Closed Models

5-pass. Sedan	$2225
7-pass. Sedan	2425
5-pass. Brougham Sedan	2350
3-pass. Country Club Special	2075
4-pass. Coupe	2125
7-pass. Limousine	2525
Town Car	2925

Enclosed Open Models
(With Heaters)

2-pass. Roadster	$1400
5-pass. Touring	1475
7-pass. Touring	1700

All Prices f. o. b. Buick Factories
Government Tax to be added

BROTHERS UNDER THE SKIN

There Was a Wondrous Fog and They Stood Unobserved Under a Tree. She Said, "You've Got to Be Rich Again. You've Got To!"

By May Edginton

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

MISS FORD sat at the foot of the low satinwood bed—though a faultless nurse was in attendance too—because the old lady had much liked her infrequent visits and had expressed high approval of her. Turnbull sat beside the bed, very grave, performing his duty with adequate affection, regret and respect. And the old lady on the bed noticed none of them. She was off on the last journey, along a new path, and on she went like a wandering baby, turning here and there from side to side to pick flowers from the sleepy fields of memory.

"Years and years and years," said the old lady. "Years—and years—and years ago; such pretty babies they both were. John was a little beauty. And then there were three years between. And I remember how surprised I was to find Raymond was coming. 'Another baby, mamma!' I remember saying to my mother—though—though why a woman should be surprised at a thing like that, I don't know; do you, nurse? Oh, dear! Oh, dear! How have things gone so wrong, nurse? Oh, dear! Why do they quarrel so? I wish you could have seen my little Raymond, nurse. A friend of mine used to say: 'That is not an ordinary child. He is like an angel. He has things that money can't buy. He has the gifts of heaven.' A funny, fanciful woman she always was, nurse. But, oh dear! Oh, dear! Oh, dear! They have quarreled so. It has all gone wrong. But if you could have seen them, nurse, running in our orchard, and playing ball with the apples! Little Raymond and I played ball with the apples on his first birthday; and John played too. They did love each other—years and years and years ago—always hand in hand, sharing everything—the two little boys."

Miss Ford remained to have dinner with John Turnbull and to take down necessary letters at his dictation, after it was all over. Afterwards he would send her home, considerately, in his car. The blinds had been pulled down at four o'clock, though the effect of that was not felt now, since the lamps were lighted anyway. The big house was set high on Hampstead Hill, and the quiet of its surrounding garden, heavily treed, encircled it.

Soup had come and gone, giving place to a course that took more time. John Turnbull was looking at Miss Ford across the table under the shaded electric center lights that hung over it. The house had now no mistress.

"Thank you for remaining," he was saying. "It was a comfort to poor mother to have you, I'm sure, though just at the last, of course, she didn't recognize you. She always esteemed you very highly and said she wished she saw more of you."

Miss Ford looked under the shaded light at her employer. She was thirty-five, he over forty; each looked it. She felt the spacious comfort of the dining room enveloping her warmly. She remembered that this was the third occasion on which she had dined here, sitting on Turnbull's right hand at this highly polished and expensively flowered table. Twice before—when she had come here after office hours to do extra private work for him, overtime being generously paid—she had remained to dinner at old Mrs. Turnbull's instigation.

"Thank you, Mr. Turnbull," said Miss Ford. "I was only too glad to be of any service to her. She was so kind to me."

"She definitely asked for you this morning."

"So you said," Miss Ford murmured.

"After dinner I should like a talk with you in the library, and we must write the—ah—necessary letters about the funeral, and so on."

"Certainly, Mr. Turnbull."

"If the car takes you home by eleven, that will be all right?"

"Thank you, Mr. Turnbull."

The staid butler, materialized once more out of the gloom by the sideboard, changed their plates and served them again. Soon they went together to the library, for —

"No," said Turnbull, "I shan't wait for a glass of port, Talbot, unless Miss Ford will stay and take one too."

"No, Mr. Turnbull; thank you very much."

II

TURNBULL stood on the hearth looking down upon Miss Ford, whom he had seated in a deep chair, the arm of which was amply wide enough to hold her coffee cup. He wanted to stand; he felt unusually restless—he to whom his stolidity of soul and bearing, his materialism and hard common sense had become second nature. He let his eyes dwell upon her—the slim, tallish figure in a dark frock that was quite charming in its austere way, and yet quite prudish. She had a rather narrow face with nice eyes, framed in well-dressed brown hair; her hands were slender and quiet. He was used to her. And during their five years' association he had become slowly and thoughtfully interested in her. To a more sensitive man she would have figured as merely a rather pleasant machine. But John Turnbull was not a sensitive man.

Miss Ford looked up at him expectantly.

"I want to talk to you about my brother," said Turnbull.

"Raymond?" said Miss Ford.

"Raymond. Yes. You heard my mother speak of him."

"It was the first time I have ever heard anyone speak of him," said Miss Ford in her quiet attentive way.

"Quite so. He left England ten years ago, after giving us a lot of trouble. He had always been a trouble—wild, irresponsible, at the mercy of his imagination—and that's putting it charitably. He enjoyed life a damn sight more—I beg your pardon—than any sane man with a business to keep going has any business to do."

"Business?" murmured Miss Ford, all attention at the so familiar word.

(Continued on Page 30)

Swift's Premium Bacon

This popular carton brings you Premium Bacon in its most convenient form. Sliced uniformly, it comes in one pound and one-half pound quantities—untouched by hands, and carefully packed to retain all its freshness. The rind is removed; there is no waste. The carton, so plainly marked, gives you complete assurance that you are really getting Swift's Premium, with its unvarying mildness and delicacy of flavor.

Swift & Company

PREMIUM HAMS AND BACON

(Continued from Page 28)

John Turnbull stood, thick and square, on the hearth, looking over the room reminiscently. Like the dining room it was rich and orderly, and every stick of it was his own.

"We were in the business together, Miss Ford, when my father died. My father had built it up into what you know it to be now, one of the most solid general merchant's businesses in the city. It was left to my brother and myself, with a life interest to our mother."

"Hand in hand, sharing everything—the two little boys," said the old voice in Miss Ford's ear.

She closed her ears to this intrusion quickly, a little surprised at the effect the day had had on her.

"Raymond and I could never get on; we had different ideas altogether. And besides, I think it was only natural that I should feel injured at my father's leaving him a full half share. I was the elder son, and a better son; I'd never given them a moment's trouble; I worked hard and ran straight. I was perfectly justified in my feeling. There's no doubt but that my mother had persuaded my father over the making of that will; no doubt at all. Anyhow my brother and I had the very hells of rows—you must excuse me ——"

"Oh, please," said Miss Ford with graceful respect.

"He lived very fast; my mother condoned it. He had mad ideas. He—he was up to every crazy lark you can imagine when he should have been settling into a respectable City man, with half the responsibility of such a business on his shoulders."

"He didn't work?"

"Oh, he worked—he worked—in his way. But we couldn't get on. I simply couldn't feel that the office was big enough for both of us after all the trouble he'd been, the money he'd run through at Oxford, and everything. If I told you half the things he did—but I don't propose to waste the time. It's futile. The last scrape he got into enabled us to pack him off abroad."

Miss Ford made a gentle sound of attention and sympathy.

"He nearly murdered a man," said Turnbull.

He said it between his teeth, and Miss Ford, glancing up at him and seeing him standing there stockstill with his eyes, queerly shining, staring out into the room, reflected that the hate of strangers is as nothing to the hate of brothers when they hate. She had acquired a good deal of cynical understanding of some sides of human nature.

"Nearly murdered a man," Turnbull repeated; "fellow had got the better of him a deal in some shady way, but we really can't murder people for being dishonest; at least, we sane ones don't. And this fellow — Raymond's story went—had got the better of him over a girl, or got the better of the girl or something—pardon me again ——"

Miss Ford's slight gesture betrayed her tolerance.

"But sane men really don't come to physical combat over business or women. What are law courts for, I'd like to know? And anyway Raymond's loves never amounted to much. Anyway nearly murder the fellow he did gave him a frightful beating up in a fit of passion, and for days it wasn't known if he'd live or die. Mother absolutely broke, and I told Raymond to clear in time; as a matter of fact the fellow lived and there was no inquest, and not much of a scandal, considering. Raymond had got a passport he'd used for business trips, but he'd got no ready cash. That was the way he ran through it, I tell you! He was ready to stay and face the music, but my mother went on her knees to him ——"

Again Miss Ford saw the old lady in her bed puzzling at life, and again she tried to shake from her the emotional effects of this day.

"—— so I gave him my ultimatum. A thousand pounds cash for his share of the business, and he was to get out and not disgrace it any longer!"

Miss Ford's trained instincts said to her: "The profits on this business are ten thousand pounds a year at least." And some other instinct forced these words to the tip of her tongue: "So he sold his birthright for a thousand pounds?" But she forced them back, hardly knowing that they were there, with, "No doubt he was glad to go."

"He made a little trouble over signing, but I assure you there was no time to be lost, and I made him see it. Besides, mother ——"

"Poor old lady," said Miss Ford.

"My present trouble is," said Turnbull now walking about, "that she left a letter to me I've just read it. She lays it upon me, as a—a sort of sacred duty to find Raymond again and make peace with him, and so on. Of course the old lady didn't know quite what she was doing when she wrote the letter, but I have—er—some sort of conscience, and there's one's duty to the dead."

"But where did he go?"

"To the Continent, and then by a roundabout way to Australia. As it happens, I think our solicitors can trace him at the present time. I heard from them that they believed he was on his way home again."

"And shall you ——"

"There's one's duty to the dead of course."

"Of course."

The clock on the mantelpiece chimed ten.

"The letters?" Miss Ford reminded him.

"Yes," said Turnbull.

She rose to go to the writing table for pad and pencil. Again his eyes followed her with personal interest, a slow warmth. He knew that he must have been thinking about her, weighing up her qualities, not only as business material but as woman, for months past. But all his decisions were taken deliberately and weightily.

Still, the house had no mistress, and he believed in a man dying with his family around him.

She was thirty-five. She understood him. He understood her; he was sure of that. She had a cold distinction of a certain type and had been educated as a lady. In some soft brocade that swathed itself round her thinness, with diamond earrings in her waxen-looking ears, he could see her gracing the head of a table.

"My mother," his voice followed her, "looked upon you as a daughter."

"She was very, very kind to me," Miss Ford replied.

She took up her pencil.

"By the way," he said, "tomorrow we must go thoroughly into the matter of that Russian concession. Keep my morning free from all appointments, no matter what they might be. I shall try to be at the office at ten in spite of of—all this." With a vague gesture of the hand he indicated his bereavement.

"Yes, Mr. Turnbull."

(Continued on Page 32

In the Brief Second He Knew Why the Contained Woman of Thirty-Five Had Flamed Into the Fiery Girl of Eternal Youth

FISHER BODIES

Bodies which carry the emblem—Body by Fisher—are generally recognized as marking the highest development of artistic, structural and service standards. As a consequence, it is also conceded that a car not equipped with a Fisher Body cannot truly be said to give the utmost in beauty, comfort, long life and value.

FISHER BODY CORPORATION, DETROIT
CLEVELAND WALKERVILLE, ONT. ST. LOUIS

BODY by FISHER

(Continued from Page 30)

"Serge Kulinski is the man who can put me into touch with a fellow named Merovia—a Russian count who's turned Bolshie, strangely enough—who has the ear of the government. It's a question of feeing Merovia, of course; and feeing high."

"So I should understand, Mr. Turnbull."

"Yes, yes, Miss Ford. I I know you're very quick on all these things. I—I know ——"

He halted and looked at her. She looked back at him. And, being the man he was, her slight prudishness rather lured him.

Turnbull had thought cautiously about marriage; now he began to think of its preface of love. And in this state, with his ears and eyes opened, words came back to him as they had been drifting back to Miss Ford all the evening.

"'The gifts of heaven'?" he said. "What can anyone possibly mean by 'the gifts of heaven'?"

"I really don't know," she replied.

"Neither do I," said Turnbull. "Let's work."

She leaned back in the swift car that took her back to Belgrave Road, where she lived in a great attic dignified by the name of studio, but which was far too tidy and orthodox to be anything of the kind.

Tonight somehow she, too, could look back years and years and years, and could see again, if she would see, the gifts of heaven that are poured into the hands of all little children, who do not know at all what they are. But tonight, if she would, she could have known.

Only her head was full of the house that had no mistress.

III

MISS FORD was alone in the office when, two days later, the man of legend—so he had recurred to her once or twice during the intervening time—walked in and said: "Good day. I am Raymond Turnbull. Can I see my brother?"

Miss Ford had been sitting in the little inner room—her own sanctum—with the door open so that she could keep an eye on the empty room beyond, which the three clerks had left to go to their lunch; and it was across the threshold of this inner room that, still seated at her desk, she answered this legendary brother.

"I am sorry; Mr. Turnbull is out; I do not expect him in again today. He is very busy at the moment with outside private affairs." And she stopped stammering, thinking, "Does he know?" And she added, "Your mother ——"

"Yes," he said, "thank you for your concern; for I see that you are concerned. The lawyers have already told me."

Miss Ford continued: "The—the clerks are out at lunch. I am alone—but if there is anything I can do for you ——"

"If I might come in and interrupt your work for a few minutes ——"

"Come in."

So he walked over the threshold into her life like that.

She stared at him—not knowing that she was so staring—and saw a tall man with a face at once irregular, beautiful and very masculine. He had brownish hair, bleached paler than its natural color by years of sun and air; he had eyes that had the blue of far hot seas. His worn and careless clothes were beautifully carried. And he understood—he understood—a multitude of things that one never asked about nor thought about nor cared about until one saw him. Then suddenly Miss Ford became aware of his eyes returning her look, gazing straight and deep into hers. And she drooped her eyelids.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"My name is Ford. I am Mr. Turnbull's secretary."

"Thank you. I expect you know something of me?"

"A—a little."

"I should like to know something about my mother."

She told him.

"Did she die happy?"

"I think so," said Miss Ford.

"Where did she die?"

And Miss Ford said, "In the orchard playing ball with the apples with you and your brother." She corrected herself, crying, "I mean, of course, in the house at Hampstead."

But he understood.

"Tell me of my brother."

She told him, this time without vision.

"So the old firm prospers, Miss Ford?"

"Oh, exceedingly," she said.

He sat thinking, and she sat wondering about his thoughts. And in those moments she knew somehow that she had just embarked on a tremendous journey to a strange port red with the dawn of a splendid day. But though her soul—at present her soul went alone, bodiless into that red dawn—was aloft and away, her mind still remained in that enviable little inner sanctum which John Turnbull had paid her the compliment of delegating to her sole use; and her mind concerned itself with the business import of Raymond's return.

"You have come to join your brother again?" she was asking quickly. And then as quickly she drew back with: "I beg your pardon. Really I—I don't know why I am saying such strange things to you. It is, of course, your private business—yours and Mr. Turnbull's. I can't think why I ——"

"Oh, people often speak the truth to me," said Raymond, "and I to them."

It was the beginning of the miracle. Where were her years of training, her cold detachment, and, above all, her sense of office etiquette? She sprang to her feet. She did not know it, but she was flushed like that strange dawn into which her soul had gone rejoicing; her eyes shone; her mouth was red. And Raymond got up, too, quite simply looking at her.

"Tell me," she was crying, "you think your brother owes you a very great deal?"

"I have hardly thought about it," said Raymond, "but I know that I would rather be owed the world than owe anything to any man. Then one has freedom, and freedom is ——"

She caught her breath.

"Freedom is ——"

"A gift of heaven."

Miss Ford suddenly sighed.

"Freedom from what?" she asked.

Raymond looked around him, and her look followed his.

"Humbug, lies, rivalries, petty rules made by one man for another, greed, vanities—all the penal servitude of life as lived between four city walls."

"But surely haven't you come back for what is yours?"

"I came back—for a journey—to see England again—to see my mother—and go again."

"But now you'll stay?"

"A certain time perhaps."

"'A certain time perhaps'? What is 'a certain time'?"

"I don't know now," he said, standing close to her.

"Oh! But long enough to take back what is yours?"

"I want so little," he said gayly; adding, "for myself."

"But it is yours! A man must fight for his own."

"A man will fight for what is worth having, and for no more unless he is a fool. When I see men fighting for money, lying, cheating, tricking themselves, selling themselves, it would make me sick if I weren't able to laugh."

As he looked again round the room, furnished in mahogany and the best leather, she knew that he was thinking of his acquisitive, his reputable, his industrious brother John.

"Free men can laugh at most things," he said.

"But—but we can't all be so free"

"We can all be free in our souls if we're honest enough," said Raymond.

It was a queer conversation; as if she had fallen asleep and were dreaming in this familiar little room of hers. And yet never had she been so splendidly awake.

"Is freedom everything?" she suddenly cried.

Raymond looked back at her.

"Aren't there other gifts of heaven?"

He nodded. "Yes."

"In all your journeys—your wanderings—your happiness—for you are happy," she said, "have you ever found everything you wanted?"

"As you sat here day after day, pretending to admire poor old John as you must have done to keep the job—typing, filing and what not, how much did you find of what you wanted?"

She did not answer.

Then the amazing miracle flowered.

"Well," he said, while she stood listening, and all the lovers in the world cried to her unaccustomed heart, "I think I know what we have both found, you here in this comfortable little prison, and I at the end of my journey; and because I am a truthful man—and, my dear, let me persuade you to be a truthful woman so that life may become worth living at once, without any waste of time—because I am a truthful man, I say, no doubt I shall tell you within the next half hour. Before that time I hope you will put on that hat and coat I see there and come out to lunch with me."

With a decorous commotion the three clerks came into the outer office and established themselves at their desks.

Miss Ford moved to the mirror and pinned on her hat. The hat took upon itself a new significance, fitting her proudly, like a crown. As she noted its royalty above her marveling face she heard Raymond behind her singing under his breath, two lines of what she straightway knew to be the loveliest song in the world.

He sang:

Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Journeys end in dreams come true. . . .

IV

THAT afternoon John Turnbull came into the office late to sign his letters. The three clerks had gone home, and even Miss Ford was putting on her hat preparatory to leaving when he entered. But she hung the hat on its peg again.

She came to his room and put the letters one by one before him, and he signed.

"By the way," he said, "you in a hurry to go?"

"Not at all, Mr. Turnbull."

"Please sit down then."

She sat down, quiet, graceful. She was in no hurry to do anything at all. That lunch hour! The afternoon beyond it had flowed over her like a dream dreamed but dimly. The evening showed blank, entirely blank. The night was a black spell to get through.

Then another dawn would come, and anything might happen—tomorrow. She felt newly rich and serene, and for the first time the office was unreal to her.

"I'll run through this Merovia letter," said Turnbull, reading it.

He sat, thinking over the letter heavily, and at last heavily wrote his small signature. His writing was close and tiny. He turned on his swivel chair to look at the woman sitting a little behind him on his left.

"I think he'll keep the appointment. Probably telephone you in the morning before I get here. If so, arrange it for three o'clock, and keep me a full hour free."

"Yes, Mr. Turnbull."

"He'll want a fat commission, of course, or a biggish fee paid down. On the whole, I'd rather pay the fee and get out of it. Let me see, something was suggested ——"

"Five hundred guineas in return for recommendations and credentials," said Miss Ford.

"That was it. I've all the papers—map of the locality, and so on—in my safe. Yes; going into the matter, I believe the oil's really there. Yes. I don't think our clients are such fools as I thought they were when they first asked me to buy. If so, it'll be a very big thing for them."

"A Russian oil concession is something quite new for us to handle," said Miss Ford by way of saying something, though the office and its affairs seemed now so remote to her.

"The first won't be the last," said Turnbull. "Russia's teeming with amazing concessions to be bought up by anyone who is quick enough and who knows how. But this business has worried me a bit. Do you think anyone else in the City has got wind of it and is trying to forestall us? Because, I tell you candidly, it is a wonderful stroke of business if we pull it off."

"I don't think anyone can have heard what we're doing."

"That's your considered opinion?"

He valued her opinion; she was so quick, so keen, so shrewd, so cold.

"It is," Miss Ford replied.

"Then why did Kulinski have all that trouble to get hold of Merovia, and why does Merovia hang fire so? That's what I want to know; that's precisely why I've got to have this appointment fixed for not later than three o'clock tomorrow. You'll see to it. I suppose you're right. Merovia doesn't yet know our proposition; Kulinski doesn't know it. No one here can have talked. Only you and I know anything. Well"—and he handed over the letter—"we'll dismiss it from our minds till tomorrow."

Then his words hovered in his mind: "You and I ——"

He rose and stood looking down upon her. She charmed him. Now he knew it. Now he knew that for months, perhaps years past, he must have been semiconsciously thinking of her enthroned as his wife in the house without a mistress.

And there was a curious, lovely, dreaming quality about her tonight.

"Did you hear what I said?" he murmured, looking at her heavily. "I said, 'You and I ——'"

Before he could go on she had answered with what was in her mind.

"Do you know that your brother Raymond is home, and that he came here today?"

Lost in surprise, he stammered in reply, "Why! How sh-should I know! I was out!"

"Yes. He hoped to see you. He—talked to me awhile about his mother. He—left an address. I have it on my desk. Shall you see him tomorrow?"

"How can I see him tomorrow? I'm too busy. Even dining with my solicitors. Small matters like gossip and family news can wait."

(Continued on Page 34)

The Babbling Brook

The pretty floral design [illegible] on the bedroom floor is Pattern No. 516. The tile [illegible] design shown in the bathroom is No. 408

"—and to think that this beautiful rug cost only $11.25"

Ask any housewife who has a *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rug on her bedroom floor, why she likes it! She'll have a host of reasons. It's so artistic, so sanitary, so easy to clean, it wears so long and costs so little!

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Congoleum Rugs come in such a variety of patterns that you can make an appropriate choice for any room. Dainty floral designs such as the bedroom rug illustrated—neat tile patterns similar to that shown in the bathroom—and Oriental motifs suited to living and dining-room.

Note These Very Low Prices

6	feet x 9	feet	$ 9.00	1½	feet x 3	feet	$ .60
[illegible]	feet x 9	feet	11.25	3	feet x 3	feet	1.40
9	feet x 9	feet	13.50	3	feet x 4½	feet	1.9[illegible]
[illegible]	feet x 10½	feet	15.75	3	feet x 6	feet	2.5[illegible]
9	feet x 12	feet	18.00				

Pattern Nos. 180 and 408 (illustrated) are made in all sizes. The other patterns illustrated are made in the five large sizes only.

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CONGOLEUM COMPANY

Philadelphia New York Boston [illegible] Kansas City Atlanta
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CONGOLEUM CANADA LIMITED Montreal

Pattern No. 550

(Continued from Page 32)

"But—it may be more about business that he wants to see you." As in a maze, but finding her way clearer every moment, she spoke: "He may want to come back—into partnership."

"You must know as well as I, from what I've told you, that I'd never take him back. Wants! No doubt he wants the moon! He always did'"

"But he'd never cry for it," she said quickly.

"Crying to me won't serve him anyway. No. Our business relationship is finished. He'll get some of my mother's money—or even all of it if she's left her savings that way. I haven't seen the will but she saved for years—no doubt, for him. But it'll be a very few thousands—three or four at the most—that the prodigal son will pick up."

"You won't take him back, or let him buy himself back then?"

"How could he buy himself back with a paltry sum into a big business like this?"

"You bought him out with a paltry sum."

"Business is business," said Turnbull almost roughly. "Leave it alone. Surely you are not ——"

Her eyes were turned to the safe in the wall behind his chair.

"You haven't been persuaded into sympathy ——"

She did not answer.

"I don't understand you this evening."

She did not yet fully understand herself; but that afternoon she had seen a vision. Another house in Hampstead, and she and Raymond in it, and littler folk in it, too, all established comfortably, safely; full of warm joys that she suddenly comprehended and grasped at, to which she would cling, and for which she would fight and die.

"I was thinking," she said at last, but she said it so quietly that he saw his sane woman again—his modest, cold, reliable, estimable helper, with the quick brain and the steel control. At the same time she made a little movement to go.

"Wait," he said, and his hand went out, almost touching her. "You're different this evening."

"Different?"

"Electric. Yes, something has happened to you. It's not him; it's me—is it? Did you feel day before yesterday, as we sat at dinner—did you think, like I did, that we might be very happy there together—always? I'd give you all you wanted."

"But all I want is ——"

"Wait. I know what you want. I have a tremendous affection for you—tremendous! We're used to each other—we know each other so well ——"

"No! no! We don't know each other—at all."

"It will come. Let us begin. Don't hurry—I don't want to hurry you—but will you marry me soon? Very soon? I know that I can give you all you want. We're not fools, either of us. We know the true values of most things in life. We're not young ——"

"Yes!" she whispered suddenly. "I'm very young. And I do not know—anything at all."

"You're saying strange things. I've surprised you too much. Will you answer me tonight?"

"Not tonight."

"Tomorrow?"

"Oh, I can't."

"In a week, then."

Her eyes went beyond him to the safe in the wall.

Count Merovia did not come the following afternoon. It was rather strange.

But the following evening Miss Ford met Raymond and they dined together and walked into the park. There was a wondrous fog and they stood unobserved under a tree.

She said, "You've got to be rich again. You've got to! You've got to!"

And he said, "I won't listen to any more of that nonsense you talked during dinner. What do I care for oil concessions and Russian counts and soviets? Keep your lily hands out of all their messes. For here you are with me, and I with you. And I haven't yet asked you what your name is."

"Alice."

"Oh, how adorable!"

And she said, "But I want us to have a house like ——" And she described the twin of the house with the encircling garden on Hampstead Hill. "And I want you to have a car like ——" And she described the twin of another car that had several times carried her. "And I want us to have children like ——" And she described them wonderingly.

"You want every woman's marriage, dear."

"Yes, I want every woman's marriage."

And he said, "After all, it sounds good. Women know. But ——"

And she said, "We must have it! We must have it! We must have it! How much money have you?"

"The lawyers say three thousand pounds. But ——"

And she said, "Teach me a lot about life and a lot about love. I am thirty-five years old and I know nothing."

She cast herself into his arms.

V

AND the next day Count Merovia could make no appointment. Miss Ford told John Turnbull so. She said that she had been on the telephone talking to him - actually to himself -three times, and he could give no appointment to Mr. Turnbull as yet. He inquired of Mr. Turnbull's business with him.

Miss Ford had replied that it was of a private nature, entirely for personal discussion.

Old Mrs. Turnbull's funeral was over; the extra work entailed by the clearing up of her few business matters was over. John Turnbull had written to his brother Raymond -care of their mutual lawyers- an invitation to dinner at the Hampstead house for a week ahead. He was feeling perfect certainty as he awaited Miss Ford's answer to his proposal of marriage as to what that answer would be. So his mind could concentrate itself on the Russian deal, which was one of really great importance and to which Count Merovia—or a person of similar power, difficult to find and tempt—was signally necessary. Count Merovia—when the matter was explained, and the various maps shown and the accompanying information given to him—could, and probably would if it were made worth his while, send the affair straight through the department that would deal with it. And he would send with it his personal recommendation. So Turnbull confidently anticipated.

But they could not, it seemed, catch Count Merovia.

"Do you suppose," Turnbull asked Miss Ford again and again, "that Yates & Dobson"—a firm with whom a peculiarly piquant rivalry was maintained—"know what we're after and have cut in first? Do you suppose they have a client—or even, perhaps, have approached our client with cut terms? Do you suppose anything of that kind is happening?"

Miss Ford, whom he trusted implicitly, said, "I am quite sure that it is not." She even smiled at his idea.

And he saw how much softer and fuller and richer her whole thin personality appeared these days, and he knew they would be married soon. Why, she was changed, flowering under his very eyes at the thought of it! And he—he began to change and flower too. He mellowed. It enriched him. At last his tardy, heavy feet stood on the threshold of romance.

It hindered him in important considerations and calculations. He was always wondering on what pretext he could touch his bell; or when of her own accord she would appear before him. She came in only with letters or on business, however, during those three days that elapsed since he had spoken to her; and once she came in to ask if he could lend her his keys, for a drawer in her desk was locked, and she—it was unlike her; it was, he sensed, all this new beautiful agitation—had mislaid her own.

And when she had tried the keys she had to make a special journey to bring them back again. He blessed all such special journeys.

VI

BUT that evening when John Turnbull had reached the house without a mistress and had gone to his room to dress preparatory to going to a City dinner and laid his watch and his loose change and his keys on his dressing table, he suddenly stood still, his mind bristling, and his eyes fixed on the keys. The little slim steel key of his safe was missing.

There were several things of value in the safe; bearer bonds that he meant to have taken himself to his bank that day; and a whole sheaf of confidential reports from his managers in Asia, in Cuba, in Canada, in East Africa; and those notes—rough gleanings at present, it was true, from an engineering company with a good man somewhere in the Caucasus, and from Kulinski, who knew certain particulars, and estimates—suppositions at present—from the same engineering company; and letters from his client on the case, and from one or two others whom he had tentatively sounded with a view to forming a syndicate; and a map or two, and—yes! All the papers relating to the Russian oil concession were in the safe too.

Turnbull took up his change again, slipped his watch into his vest pocket, and rang through to the garage, where his chauffeur had put the car while he snatched a hasty meal during his master's dressing.

"Car quick, again, Fawkes! I've left something important at the office."

Then, downstairs again calmly into the car, lighting a cigarette but all the while feeling very queer; with a heart beating strangely, and a soul lost in a dark region somewhere that soul had never explored before.

His mind kept refusing the suggestion that some unknown enemy out of the dark persisted in making. "Oh, no," he kept saying. "Yates & Dobson—she'd never sell me. She's mine. She's—I know her so well. Oh, no. Oh, no. Oh, no. She's—she loves me if I know anything of women."

The enemy returned, whispering, "You know nothing of women."

And the car rushed into the quiet City, the vast hive that the bees had left.

He went into the office building, and the respectful night watchman took him up in the lift to the emptiness above.

"Thank you," Turnbull said. "Don't wait about here. I may be some time."

He did not know why he wished the man below stairs again, but he did. He knew that he meant most urgently to go alone to what awaited him. So the lift descended, and he stood before the massive doors of his own second-floor offices, fitting the key into the lock without noise.

Through the lobby and the clerks' room and her little room he went swiftly. And he knew that he would find her. He knew! He knew!

He saw a crack of light and the door ajar, he heard her sobbing and protesting in a very rage, and he entered to find her—but he found her in Raymond's arms.

The safe was open; scattered on the floor were neatly tied bundles of papers. But she was in Raymond's tightly locked arms, sobbing; and even in the brief second that Turnbull looked he saw his brother kiss her.

And in the brief second he saw all the reasons of all the rapturous change in her. In the brief second he knew why the contained woman of thirty-five had flamed into the fiery girl of eternal youth; he saw her fierce and loving and fighting—all law and order and discretions and reservations forgotten—even as, in that red moment, he also forgot all law and order.

And he forgot what the law courts are for, and that everything, from theft of money to theft of women, can be accounted for somehow there. His muscles quivered like steel springs; his groomed well-fed body went supple again; he knew a great animal rage; and hurling the woman aside—though softly, because his instinctive passion was to keep her safe for himself—he leaped upon his brother unawares, and bore him back against the desk, and down—down—down. And as he felt Raymond beginning to fight, all reason and mercy and humanity left him entirely. He was a murderer. He crashed his brother to the floor, and then, raising his head as the unready fists confusedly beat into the air, he crashed that against the side of the desk.

And Raymond drooped and lay still.

John Turnbull stood straddled over him, and then he felt the weight of Alice brush his side, as she slithered down beside Raymond, and leaning over him, called to him, and kissed his lips.

And she looked up at Turnbull and whispered: "You have killed him."

There was an immense silence in the room, in which, besides Alice's whispering voice, Turnbull heard another, that of the secret enemy who had sat with him in the car all the way from Hampstead, also whispering.

It said: "You see? You who judge? You see? We are all brothers under the skin."

Turnbull raised himself, and turned aside putting his hands to his head. "Oh, my God! My God!" he called out hoarsely.

It was he who first saw Raymond move. She was moaning, "He followed me to stop me! To stop me! He knew what I meant to do! To arrange the concession for him. I wanted him to be rich. I had got Merovia! I had! I had! Oh, please, God, please! He only came to stop me ——"

And then Turnbull saw Raymond stir, and he was at his cellaret, unlocking it, all trembling, bringing brandy, that wonderful old liqueur brandy which —— Never mind! What did anything matter?

Alice was still moaning—he saw her for the first time, shattered, weak, passionate, incredible: "So easy—so easy. You knew I stayed behind—a long—long—long—l-long while I—stayed to work. He he—he t-t-told the caretaker he had come to call for me. S-s-so easy, it seemed. All for him. To be happy! But you have killed him."

Turnbull had not spoken beyond his first cry. He poured the brandy, spot by spot, through his brother's lips.

"He's living?" Alice's lips formed.

"Living," said Turnbull in a cracking voice. "My car is below. We'll take him to Hampstead."

"No! No! No! He is mine. To my studio. All mine. And quick! A doctor!"

Raymond opened his eyes slowly. His gay, adventurous eyes shone on them.

"Doctor?" he said weakly. "Rubbish! Keep it quiet. Alice, where are you?"

She leaned down and they kissed. And Turnbull found himself sitting in the midst of an extraordinary clear quiet, in the outer office, wondering how long they would stay together in there.

VII

TURNBULL woke up at seven next morning, just as usual. He drank his tea at 7:30, and bathed at a quarter to eight. He felt twenty years older, at least; and yet when he looked in his glass he saw a face that was curiously young and startled.

He opened his paper, and saw in the first column the day's report of a murder case, and he knew: "There, but for the grace of God, go I."

There was a letter from Raymond, written rather shakily, for it was before midnight that he had posted it, and he must still have suffered. He said:

> Alice and I are going to be married at the Aubrey Street Registry office tomorrow morning at twelve. She won't come to the office again. I arranged for the license a couple of days ago, though she didn't know it. I thought she would love to be rushed, and so she does. I am awfully happy. Good-by, old man, once again. You've had a bit of a shock, I'm afraid. Good luck. RAYMOND.
>
> P. S. Alice was telling me about mother's death, and how she was talking of us: "Hand in hand, sharing everything, the two little boys." Good days then -good days now—and good days all the time. That's how I think of life. I don't envy you a bit, old man.

John Turnbull breakfasted, feeling very old, although that morning his face was so young, with a fresh color. He left home earlier than usual because he wanted to visit the family solicitors. Twelve o'clock saw him waiting in the car outside the Aubrey Street Registry office; and at 12:15 he saw them come out, the bride and groom, enchanted.

He stepped forward. "To congratulate you," he said haltingly. "And to bring you a—a little wedding present."

He held it out, something flat in a long legal envelope.

The radiant strange woman who was Alice looked at it.

"Oh! What is it?"

"Deed of partnership," said John Turnbull.

Then Raymond said gayly, "Thanks, John, but no. I've no use for it. I want nothing from you. I have found all I want. And we are leaving England this afternoon, and I am going to show Alice lots of life and lots of love, and I am going to give her all she wants too."

And the radiant strange woman said, "He will give me the gifts of heaven."

So, as they were above any more mundane gifts than those, John Turnbull went away alone again, and he went into the City, and how empty it was! How empty! How empty! And yet, how full and how gross!

And presently he went back—the elder little boy—to the house at Hampstead that still had no mistress. And he asked himself: "What makes some poor men feel such kings?"

And still he did not know!

Why lubrication is important to plant executives

The fallacy of saying:

"We have *no trouble* with our lubrication"

Many plants are sitting on the edge of trouble and do not know it.

What causes "trouble" in a plant?

"Trouble"—that is halted machinery, breakdowns, shutdowns, etc. -is only the outward result of an internal cause. You see the result—not the cause. Trouble that is apparent today was there yesterday. But you couldn't see it. Yesterday you "had no trouble." Today "trouble" is holding up your production.

Does "no trouble" mean good lubrication?

Not necessarily. Your machinery *may* run a long time with incorrect oil before "trouble" appears. But the thing that finally brings "trouble" has in the meantime been taking its toll—friction stealthily wearing away metal, friction slowing up operation, friction wasting power, friction cutting down production. Inefficient operation has cost you money, but you don't realize it until obvious "trouble" crops up.

Is there a proven way to prevent these "troubles"?

Yes. But only one. It is scientifically correct lubrication,—that is, the use of lubricants specially manufactured and correctly applied to meet accurately the particular requirements of individual engines and machines.

What can a busy executive do to insure correct lubrication?

He can insist that the purchase of oil be considered on the sound basis of its effect on production costs and not on the fallacious basis of its price-per-gallon.

Any executive who wishes the advice of the world's leading specialists in lubrication is invited to get in touch with the Vacuum Oil Company.

Upon request we will send an experienced representative who is familiar with the production, operating and lubrication problems in your industry. From him you can learn what economies scientifically correct lubrication could reasonably be expected to produce in your plant. A letter addressed to our nearest branch office may open the way to a surprising reduction in your production costs and will not involve any obligation on your part.

Domestic Branches:

New York *(Main Office)*	Minneapolis	Rochester
Boston	St. Louis	Oklahoma City
Chicago	Des Moines	Peoria
Philadelphia	Dallas	Albany
Detroit	Kansas City, Mo.	Portland, Me.
Pittsburgh	Milwaukee	Springfield, Mass
Indianapolis	Buffalo	New Haven

Vacuum Oil Company

NEW YORK

A Broad Service to Industrial Plants

Practically every leading builder of industrial machinery has at some time conferred with the Vacuum Oil Company for assistance in solving his lubrication problems.

Over 85% of the leading builders of all prime mover engines recommend or approve the use of Gargoyle Lubricating Oils, made by the Vacuum Oil Company. The majority of Builders of the many other kinds of industrial machinery recommend or approve Gargoyle Lubricating Oils.

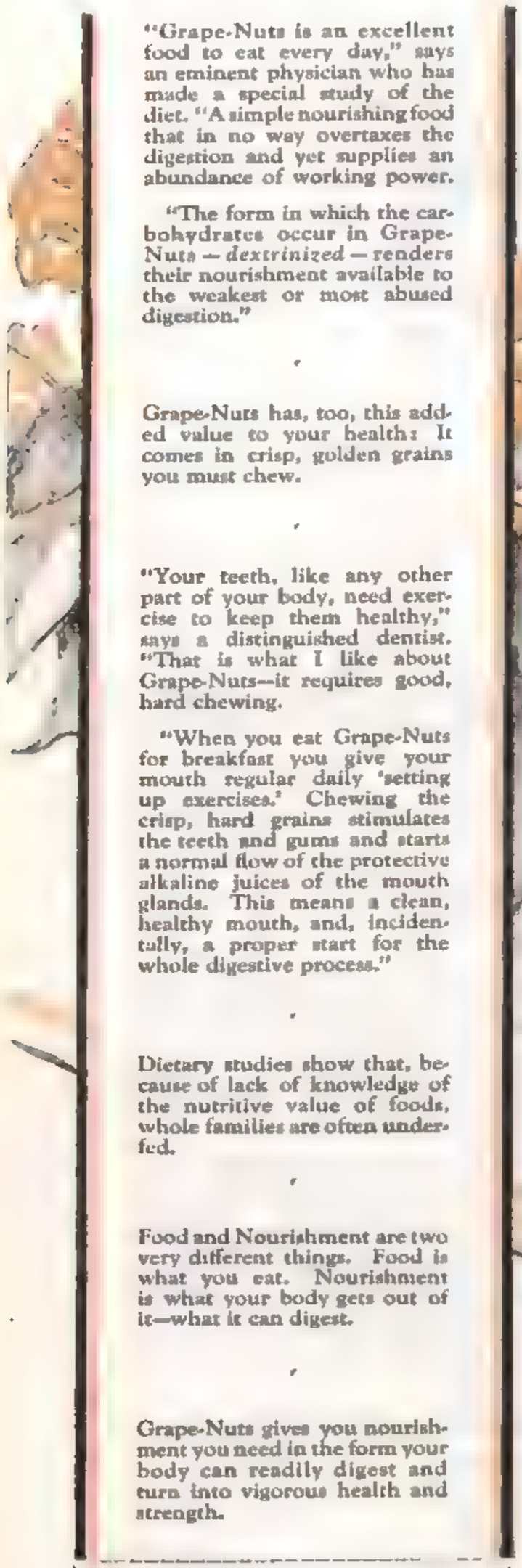
Take the leading industries and the ten leading manufacturers in each industry, and you will find that the Vacuum Oil Company will be lubricating important units in 90% of them.

In thousands of plants in all lines of industry the Vacuum Oil Company is today solving lubricating problems and bringing about improved operating results.

GARGOYLE

Lubricating Oils *for* **Plant Lubrication**

Three times a day you make your choice



"Grape-Nuts is an excellent food to eat every day," says an eminent physician who has made a special study of the diet. "A simple nourishing food that in no way overtaxes the digestion and yet supplies an abundance of working power.

"The form in which the carbohydrates occur in Grape-Nuts — *dextrinized* — renders their nourishment available to the weakest or most abused digestion."

Grape-Nuts has, too, this added value to your health: It comes in crisp, golden grains you must chew.

"Your teeth, like any other part of your body, need exercise to keep them healthy," says a distinguished dentist. "That is what I like about Grape-Nuts—it requires good, hard chewing.

"When you eat Grape-Nuts for breakfast you give your mouth regular daily 'setting up exercises.' Chewing the crisp, hard grains stimulates the teeth and gums and starts a normal flow of the protective alkaline juices of the mouth glands. This means a clean, healthy mouth, and, incidentally, a proper start for the whole digestive process."

Dietary studies show that, because of lack of knowledge of the nutritive value of foods, whole families are often underfed.

Food and Nourishment are two very different things. Food is what you eat. Nourishment is what your body gets out of it—what it can digest.

Grape-Nuts gives you nourishment you need in the form your body can readily digest and turn into vigorous health and strength.

FREE—*Sample Offer*

Send today for four of the individual packages —free. Enough Grape Nuts for four nourishing breakfasts. Free offer also includes book of 101 delicious recipes selected from 80,000 prepared by housewives who regularly serve Grape-Nuts.

POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, Inc.
Dept. S-17, Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me free trial packages and booklet.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

If you live in Canada, address Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., 45 Front Street, East, Toronto, Ont.

For illness, depression, failure—choose the wrong kind of food. For health, happiness, efficiency—choose the right kind of food. . . . Rich and poor alike are the victims of malnutrition.

For malnutrition does not mean lack of food: more often than not it means too much food—and food of the wrong kind—food that not only fails to nourish but that may even form poisons.

Upon the *carbohydrates* (a great part of which comes from the grains) we depend for our power for mental and physical work. At least one-third of our nourishment should come from them.

Yet in order that the body may be able to extract from them the nourishment it needs, they must undergo a special kind of preparation—so that they will not fail in their mission to provide the body with power, and begin, instead, to manufacture actual poisons that lead to illness.

Served with cream or rich milk, Grape-Nuts gives you in most delicious form the essentials of a well-balanced meal

A delicious food—easy to digest

MORE than three-fourths of the content of Grape-Nuts (made of wheat and malted barley) are these precious *carbohydrates*, and —what is of supreme importance—in the form which your body most easily and completely turns into nourishment.

In Grape-Nuts the *carbohydrates* have been *dextrinized*—scientifically broken down into the form most suitable to the needs of your digestive organs. The *carbohydrates* are at once thoroughly digested and absorbed into strength and vitality.

Grape-Nuts gives you nourishment without forming injurious acids—dangerous poisons. No matter how much you have abused your body with difficult foods, you can digest Grape-Nuts quickly and easily.

Served with milk or cream in the morning, a bowlful of Grape-Nuts gives you just the *nourishment* your body needs. Eat it every day and see how much more healthy and alive you are—mentally and physically.

All grocers have Grape-Nuts. All hotels and restaurants serve it in individual packages of a single portion. The Postum Cereal Company, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

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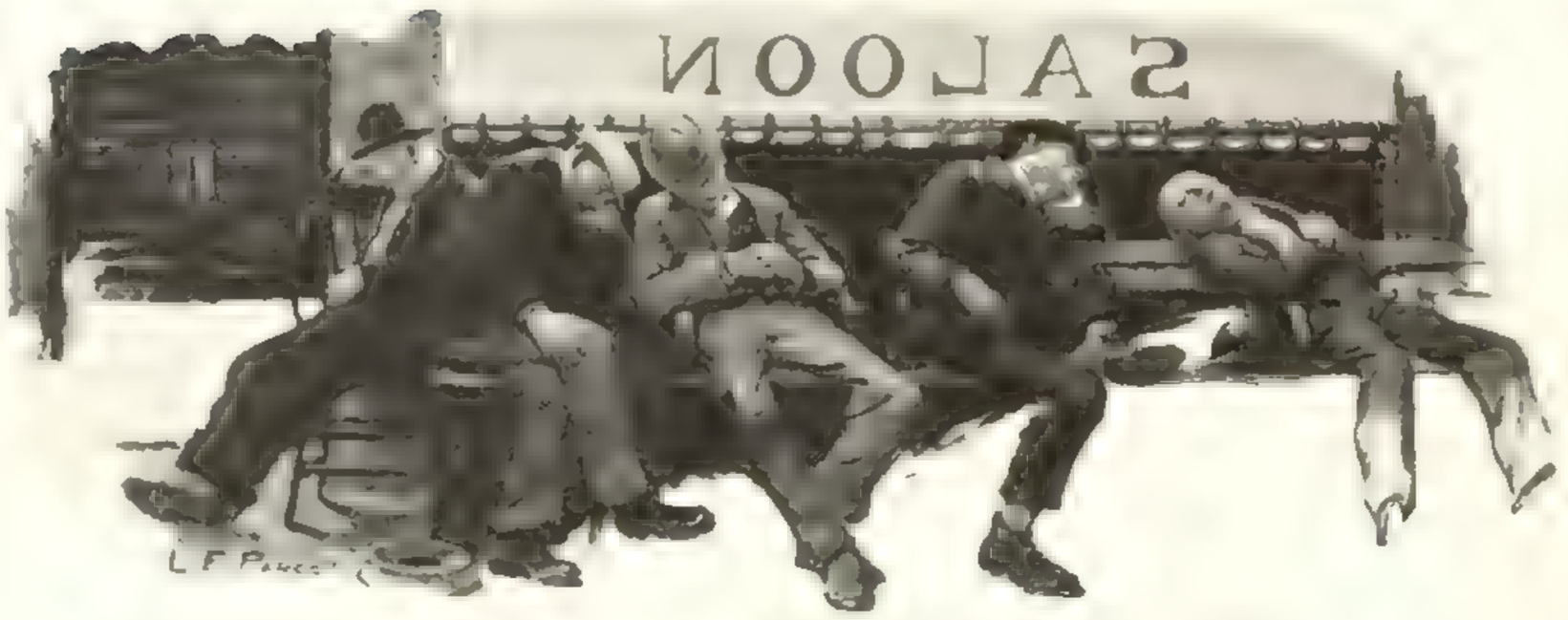
HOW I FOUND MYSELF

(Continued from Page 12)



I've Laughed at Them Myself Sometimes: They'd Look Like a Gang of Thugs or Pirates

team again. I loved the game. And it was nice to loaf away the winter after having had so much excitement during the summer. We worked harder, too, than pitchers do now. I was in the box every third day and often in the outfield when not pitching.

I want to tell you something about the crowds of those days, because they are the kind of people I came to know best; understanding them has much to do with what little I know about retailing. Very few women attended baseball games then. Mostly workingmen filled the stands. Bricklayers, carpenters, men who drove wagons, boiler makers, steam fitters, engineers, brakemen, policemen—those were the fellows. Not many professional men, clerks, business men or that sort attended. Those rooters were hard-working, loyal fellows; when they were for you they never went back on you; and you would have done well not to go back on them either. They took their baseball heroes seriously. If one of our players had ever thrown a game they'd have torn him limb from limb—that is, if they could have got to him before the other players turned him into jelly with baseball bats. Some of the fans of that day knew where I was playing and what my batting average was for ten years after they saw me for the last time. Somehow or other we were personal friends; as a matter of fact, we did meet more of the fans then. Cities were smaller and attendance very much smaller. Those were the grand old days. I've seen a hairy Goliath who had just struck out with men on bases come back to the bench with tears in his eyes—tears of fury. We played to win. Managers had a hard time keeping us from betting all our money on ourselves.

Running a Baseball Team

No man could keep from loving such a game and such fans; but each winter when I'd hear the advice of mother and others near and dear to me I'd try again to find a little business that I could buy and manage. Strangely enough, I hadn't the remotest idea what kind of business I wanted. Offhand, I couldn't have said whether it was a butcher shop or a hardware store. All I knew was that it had to be all my own. I felt sure I could manage a retail store well.

Like most speed artists, I found my big-league career at a close early. Next I was playing in a minor league. I kept going back to still lesser positions, and all the while I'd say to myself that I was going to get a little business of my own. I had saved some money—not nearly so much as I should have saved, but enough to buy a small business if only I could determine what sort I wanted. I never did narrow down the field to the point where I could look about me intelligently. And I had loafed away every winter. If only I had served in some capacity in any sort of establishment, a clew to my talent or tastes might have been disclosed. It would have been worth thousands of dollars to me, I think, if I had worked, without pay even, as an office boy or messenger in order to see what business was like. The one thing I knew a great deal about I never considered—that was farming. The town had me and it kept me.

Presently an opportunity came to own and manage a baseball team. That delighted me. I wondered why I hadn't thought of it long before. Nothing seemed more natural than that I should graduate to the managerial rôle. Here was a business I understood, the very thing for me. My team, of course, was in a minor league. I plunged into the work with all my capital and all my energy.

Now baseball is, from the business standpoint, a show, an entertainment. The impresario must be a showman, or have at least some of his qualities. I knew baseball, but it hadn't occurred to me that I wasn't a showman. I see it now clearly enough. But at that time if I had been asked I would have said that I was a showman.

My teams did very well—before I was through I had managed several of them—but that mysterious quality which puts a man's name on everyone's lips was certainly not mine. Perhaps it was because I thought of the team as a little business of my own—now that I owned it—instead of something akin to a circus or political campaign. I did my work and then went home, instead of being a personage to be gazed upon and admired in Nick or Tom's barroom. That was the correct strategy in those days. It isn't that I'm so good and pure, but it didn't occur to me that I was ringmaster and should dress accordingly. I never have had the personality that makes men throw their hats in the air and cheer.

In the pitcher's box, I looked smaller than I am; my delivery was apparently easy even when I put a tracer of blue smoke behind every pitched ball. I have made the hundred-yard dash in ten seconds more times than I can remember, but I never appeared to be going very fast. Such a man cannot emerge a national figure unless he remains a long time and piles up an impressive record. Few do that. When Ty Cobb whizzes to first he looks as though he's going fast. When Babe Ruth comes to bat he looks like the home-run king. I never looked the part.

My teams would do very nicely—I mean at the box office—for a season, and then if attendance fell I was broke and out. Baseball in those days was a perilous speculation for the club owners. I must have been fairly good as a manager, because someone would give me another chance—but always I was drifting away toward smaller cities, and not once did I notice it. I thought I had found my field and was doing very well. Every failure was attributed to bad weather or poor crops or rival attractions. Opportunity was only one hop ahead of me, ready to shower gold and fame.

In the Role of Mine Host

One winter I decided to start another little business of my own. It was a skating rink. You see, I thought of myself as an accomplished impresario. The rink paid very well at first, but failed before the original investment was recovered.

The following winter I had a theater—one-night stands. Virtually all those enterprises failed regularly. Mine was no exception. I tried concessions in amusement parks, which were then just beginning to spread from the larger cities over the country. They also failed eventually.

At last it began to dawn upon me that I was chasing a will-o'-the-wisp. I'd meet men from time to time who had been rolling in profits six months before, but were now soliciting small loans. It occurred to me that their sort of life wasn't what I wanted at all; I wanted permanence, and I had been seeking it where it didn't exist.

A friend of mine asked me if I would like to try my hand at managing a hotel he owned. Again opportunity beckoned. This was the very thing. A hotel would be permanent and respond to good management with increasing profits. We drew up terms: I was to pay on the installment plan out of net earnings. An uncle of mine had owned a hotel when I was a boy. I had been through the place from kitchen to garret dozens of times. I thought I knew all about it. Moreover, I had been a guest in good hotels throughout the East; I knew just how one should be operated. Of course, we all do, and I don't blame you for laughing. I tripped myself by not realizing that there is a slight difference between knowing how a good hotel should perform and making it deliver that performance. The standard I had to meet wasn't very high and I believe I did give satisfaction, but I made no money. It was a drawn battle. One of our periodic national panics brought the struggle to a close and I was again wandering around looking for a little business of my own.

Thank God, we don't have any more panics. That was a terrible experience. At one time I went hungry for a day because even the pawnbrokers didn't have any more money. I couldn't pawn a solid gold watch as big as a slice of pie; it had diamonds in it too. My last cent was gone and I was all in. However, I have never been out. I got one of those jobs where you go through the train and say, "Trunks checked, mister. Baggage transferred."

From Cabman to Restaurateur

All the while I kept saying to myself that this was funny as the dickens; I'd have a little business of my own pretty soon. There weren't enough people traveling for me to make a living transferring baggage, so I quit that job and drove a hack. Oh, yes, there were mechanics, clerks, executives, lawyers and bankrupt business men who envied me the wages at that time no matter if they did think poorly of the job. To me it was a great lark. I never could get it through my head that I was a rank failure and not far from being a bum. I was going into business for myself pretty soon. With what? I never even thought of the question. Of course, I was going into business. All my forefathers had been substantial men of affairs; there was no reason why I shouldn't be the same. Nothing but a little streak of bad luck—panic, that was all. I hadn't caused the panic. It would be over pretty soon. Then I'd go into business for myself. In some places there were public soup kitchens. Charitable citizens began organizing municipal wood yards where a man would be fed in return for cutting wood. I actually pitied the poor fellows who were receiving charity and regretted that I didn't have any money to donate to the worthy cause. But unfortunately, like other business men, I was having a hard time in the panic. Nevertheless I was a business man—temporarily embarrassed. Aren't we human beings funny?

During this period I encountered quite a number of eating places not previously honored by my acquaintance. I didn't like them very much. I began meditating upon the wretched quality of the fare dispensed to poor men. I'm not a dainty trencherman; a good slab of steaming boiled beef strikes me as food for Olympians. I can surround a quart of carrots, boiled whole, or a quartered cabbage with relish. I grow lyrical over beef stew or liver and bacon. So I made some computations and decided that it didn't cost any more to give men something fit to eat than to dispense indigestion. With this noble idea worked out in detail, I stumbled upon a restaurant with closed doors. You see, it is fairly easy to discover opportunities when you know what you are looking for.

I got the place and actually stocked it entirely on credit. I don't think I had as much as one dollar in my pocket. I've never been crooked, nor even doubted that I could pay, no matter how improbable the outlook, so I exuded and inspired confidence. Well, try as I would, I couldn't make that restaurant produce the sort of meals I had in mind when I opened it. You see, I had overlooked one trifling little detail—the cook had to have ideas precisely like my own, and he didn't. Neither did the next three. Also the place seemed to become filthy in the time you'd bat an eye Nevertheless, it wabbled along, making a little profit. But my plans were not working. I decided I was not a restaurant man and sold the enterprise. Then I went back to the city that was home to me.

Hypnotized by Eloquence

There I met a friend of the family who said he would take me right into his business and teach it to me from the ground up. It was the coming business of this country, in his far from humble opinion, and offered a future so alluring that words could not possibly describe it. I asked my mother what she thought about it and discovered that our friend had already hypnotized her with his eloquence. Fundamentally, it seemed to me his proposition was entirely sound. They were selling something that every man in the country might buy and you could offer it with excellent argument. The company was sound and its policies had just as good clauses as those of any other company, if not better. So I loaded up on the selling talk and went out as a solicitor. There were just two obstacles in the way. First, about 90 per cent of the male population was not yet sold on the general idea of life insurance and the others had policies. Second, every fifth man you tackled was an agent himself. So that enthusiasm died young.

I was now back among the hero worshipers of my earliest baseball days. On all sides men hailed me with sincere welcome. Those fellows never forget. They don't write you letters or anything like that, but they're for you for life. I'm no aristocrat. I like common people; not as an abstract principle, but to live with them, to swap talk with them, have them on hunting trips with me and at my table. They're my gang. A little rough, you expect me to say next, but with hearts of gold. Why, most of them are not rough. Most of them are as mild-mannered as you'd wish a man to be, and a great many of them have far better educations than I. They are just plain people. The great majority of them are doing exactly what they want to do, and are quite happy. They look at the people in the so-called upper walks of life with pity, scorn, amusement and other sentiments far removed from envy. They love to read stories in the newspapers about the doings of rich people and the socially prominent, not for the reasons rich people think, but to laugh. It entertains them.

I hadn't been home very long until the representative of a brewer called upon me with a business offer. His company would furnish everything except the first month's rent—if I recall the details correctly, and I am not absolutely certain; I would be proprietor of a well-situated saloon. I would pay for the fixtures and all other indebtedness out of net earnings; a stipulated sum would be added to the price of each barrel of beer. In effect, I could start with a business of my own for a very small sum;

the brewery would finance me and collect according to my sales. It seemed a most generous offer. I had lots of friends; there was an excellent prospect for success. Thus I would have a little business of my own.

This was quite a long time before national prohibition. In fact at the time I don't recall ever having met a prohibitionist. I had heard of them, but it wouldn't have surprised me to learn that they had three legs or two noses. They ranked with the other freaks who said women would some day have the ballot. A saloon to me was a business. I was now going to have a business of my own. I had always heard that saloons paid well.

Well, I think far more than half of them didn't. The brewers and distillers profited, and so did the middlemen. They seemed to think that sales would increase in proportion to the number of saloons, so they financed lots of them. It was a ruinous policy for the retailer, as any man who knows the first principles of merchandising will readily see. I have no doubt that many prohibitionists still think saloons multiplied because they were profitable to their proprietors. Far from it. Thousands of them came into being just like mine. I had never thought of a saloon until the brewery representative called upon me. I went to the place he described and could readily see that it was a good location for almost any sort of retail business. Within six months, however, there were so many saloons in the neighborhood that all were on the brink of foreclosure. Rival breweries would put in competing establishments whenever one succeeded—as mine did at first. Eventually quite a number of states and municipalities passed laws limiting the number of saloons on the basis of population, or so many to the block, or both. Those laws saved many a saloon keeper from bankruptcy.

Before Prohibition

I was in the saloon business longer than in any other, and I'll tell you I don't believe five per cent of the former saloon keepers would go back into the business again today under conditions as they existed at any time during the fifteen years preceding national prohibition. They thought prohibition would be a disaster, but for nearly all of them it has proved a blessing—I'm discussing business, not thirst. They found their way into other work and I have yet to meet one who isn't better satisfied. Every one I know personally is making more money and feels more secure about his future. That was an overcrowded, harassed, terribly managed business, and the retailer bore the brunt of all mistakes.

Nearly everyone has had something good or bad to say about the saloon keeper, but I've never seen or heard mentioned his most noteworthy distinction. He was the introducer of our present-day modern conveniences. The first electric fan I ever saw was in a saloon; also the first telephone, the first cash register; and if a saloon keeper wasn't the first, then he must have been among about the first three to install electric lights. Poor, deluded dub, he was always glad-handing everybody, passing out the price of a bed or meal, laughing, cashing strangers' checks, subscribing, donating, flooding the place with light far into night, giving away free lunch, putting up such a mighty show of prosperity that he kidded himself, and meanwhile going on the rocks because he couldn't pay off the brewer's mortgage on his brass rail. What a fool's paradise that was for a man who thought he owned a business!

It would have been much better for me if I had turned carpenter or something of that sort and saved my money. I had skill of a high order. No man could make a wagon that would pass my father's inspection and be honestly modest about his craftsmanship. I also knew the forge, and I was not a weak man. But the plain truth—incredible as it may seem—is that I never once thought of those things. They were trades, my need of employment was temporary. Behind the bar, in the kitchen or on the driver's seat of a hack, I was a business man, looking for an opportunity, waiting for something to turn up.

But I am wandering away from my story. My first saloon failed, but I had made a reputation for honesty and had shown some ability. Other offers came, just like the first. The business seemed to promise a good living with a fair break of luck. You know, baseball players can't help believing in luck. "The breaks of the game," in baseball parlance, doesn't mean something mystic, it designates a very real thing. There's a lot of luck in our lives, both good and bad. Anyway, I was ready to try again.

I must touch only briefly on that phase of my career, and point the moral rather than adorn the tale with too much incident, for it is no longer interesting to me or anyone else. It is a net loss. I was proceeding up a blind alley, or rather up an alley toward a precipice. There was no future for a man in the saloon business even when I started. This country was soon definitely headed toward prohibition and the signs became increasingly evident as the years rolled on. New restrictions and expenses began to attack the business in doubtful states, while the brewers and distillers made asses of themselves in solidly wet states by sowing every block with barrooms.

I finally saw this, but I was like a man caught in a net. If I tried to turn to any other business I had to admit ignorance. Repeated failures—in my restaurant, my hotel, my amusement ventures, and others that I haven't bored you by mentioning—made me hesitate. Meanwhile failure in the saloon business never affected my standing adversely when I wished to try again. Indeed, they were usually after me before I closed the doors on failure.

You see, the saloon business also called for showmanship, and I was always trying to manage the thing as though it were a dry-goods store. It had nothing in common with other retail establishments. It was a club, an amusement, or something of that sort when it succeeded. I don't mean to say that I had no ability; I merely lacked that glamorous personality which is essential to more or less permanent success. Adverse winds blew me away, just as they had done in baseball; I wasn't strong enough to ride out a storm or resist a contrary current. Nevertheless, I found many pleasant associations, especially when I served workingmen, the sort of fellows who would come in at noon, carrying their dinner buckets, eat lunch, drink a quart of beer and go back to work. I have no doubt many a woman has caught a glimpse of fifteen or twenty such men, unshaven, with grimy faces, sprawled out in barroom chairs, and mistaken them for the criminal element. I've laughed at them myself sometimes; they'd look like a gang of thugs or pirates. But those fellows are the salt of the earth. Only God knows how many acts of brotherly kindness they perform toward one another—only He could know, because such men give, or do, and forget it before the sun sets. I'll say another thing for them—they pay back what they borrow. Whenever I was thrown with such men I liked them; but for years I was trying to get out of the saloon business and didn't know how.

Just a Jumble of Dry Goods

Quite a while before national prohibition went into effect the county in which I then lived voted dry. I couldn't believe my eyes when I read the newspaper headline next morning. It was generally believed that there was no danger of any such outcome. Within a few weeks I was penniless, but looking about as usual for an opportunity to open a business of my own. There was an interim of rather severe hardship for me, a repetition of any old job in order to eat. And this time it wasn't quite so funny as before. I had gray hair. But I don't feel old or tired, even now. Of course, it is an absurd illusion, but if you were to ask me if I feel able to pitch for the Yankees tomorrow I would have to answer that I do. That's the way I feel.

One day when I was walking down the street carrying a bundle of bills—I was now a bill collector—I stopped to look at the strangest jumble of dry goods I have ever seen.

It was a general mixture of stuff salvaged from box cars that had caught fire in a wreck; or at least so I was told. I never confirmed the story, and since then I have heard other versions. One of the first things that caught my eyes was a well made shapely pair of shoes with soles about half an inch thick. Next I saw some woolen blankets the like of which I had not touched since I left the farm. Those were blankets. I went in and saw some trousers, made of stout cloth with a hard finish, the kind that will get shiny, but they certainly will wear.

I made inquiry and learned that this whole pile of stuff was offered for immediate sale at ten cents on the dollar. Judging from the values named on such tags as had been attached, the man was going to cheat himself to the extent of an additional two or three per cent. Whatever the nature of the case was, the man quite plainly was selling these goods under a court order and could give an honest bill of sale. I didn't waste time over details. I knew immediately what I wanted to do. I wanted to open a store for workingmen, the kind of men I know best, the kind of men who are always having badly made goods shoved at them.

Among my friends was a man of sporting proclivities who made a very good living by turning his money quickly on just such ventures as this. He always had about twenty thousand dollars in cash available, and one ear remained open for propositions even when he slept. I took him to the store and he agreed at once to invest. He suggested that I go to work and try to sell the stuff on commission. "No," I said, "I want to open a store and sell it at retail. I want to get started in business. That way we'll make a lot more money. Let's go fifty-fifty on the profits and I'll undertake all the work as soon as you buy the goods." He agreed to that, but wanted to know where I'd get a store. I hurried down to a part of town where there are a lot of what I call cheap-john stores and found one vacant. A shooting gallery had just failed. I had had one of those, too, so I wasn't surprised to see the man moving out. I had to hustle around pretty fast to make all my arrangements, but I managed to get into that building before night with the blankets—that's all that had been delivered when work ceased for the day. With my last twenty-five dollars I put an advertisement in the morning paper and then went to bed.

Specialty Shops for Workmen

Next morning about dawn I went to the store and found some sawhorses—that's what carpenters used to call them, and I guess they still do—lying around on the floor; also some loose planks. I displayed the blankets on an improvised counter of boards resting on sawhorses, trusting to printer's ink and the price to do the rest. The combination worked. When the agent came about noon with his lease he was astonished to find me in the place, but I had already taken in enough to pay the rent in cash. The moving man was also paid out of current receipts when his work was done.

The rush lasted for weeks. I worked twelve to sixteen hours a day. As soon as the store was closed each night I began writing to the makers of such goods as I wanted to keep in stock permanently. Part of my original purchase was valueless, of course. You see, the price of that original jumble was merely an immediate opportunity; my real inspiration was the character of the stuff. There were workmen's blue shirts of remarkable weave, heavy and durable; shoes for men who have to stand all day in the cold and wet; trousers for men who aren't thinking about pretty creases, but want something that a hammer can rub against, week after week, without wearing a hole. Forty years ago there used to be plenty of clothes like that. Well, there still is such clothing, but how to find and assemble a whole stock of it—that was my problem.

I wanted a store that would make a plain workman feel at home; a place where he would drop in and shop around just as the women do in department stores, and not rub elbows with any other sort of people. I don't try to make the place look like a parlor, but it is clean and in order. I don't own a single glass show case and there is no covering on the floor. The place looks something like an orderly, conveniently arranged quartermaster's storeroom. I don't mean to say that I have goods you can't find elsewhere on earth, because you can. But my stock is complete from shoes to hats—for the man on the job. If he is going to call on his girl, he'll have to buy his outfit farther up the street. My shirts are mostly brown, black or blue. I've got coats for the telephone linemen who ride motorcycles against the north wind on hurry calls. I've got stuff for the milkman and the iceman and the railroad brakeman. And I've got nothing for women. I don't know what they wear, so I don't fool with it. But I know what workingmen wear and what they want; I've heard them talk about it hundreds of times. Many of them were country boys like myself, and more of them than you'd think remember homespun.

I carry sporting goods too—not the kind with which you, probably, are acquainted. Some of the articles you use I have in stock, but I also have quite a number you don't know. You see, I've gone hunting with the sort of men to whom I sell and I know how they dress and what they'd like to have. I also carry supplies for the fellow who has locked his tools in the box and is taking a vacation in the old flivver. The family is along, but they don't carry the family plate. I know about what they want and I've got it. Their way is my way of going for an outing, so I know how to advise those people.

After this first store was stocked to my satisfaction, I wanted new worlds to conquer. I can't build a department store. In fact my original establishment probably will not go very far beyond its present business. But I knew that if it succeeded in one place, it would succeed wherever there was a sufficient number of the same kind of prospective customers. Just by way of trying out that guess I opened a second store in another city not more than two hundred miles away—an easy trip in an automobile. It also succeeded. So from time to time I put in a new one. I have to train men to manage them, and take time to be sure of the man. There's no great hurry. After getting on for fifty years without borrowing from a bank, it didn't occur to me that I ought to have such a connection, so I remained a mere depositor. I never borrow. I'm proud of my books though. One day my banker came in and looked at them. He said he'd let me have a loan any old time I wanted it just on the strength of those books. I like a system that makes the thing clear as day; it's a record of the business that would testify in my absence just about as accurately as I could if I were present.

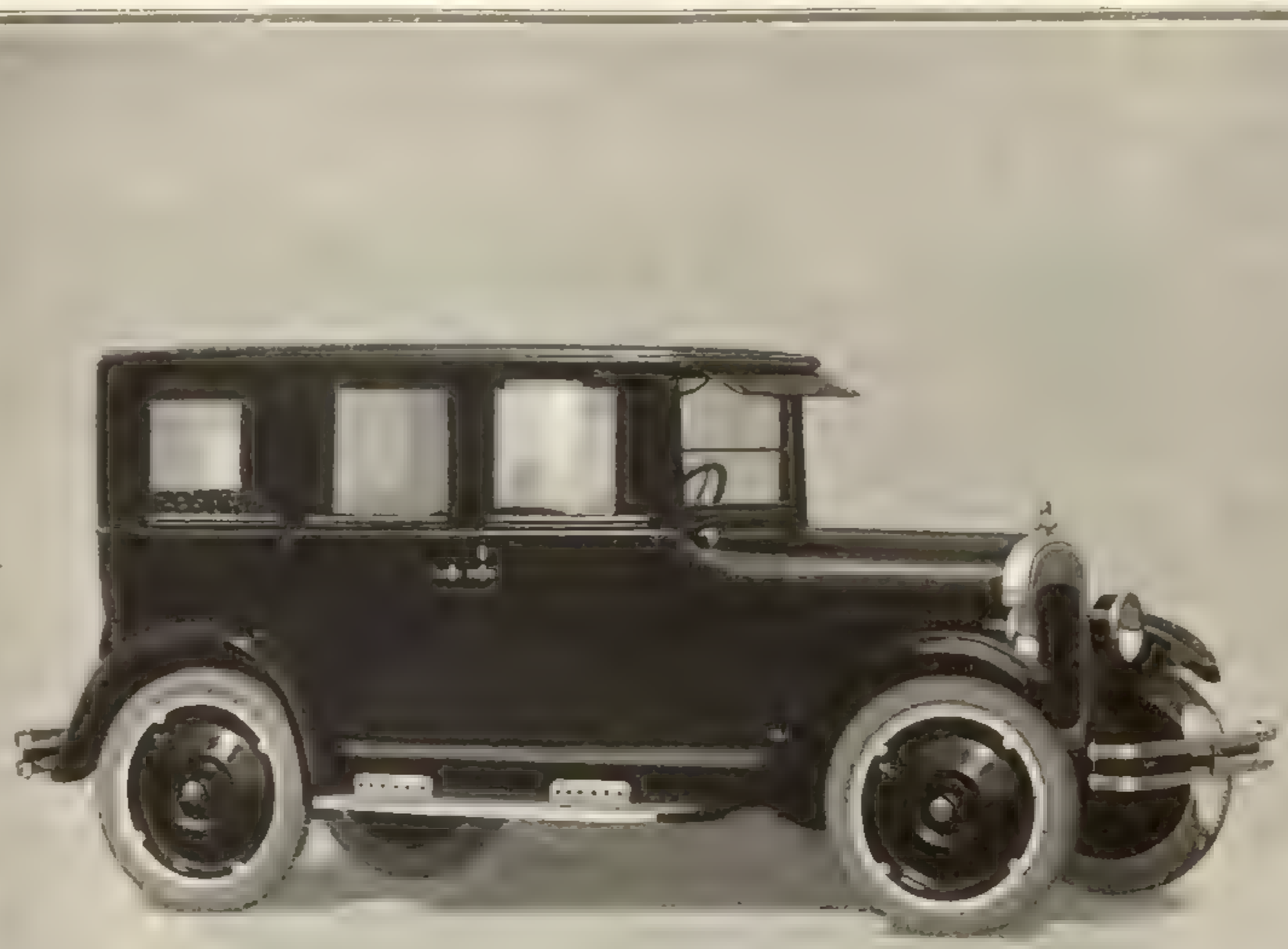
Maintaining Family Standards

I've been looking around lately for new stuff and I found a man who says he can make some underwear such as I want. I hope he does. The kind I'm looking for stops a twenty-two caliber bullet at fifty paces—it doesn't have to be made in boys' sizes, because the heir apparent inherits three or four suits that grandpa used to wear, and if neatly trimmed down they last him until manhood; any time they split, the man inside them will be found suffering with a badly broken leg. I never saw but one pair utterly ruined; they blew off the wash line and a street car ran over them. Not many men want such garments, but some of my customers really need them.

If I were a younger man I'd push these stores along at a more rapid rate, I think. My purpose would be to increase sales to the point where I could dictate specifications to manufacturers. There hasn't been much market for the kind of stuff I want. People have about quit demanding it; but they certainly will buy it if they can get it. However, I may yet accomplish that; I ought to be good for another twenty years.

It's a mighty fine feeling to know you have found yourself. It isn't the money; it's the feeling that you are doing what you want to do and that the thing is beneficial and important. I wonder sometimes if my story doesn't all hinge on mother's little yarn about her dad and the sailcloth. It makes me wonderfully happy when I think that some lay I took that old Irishman in the eye and told him I maintained the family standards in the very worthy field of merchandising. I think of dad, too, strutting about and looking very stern while barrels were being filled with potatoes or apples, and I see him again inspecting hams as they came out of the smokehouse. He was no slouch as a merchant even though he did insist on calling himself a farmer. If he has ever forgiven me for letting the farm go, I'd like to tell him that I've got some socks in the store that I think must be woven of steel wire. They'll go well with that new underwear.

CHEVROLET



See the New De Luxe Models

There are now on exhibition, at your nearest Chevrolet dealer's show room, the new De Luxe models. They possess the dependability, equipment, economy and high quality of the regular Chevrolet models with special added features. These include disc wheels, nickel plated radiator, kick plates, parking lights, front and rear bumpers, motor-meter and several other refinements. These models have special deep upholstery and are finished in a deep, rich blue with beautiful red trim. You will be specially interested in seeing these as examples of fine quality cars at low price.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

PRICES OF DE LUXE MODELS

De Luxe Touring -	$640
De Luxe Coupe -	775
De Luxe Sedan - - -	940

Prices f.o.b. Flint, Michigan

CHEVROLET
for Economical Transportation

Superior Roadster - -	$495
Superior Touring	510
Superior Utility Coupe -	640
Superior 4 Passenger Coupe	775
Superior Sedan	765

Prices f.o.b. Flint, Michigan

VALOR

(Continued from Page 5)

Built kind of wiry, I guess; and works on his nerve. I've a notion to tell you about Langley." Ford made no comment; and Hebron looked toward him with a faintly sardonic deference. "You can spare the time, can you?"

Ford flushed again; but he answered mildly enough, "Yes."

"It won't hurt you any to waste an hour or so," Hebron commented, and stirred in his chair, seeking a more comfortable posture.

Ford knocked out his pipe and settled himself to listen.

"You never saw him, you say," Hebron began. "So I guess I'd better try to give you some idea of the kind of looking man he is. Then you can bear it in mind.

"He'll stand maybe five feet six or seven, maybe more or less. You can't always tell about a thin man. He is thin too. Or looks so, with his clothes on. They tell me that he strips down pretty good, not so stringy as you'd think. You get a suggestion of that in his face. A thin man's face is usually thin; but Dell has a kind of a round face, and a round head, and sort of sandy hair bristling up on top of it. His wife tells me she tried to get him to slick it down with this vaseline stuff; but it didn't do a bit of good. I guess she don't mind its being scrubby half as much as she lets on to. She kind of approves of Dell.

"But it's him I want to tell you about, not her. He looks thin, as I said before; but he's not so thin as he looks. Wiry and pretty well put together, and this round head like a Swede, and a kind of a slow blue eye. Never seems to get excited much; but I guess that man runs by a dynamo or something. He can walk the legs off of me. Did it, last summer, when we went in to look over the trout in back of Megaloosuc."

He paused for a moment, considering the trout; and Ford saw him move his lips as though tasting a treasured memory. Then he went on once more.

"Dell was born in Orono," he explained. "He was more or less born to the woods game. His father used to work for the company, back in the 90's. I never happened to run into him, but he was a camp boss, and he used to look over new ground in the summer. A good man at figuring what a township would yield. Or so they say.

"But I've got to stick to Dell. Dell was born in Orono, and he ate sawdust on his oatmeal and rode a log before he could walk. Then he had a sick turn when he was about ten years old, and was kind of pindling for four or five years; so they had to put him to school and keep him off the river. He kind of took to studying; and he decided he'd go to college, so he did. His father didn't think so much of that, I've heard; but his mother sided with Dell. Anyway, he went to college. He was well enough by that time; but his being sick made him kind of undersize; and then he grew too fast, and they thought maybe he'd got consumption. So he got a summer job as a fire guard way up in the woods in a chain of lakes off the beaten track.

"You've seen the layout up there. Dell's was just like all the others. He had a cabin on a burnt-over point all grown up with raspberries, on Chandler Lake. There was a trail back of the cabin, running up the bed of a little brook for about three miles, and then up to the top of Chandler Mountain. There was a platform in an old pine there, and he could see pretty well all around. Telephone was down at the cabin. Dell was supposed to get up on the mountain every day or so, in good weather, anyway, and see what he could see. Then he had a kind of patrol route that he covered in his canoe about twice a week. He touched Churchill Lake on this patrol, and sometimes he ran into a camping party there, and made his night's camp near them, so as to swap talk with the guides. Then every two weeks he made a longer trip to get supplies. The rest of the time he lived alone in this cabin of his, with the porcupines for company, and the deer that used to come down to the shore below his cabin in the late afternoon. Once or twice a bear came after the berries in the burnt-over land. You might say it was a pretty solitary proposition for a young man."

Hebron seemed to consider this assertion for a moment, then enlarged upon it. "He had some trouble with his eyes that summer, I remember," he explained. "So he couldn't do much reading. I've heard him say that on rainy days, when there wasn't anything to take him abroad, he used to spend his time practicing throwing his sheath knife at the trunk of an old tree by the cabin. He told me that he got to be pretty good; but one day he threw the knife at a chipmunk, with no notion of hitting it, and threw better than he had expected and killed it. That took the fun out of the knife throwing for him. He was kind of sensitive. You wouldn't think it to look at him; but then, there were a lot of things about Dell that you couldn't see at first, until you got to know him."

Young Ford had listened with what attention he could muster. His thoughts, inevitably, were dwelling on the proposition Hebron had put before him, and which he had refused. Hebron, he knew, was displeased; and the displeasure of this man was not a thing to be ignored. Ford thought he would probably have to tackle the job Hebron offered, in the end; but he saw no hope of success in it. "A bust for me, either way," he told himself morosely. "In wrong if I hang back, in wrong if I go ahead." But if Hebron insisted, he must, of course, go ahead.

He drove his attention back to the other man's words. He had momentarily lost the chain of the narrative; but he was not long in recovering it. Hebron was describing, in some detail, one of Dell Langley's patrol trips. Ford knew the country only vaguely. He had seen upon the map some of the names of streams and lakes which now fell from Hebron's tongue; but his own work had lain farther to the northeast.

"Dell saw the smoke," Hebron said, with a change of tone which indicated that he was approaching the meat of the tale. "Dell saw the smoke when he woke in the morning.

"His camp was at the foot of the lake; and when he rolled out and went down to the water to wash up, he saw the gray haze above the morning mists on the water. An ordinary man might have supposed that haze was just fog, rising as the sun rose; but Dell knew the difference. He knew there was a fire. Smoke like that may come from a small fire a mile or two away; or it may be from a big fire fifty miles off. It's hard to judge the distance; but Dell decided this fire was near, within a few miles. It was right in his path, in the path he would naturally take on his patrol. He made a quick fire and boiled coffee and got a bite to eat. Then he piled his stuff into the canoe and started up the lake."

Ford asked critically, "Why didn't he go back and telephone?"

"He Decided to Go Ahead; and Within Half an Hour After He Sighted the Smoke He Was Pulling Up the Lake as Hard as His Paddle Could Dig"

Hebron frowned slightly, then replied in an expressionless tone, "I guess you missed that. I told you he'd found, the day before, the phone was out of order somewhere along the line. Falling tree had broken the wire, or something. Besides that, the mountain lookouts would pick up this smoke and start men toward it right away. At least, there was a chance of that. No, Dell did the right thing. If you can catch a fire young you can choke it off sometimes. It would have taken him two days to get to a telephone; and a fire can do a lot of damage in two days. Anyway, he decided to go ahead; and within half an hour after he sighted the smoke he was pulling up the lake as hard as his paddle could dig.

"It's a queer thing, the way some of those fires start. This one started in a cedar swamp; and as far as we knew, there hadn't been a man in there for weeks, camper or anything else. Must have been, of course; but we aim to keep pretty close track of people on our land, and whoever this fellow was, we hadn't had any word of him. We never found any trace of his camp either. But there the fire was, and the way it got started didn't matter. Dell didn't bother himself trying to guess. He just dug water, pushing that canoe of his up the lake. At the head he took his pole and worked up the little brook that winds through some low ground from the next pond above; and when he came out into that pond he could see where the fire was."

He shifted his position, leaned forward and picked up a pencil. "Here," he said, "I'll show you the layout." And Ford came to look over his shoulder, while the older man drew the irregular outlines of two lakes upon a sheet of paper before him. "Dell came up from below into the foot of this pond," he explained, pointing with his pencil. "Off here to the north, there's a big cedar swamp broken up by ridges, but mostly bog. It was cut over about twenty-five years ago, and the slash was left pretty much where it fell, and the swamp cedars had come up through it. The fire had started in there. That was a dry summer, and this stuff burned pretty well. The smoke from it lay to Dell's left and ahead of him, as he came up the pond.

"You see," he pointed again. "There's a narrow strip of land between these two ponds. It's a kind of ridge that runs out from the higher land to the south and sticks a little way into the swamp on the north side. Of course it is pretty well petered out, pretty near down to the level of the water by the time it gets there; and at some places it's only about two hops and a skip from one pond to the other. Well, off to the south there was a stand of spruce; fine big trees that we were planning to take out in a year or two, when we got around to it. They hadn't been touched when the stuff to the north of the ponds was cut off. This growth ran from the water back along the rising ground; broke off where there was a sort of rock slide a couple of hundred feet high, and then went on up the mountain, tall and fine.

"The fire was on the north side of these ponds; and the spruce was on the south side. The fire didn't do any great harm where it was; but if it crossed and got into that spruce, it would burn up money mighty fast. That was the situation; and Dell sized it up quicker than I've told you. And he figured what to do.

"You don't want to suppose that Dell just lost his head and went at it blindly. He didn't. He's a cool sucker, that man. No, sir; he had his head about him all the time. He stopped at the foot of the pond long enough to unload his blankets and grub and stuff from the canoe, and he left them there by the brook, where he could pick them up quick if he had to get out in a hurry. The fire might come that way;

(Continued on Page 42)

Balloon Tire Comfort
New Color Charms

One Billion Miles Beyond Experiment

NO need to ask will Jewett serve well—a billion miles' service has proved it for you. Companion of the fine Paige—built by a veteran maker of fine sixes—Jewett stands the only car in its class with such history behind it.

Jewett's giant-six motor was created for a Paige that sold at $2000. Five years have been used developing its perfection. All proved principles are embodied in it. No novel, freakish, doubtful ideas about it.

Long-lived Power

Jewett's motor is large—20 to 40% larger than usual in cars its size. At slow car speed, Jewett's motor pulls easily through mud, sand, and uphill in high. It is not strained or overtaxed, because it is of ample size. So it stands up wonderfully.

With such reserve of power Jewett gets away quickly—five to twenty-five miles an hour in seven seconds. Few cars can match it. Yet its motor revolves moderately compared with the speed of the car. Another reason for long-lived power—fewer revolutions per mile. Front-end metal gears, burnished and carefully matched for extreme silence, add further to Jewett's enduring fine performance.

Inbuilt Endurance

Jewett is over-size in every part. It weighs 2805 pounds—200 to 400 pounds more than comparable cars. These extra pounds mean more finest quality steel, leather, rubber and wood—more expensive construction—long-lived satisfaction.

Over-size brakes; extra-deep frame; unusually long springs, 80% of the wheelbase; heavy duty axles front and rear. All these tell why Jewett in one billion miles of service has proven superb dependability. To change such a car just to cry "new" would be to ill-treat Jewett owners.

New Colors—New Comfort

Now, Lotus Blue bodies with Crimson stripings and Autumn Green bodies with Orange stripings give Jewett a new appeal to the eye—strikingly smart beauty.

And with balloon tires the always comfortable Jewett, due to its spring suspension and rugged construction, now rides more comfortably than ever. And the cushioned comfort of passengers tells you that the mechanism, too, is protected from road shocks—increasing Jewett endurance.

There is a Billion Mile Jewett in its bright new dress ready for you at a nearby dealer's. (647 A)

The Jewett Drivers' Column

Every day sees letters coming in from enthusiastic Jewett drivers. Here's one from Mr S. D Hodgson of Webster Groves, Mo., who says, after a trip across the state of Missouri: "*We drove four days in the rain, through newly graded roads, and at times we were dragging the car in the mud, in high gear at three miles an hour. We went through on our own power.*" He adds in a postscript: "*Two of our friends that I am going to make the trip with to the West, Mr. Hodgson that's the way many Jewett sales are made!*

Now we'll jump all the way to New York state (you can do it with a Jewett, by the way!) and hearken to Mr D. W. Asquith of Gainesville, who loaded up his Jewett with baggage and family for a 1200 mile trip. They covered [illegible] and straightaway and Mr. Asquith writes: "*Our driving time from Gainesville to Phila[illegible] was 15 hours and none of the passengers tired upon arriving at our destination. The most remarkable part of the trip was the fact we never shifted gears going or coming, except to start with.*" He closes with, "*This is our second Jewett. We had to use a car hard and pounded that first Jewett through fifteen thousand miles of mountains, but it stood up like a thoroughbred.*" And there's a hundred thousand others like you, Mr. Asquith!

Now let's cross over the state line to Paterson, New Jersey, and hear Mr. G. L. Payne's story: "*In regard to my Jewett car purchased from you less than six weeks ago, I have driven it over 4000 miles, over all kinds of roads and mountains. The car traveled [illegible] sides of the Alleghany Mountains [illegible] gear! It drives easier, has more pep and power than any other car I have owned this side of $3000. The worry-free satisfaction that comes from driving it is a good thing to know. I regret not having bought my Jewett sooner.*" And then to prove how pleased he is—he adds, "*Please refer to me at any time. We have decided to purchase a second Jewett, making two in the family.*" Well, that's mighty kind, Mr. Payne.

Proved JEWETT

PAIGE BUILT SIX

"ONE BILLION MILES BEYOND EXPERIMENT"

Watch This Column

"The rollicking, reckless path of youth which only age can dim."
—AUTHOR UNKNOWN

REGINALD DENNY

REGINALD DENNY is stirring up the movie houses just now with *"The Reckless Age,"* a Universal Jewel adapted from Earl Derr Bigger's novel, "Love Insurance." DENNY is in his element in this picture, which is chock full of action and delightful romance. I think you will like him even better in this than in *"Sporting Youth."* His support is irreproachable. It includes RUTH DWYER and HAYDEN STEVENSON, whom you will recall as the genial manager in *"The Leather Pushers."*

Take my advice and see *"Wine,"* produced by Louis Gasnier, with an exceptionally fine cast, featuring CLARA BOW, FORREST STANLEY, HUNTLEY GORDON, MYRTLE STEDMAN, WALTER LONG and ROBERT AGNEW. Ask the manager of your favorite theatre if he has booked this thrilling drama. And don't overlook VIRGINIA VALLI, ROCKLIFFE FELLOWES and WALLACE BEERY in *"The Signal Tower,"* or LON CHANEY in that greatest of all picture-plays, *"The Hunchback of Notre Dame."*

One thing you can be sure of: When you start out to see a Universal picture, you will *know* it is clean—and good. You will know that the story was written by a popular author and that the cast will be excellent. You will *know* that you can take your children without fear that they will be shocked or made familiar with the world's follies before their time. That's a lot, isn't it? What more could be desired?

Have you seen Champion JACK DEMPSEY in Universal's *"Fight and Win"* pictures? I think they're great. What do *you* think?

Carl Laemmle
President

To be continued next week

UNIVERSAL PICTURES
1600 Broadway, New York City

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but there wasn't much wind, and what there was was kind of slanting out of the north, carrying the fire toward the ponds. Dell went ahead with nothing in the canoe but his ax and a hoe and his paddle. He got to the head of the lake and landed on the neck between the two ponds, and then he sunk the canoe in shoal water and put some rocks in it to hold it down out of harm's way. Put rock on the paddle too. Didn't take him very long, all this. But you know when you're going into a long fight there's never any hurry. Time enough to hurry after you get in."

He dropped his pencil and tilted back in his chair. "Well, sir," he said thoughtfully, "maybe Dell had a chance to stop that fire. I don't know. Men that ought to know say it could have been done with a big enough crew. The trouble was that all along between the two ponds there was a growth of young spruce and pine—a thick growth, that had choked out some trees every year; and these dead ones were standing in among the others, held up by the others, you might say. This growth ran clear across and out into the swamp a little ways; and then there were three good-sized trees, two firs and a hemlock, with popple around them. Then you came to the cedar growth, so thick you wouldn't say a moose could get through it, and slash underneath, and all of it pretty dry. And by the time Dell got there, the place was pretty smoky and the fire was beginning to wake up for the day, the sun getting higher all the time.

"I went over that ground afterwards, to see what Dell had done. You could see the stumps. I counted them; but I don't aim to tell you how many trees Dell cut down between then and dark, because it don't seem possible in cold figures. But he started on those three trees that stood out toward the swamp. The firs and the big hemlock. He dropped the hemlock toward the swamp; and he felled the other two into the water, so that about half of them was right in one pond or the other. He didn't waste time with the hoe, because the fire wouldn't run along the ground much where there was this popple growth. He went back and began to cut into the young stuff that was packed so close together that if you dropped a match into it, it would pretty near explode. He lit into it hard. A smallish man, and he don't look so dog-goned strong; but he certainly did cut a swath there, in the time he had.

"There were two places on that neck of land that were narrower than the rest of it. One was right at the north end; and the other was opposite a cove over toward the other side. Dell told me afterward that he never figured he could stop the fire at the north end, because it was bound to work up on him from three sides. But he aimed to make some trouble for it there, and hold it long enough to do some work back at his second line. If he could have shifted some of the stuff he cut down, he might have managed; but it was too heavy for him, and the branches tangled in together. I guess swinging an ax came natural to him; but dragging even the small stuff out was asking too much of his muscles. The best he could do was fall the trees away from the fire and let them lay.

"He knew enough about the game to be sure, before noon, that he couldn't stop the fire; couldn't hope to stop it. There was more wind, for one thing; and now and then a little spark, floating over, would drop near him. First off, these sparks were burned out before they hit the ground; but the fire was getting nearer, taking its time, eating up the cedar as it came; and the sparks got bigger all the time. He decided he'd done all he could, right there, so he went back across to where the ponds came closest together, and he started in all over again."

Ford no longer had difficulty in keeping his attention fixed upon what Hebron was saying.

The rough sketch of the locality which the other had made served to visualize the scene; his imagination did the rest. He had seen one fire in the woods, and knew what Dell Langley confronted.

"Well," said Hebron, "there was one big hemlock, about where he picked his ground; and Dell tackled it. It was a tough bird, but there was some rot at the heart of it, and he got it down. Dropped it toward the fire. It was bigger than the young stuff around it, and it busted things considerable when it fell. Dell told me one stub of it pretty near caught him. He was working so fast that he wasn't as careful as he might have been, I guess. Anyway, the tree started before he was ready, and he had to scramble some. If it had been me, I think I'd have got to thinking how it would have been to be pinned down there with the fire coming right along that way; but Dell said he never thought of that at all. He lopped off some small stuff; and he scraped the ground clear, and he started a back fire there. It worked slow, and there was no way he could hurry it. He was kept busy holding it from sneaking around behind him. It wasn't hot enough to make a big up draft, so he didn't have to worry much about sparks for a spell. Between times, he kept cutting back away from the fire, widening the gap all he could. He'd been at it by this time for as much as five or six hours. The lake was handy, and every so often he'd duck right into the water all over, so his whole body could have a drink; and he'd take a drink himself. It was getting pretty hot. The fire had worked up to the edge of the swamp along one of the ponds. It was right on the shore; and he could see the flames and the smoke swinging upward, and every so often a burning stick would go sailing on the up draft, and carry a little ways till the wind let go of it, and then come down, end over end, flaming or smoking till it hit the water.

"He got into the lake once for a drink, and he heard a kind of crackling behind him. There was an old pine by the shore there, and something had touched it off at the top. The needles were fizzing off like squibs, a few at a time, and the little flames were running along the twigs like mice.

"This pine was taller than the young growth around it; and it kind of leaned over the water. But that fire was bound to creep down and start something; so Dell stuck his ax in his belt and climbed up into the tree, and he lopped off three or four of the upper branches and threw them out into the lake, and beat out the fire on the rest with his wet shirt. He couldn't see around much, from up there, for the smoke; and it was hotter there, because he was in the upper draft. He said it was pretty near hot enough to start dry stuff burning. He got down in a hurry, knowing that things would be worse before they were any better, and when he got down he found the fire had sneaked across on him while he was busy with this other job, so he had to smash that out with some alder brush draggled in water. He got it out too.

"By that time his back fire had met the other fire; and they were shaking hands and getting acquainted and settling down to work together, as you might say. His back fire had burned over about fifty yards or so of ground; but it wasn't a real hot fire; and lots of stuff was too green for it to burn. But now when the real fire came along, this green stuff was pretty well dried up and ready for it; and Dell saw the main fire was swinging along toward him, deliberate enough, but coming just the same.

"Then he had to lay off for a little while because a tree caught, on the other pond behind him. He cut that down and dropped it into the pond, before the fire worked down into the smaller stuff.

"He didn't keep any real account of time, you understand. But it must have been an hour or two hours after that that he held the fire where it was, you might say with his bare hands. Oh, he got pretty well singed himself. Nothing dangerous; but his clothes were charred some here and there, from the heat; and he had as nice a case of sunburn as I ever saw. It was getting along toward sundown and the fire got kind of drowsy, the way fires are at night. But there was still a lot of heat in it; more than a man would imagine unless he'd seen one going. And of course it was only a question of time."

He was silent for a moment, hesitated, breathed deeply and slowly. "It jumped right over him at last," he said. "Must have dropped a good-sized brand into the growth behind him. After that warmed up he heard it roar; and then there was nothing for him to do but back up, and the fire began to eat into the spruce, getting at the real good stuff, sort of chewing its cud, consolidating its gains, as you might say, to get ready for the next day."

Ford said slowly, "The other lookouts must have picked it up by that time."

Hebron nodded. "They'd seen the smoke that morning," he said. "I happened to be up there myself, catching a few trout and looking things over. The telephone being down bothered us some, but we got word around and started some men that way. I went along in old Dave Pendleton's canoe, and I want to say I sweated some with that bow paddle blistering my hands. But we were the first ones in. Got in along toward noon the next day. Dave was kind of wondering about Dell, because we hadn't had

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Wild Mountain Sheep in Their Native Haunts Near Fernie, British Columbia

DODGE BROTHERS
TYPE-A SEDAN

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(Continued from Page 42)

any word from the boy. He said all along he figured we'd find him somewhere around the middle of things. He said Dell was that kind. You understand, I didn't know Dell myself, up till then."

"You got there at noon?" Ford reminded him.

"Just about. By paddling most of the night. But by that time all the spruce along the ponds was going, and the wind had picked up a bit too. When we come into the pond Dave gave one look at her, and he said we might as well turn around and go home. 'She'll go right to the top of the mountain now,' he said. 'Ain't a chance of stopping her.'

"But we didn't go home. Dave hadn't meant just that. We pulled up the lake to the place where Dell had made his fight; and Dave picked up the signs here and there and showed them to me. 'Told you he'd be at it,' he reminded me.

"I said to him, 'Where do you figure he is now?' And Dave said, 'I guess he's backing up the mountain with his face to the fire.' So I said, 'I want to say howdy to him. Let's go hunt him up, Dave.'

"So we crossed over into the other pond; and the ground was hot enough then to blister through our boots, if we hadn't soaked them first. Dave showed me Dell's canoe in the water there. 'He ain't lost his head either,' he pointed out.

"From the other pond we came in on the fire from behind, you might say, the wind from us to it. And we struck in toward the mountain and began to climb."

He paused, and chuckled. "Well, sir," he continued, "you remember I said there was a rock slide there. Nothing growing on it. That slide cut across the lower slopes of the mountain, and there was spruce below it, and above it too. The wind struck along there at an angle. If the fire jumped the slide it'd go right up the mountain and come pretty near making a clean-up; but if it didn't jump that slide it might work off to the southwest into some hardwood ridges and burn out there. Dave told me about this while we were climbing. You couldn't see the lay from the ponds, for the smoke. We worked around the eastern end of the slide and got up above it; and pretty soon we came to a place where a fire had started in the leaves and been beaten out. So Dave showed it to me, and he said, 'Dell's working up here somewhere.' He went on ahead.

"It was hot there, Ford. The draft up out of that fire seemed to hug the slope of the slide, and if you got near the edge it would scorch you. And the further west we went the hotter it got. I had enough of that; but Dave kept going ahead and I was bound I'd take as much of it as he would. We came to other places where fires had started and been stopped; and someone had been using a hoe. And the air got hotter; and you could look, it seemed to me, right down into a red pit below us, the smoke pouring up in our faces, and a glare beneath it. We had to keep low to breathe at all; and there were embers sailing up toward us, and the slide was all littered with the ash of them. Most of them burned out before they got to us; but we saw two that were still burning go over our heads and up the slope, and Dave pointed to them, and I knew what he meant.

"We got out halfway or so along the slide before we found Dell. He was there, sure enough. The darned little shrimp had fallen back, the way Dave said he would, fighting all the way; and he'd seen a chance to put up a fight above the slide, and been at it there since daylight. He said afterward that he didn't notice when it was night, because he was working along the front of the fire, down in the thick growth. He hadn't remembered to take a nap, nor he hadn't eaten anything since the morning of the day before. And here it was late in the afternoon.

"When we got to him he was beating out a little blaze with a spruce bough, and that bough was pretty nearly too heavy for him. He'd heave it up mighty slow, and when it went down, it just fell. But it kept coming up and going down; and he never saw us till Dave grabbed his arm. Then he looked at Dave and then he looked at the ground; and he said to Dave, 'That's out!'

"Dave said to him, 'You're a damned fool as I ever see.'

"And the boy said, 'There's another one starting, just over beyond that ledge there.'

"So Dave and I took him by the arms and started back with him. We had to stop once to let him beat out another blaze. He was so tired he couldn't do much more than lift his arms, but he was bound to do it. Then after that we got him out of there. Time we got down to the pond we began to meet men coming in. They were hustling too, because it was near night, and the fire would probably quiet down pretty soon and give them a chance. But it had already jumped the slide. Those brands Dave and I saw had done that much, anyway.

"Dave wanted to go back and help; but I wouldn't let him. I said to him, 'You come along and fix up this boy and make a bed for him first, Dave. I figure I'll be able to use him.'"

Hebron was silent for a moment; then said in a tone of finality, "So that was how I came to find out about Dell. You know where he's got to now."

Ford nodded.

"I've heard of him," he said, as he had said in the beginning.

"We pay him twelve thousand," Hebron explained. "And we're cheating him, at that."

"Did they stop the fire?" the young man asked.

Hebron shook his head. "Never was a chance to stop that," he replied. "Dell knew that, and Dave knew it. No, it cleaned out our spruce for us, clean as a new hat."

"I don't see that he accomplished anything," Ford suggested uncertainly; and Hebron flared for a moment into rage and his voice was like the roar of a bull.

"Accomplished?" he repeated. "Who the blue blazes gives a hoot what he accomplished? I don't give a fiddle what a man accomplishes, as long as he's got the backbone to try, and keep on trying. Dell knew he couldn't stop that fire. But if he'd sat down and said so, and lighted his pipe and watched it burn, I'd give as much for a cord of pulp bolts as for him!"

He cut off the words with a clip of his jaws, and glared at Ford; but the young man met his eyes so steadily that Hebron was somewhat placated. After a moment he said more mildly, "Any time the quarterback called your signal to hit the line, I never heard about your telling him there wasn't any use, wasn't any chance for you to gain. If you did, they've kept it dark from me."

Ford got to his feet and buttoned his coat and stood for a moment erect and silent; then he said quietly, "I see." Nodded with decision. "Well, sir, I've been thinking about what you want me to do. I guess you might as well let me have the ball."

EVERY LITTLE MOVIE

(Continued from Page 7)

"Foolish talk what you murmurs with yo' mouf, Mistuh Jones. Ain't you sawn that pitcher with yo' ve'y own eyes, an' ain't it better than a heap of the pitchers what you sees at the Champion an' the Frolic?"

"Well, yes."

"An' didn't they sell?"

"Yes."

"Then why ain't this one gwine sell also?"

The logic was unanswerable. Also, Mr. Jones was in a highly receptive mood. The get-rich-quick germ was biting. Opus Randall had paved the way for Eddie's sales onslaught by surfeiting Noble with details of enormous fortunes turned over quickly and safely in the moving-picture game. Besides, this particular project was hitting very close to home. Noble Jones had a single passion in life—his daughter. And there was no denying the fact that Iodinah gave promise of developing into a very competent actress. It was a matter of pride to own a portion of the company in which she was to act, and Opus had made it quite clear that should Noble Jones ever become a stockholder, Iodinah's future would be assured. Of course, Opus had as yet done nothing so fearfully crude as to suggest that Noble buy in—not yet.

Eddie Quartz believed implicitly in the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc. His entire personal savings had been invested therein. His enthusiasm was communicated to Noble Jones, chiefly perhaps because Noble Jones desired to be convinced. Forgotten was Iodinah; forgotten everything save the glittery prospectus issued by the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc. Their heads bent close under the porch light. Eddie was atremble with eagerness; the biggest fish of all was nibbling at his hook.

"Ten thousan' anyway, Mistuh Jones."

"Hush yo' mouf, little man. I woul'n't inwest ten thousan' dollars in United States mints."

"Ought to. Two hund'ed pussent profit annual; that'd be twen'y thousan' dollars a year income fo' life."

"Woul'n't know what to do with all that money."

"Iodinah——"

"She's got ev'ything she wants now. Boy, I wukked hahd fo' which money I has got an' I ain't aimin' to lose a big slice of it all at once."

"Take a chance, Mistuh Jones."

"I got a friend which took a chance one night when he was drivin' an automobile, an' he comended with a train——"

"Eight thousan'?"

"Nope. Two thousan', maybe——"

"Shuh! Two thousan' ain't nitten fo' yo' dignity. Seven?"

"Th'ee."

"Six?"

"Fo'."

"Tell you what Ise willin' to do," proclaimed Eddie magnanimously. "Ise willin' to assept an order fo' five thousan'."

Such generosity could not fail to appeal to Noble Jones. He hesitated, and was lost. Five minutes later he had formally executed an order for five thousand dollars' worth of stock in the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc.

The order was very binding, indeed: a noncancelable promissory note effective upon the delivery of one hundred shares of stock.

Trembling with excitement, Eddie Quartz rose to go, and as he did so his eyes fell upon the figures of Opus Randall and Iodinah. Noble saw them, too, and he laid a pleading hand on Eddie's arm.

"One favor I asts you, Eddie."

"Yas-suh?"

"Don't breathe no word of this to nobody; not even to Iodinah."

"How come?"

"I craves to keep it a secret. Maybe some day I gives this heah stock to Iodinah fo' a weddin' present."

"Hot dam! What you asts, Mistuh Jones, is a cinch. An' I don't know nothin' that would make a better weddin' present fo' yo' pretickeler daughter."

At the gate the departing Eddie came face to face with his magniloquent rival.

"Evenin', Mistuh Randall."

"Hello, li'l' bit." Opus smiled disdainfully. "Has you been callin' on Miss Iodinah?"

"Nope"—genially. "N'r neither I ain't been waitin' on her."

Eddie strutted down the street. Miss Jones stared reflectively after him, a qualm of uncertainty tincturing hurt pride. For the first time she doubted the power of her charms over the dapper Mr. Quartz, and at the same moment her personal interest in Opus Randall lessened.

Eddie made his way down Eighteenth Street to Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room & Billiard Parlor. There he found the debonair Florian Slappey engaged in the gentle art of financing himself for the following day by means of his skill at the game of Kelly pool. Eddie unracked a cue, paid two bits, accepted a pill from the Kelly bottle and joined in. He shot with reckless abandon and astounding luck.

"Shoot yo' ball, large man. 'Tain't gwine do you no good, 'cause ev'ything comes my way tonight. Good Luck is my middle name an' Ise a whole fambly. Yonder goes the sevum, leavin' me presition on the eight. Eight rock, listen at yo' daddy! Heah me, eight rock. In you goes! Boys, pay me!"

When Bud closed his place an hour later Eddie was richer by ten dollars. He and Florian absorbed two barbecue sandwiches apiece and strolled home together. Mr. Slappey was interested.

"Happy, Eddie?"

"Them is true words, Florian."

"'Tain't Iodinah, is it?"

"Nope. Ise done with chasin' wimmin."

(Continued on Page 46)

New Balloon Type

Gabriel Snubbers

Assure Free Spring Play Essential with Balloon Tires

Gabriel is the only spring control device officially, by patent and copyright, entitled to the name *Snubber*. To make certain that you have genuine Gabriel Snubbers installed on your car, go to the authorized Gabriel Snubber Sales and Service Stations which are maintained in 2200 cities and towns. Motor car dealers who are desirous of assuring their customers of greatest satisfaction recommend Gabriel Snubbers and many install them as well.

Now motorists can enjoy to the full, the easier riding which is built into balloon and low-pressure tires.

These tires demand control because of their greater throw; and they also demand free play of the car springs—two opposites now united for the first time in the new balloon-type Gabriel Snubbers.

These new Gabriel Snubbers provide a degree, a flexibility and a certainty of control surpassing anything which even Gabriel has done.

Softer riding than you ever thought possible is yours if you equip with Gabriel Balloon-Type Snubbers at the same time you equip with balloon or low-pressure tires.

These new Gabriels do not compress or bind the car springs. Regardless of the load in the car, they allow the tires full and unrestricted play to absorb the small irregularities on apparently smooth roads.

On rough roads, they entirely eliminate all galloping, pitching or rolling—so disagreeable when balloon and low-pressure tires are uncontrolled.

Remember this—that these results are made possible only by the new and exclusive features developed by Gabriel, and used exclusively in the new Gabriel Balloon-Type Snubbers.

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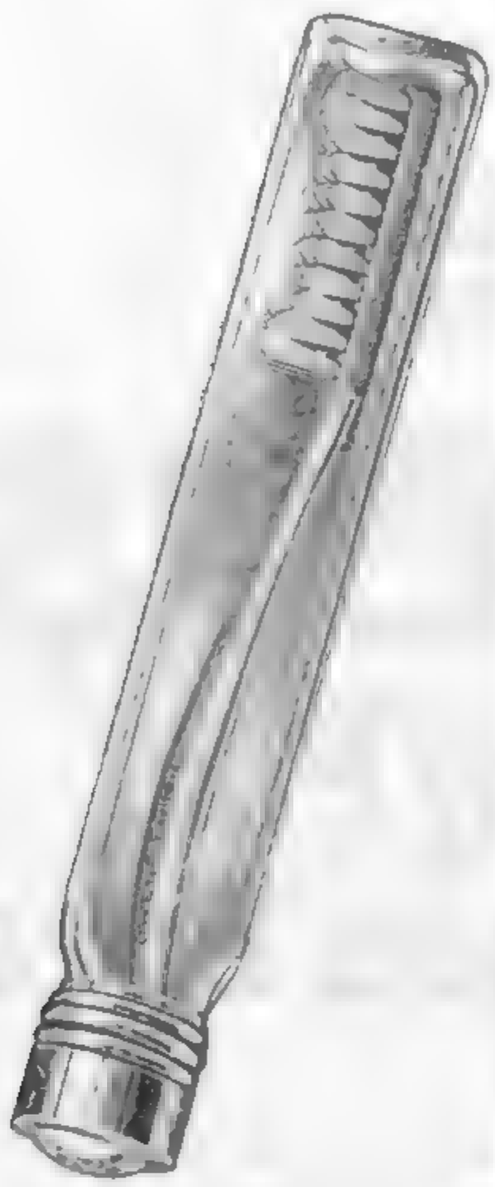

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OWENS
Staple-tied TOOTH BRUSH
THE OWENS BOTTLE COMPANY, TOLEDO
Made in U. S. A

(Continued from Page 44)

"Wise wisdom what you utters."

"Ain't it so? This is my big day, Florian."

"Reckon" - enviously — "that maybe you has got you a better job with that pitcher company."

"Any job is good with them folks. Tha's the money makin'est comp'ny what is."

"Wisht I could buy a li'l' stock."

"Wisht you could."

Florian sighed.

"Ise busted, dawg-gone it! Some folks has all the luck."

"Uh-huh, an' I has even mo'."

The slumber which came to Eddie Quartz that night was deep and untroubled. He waked early, dressed, ate a sizable breakfast and trotted down to the Penny Prudential Bank Building, where the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., maintained its executive offices. He was bursting with the pride of achievement as he left the elevator and slammed in through the ground-glass door.

Then he paused. The tableau within the room reeked of melancholy. At the desk of the absent president sat the director, Mr. J. Cæsar Clump, puttied feet on the near-mahogany desk top. The light brown, bobbed-hair stenographer chewed her gum silently and sadly. Withering rays of depression emanated from the large person of Opus Randall, star extraordinary.

Eddie Quartz frowned and the proclamation of his triumph with Noble Jones remained unspoken.

"Who died?" he queried.

J. Cæsar Clump answered briefly, "Us."

"Says which?"

"Looka heah."

He extended a yellow slip of paper. Eddie Quartz perused the night letter; a dire message from President Orifice R. Latimer:

"J. CÆSAR CLUMP,
MIDNIGHT PICTURES CORPORATION, INC.,
PENNY PRUDENTIAL BANK BUILDING,
BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA.

"Black Cat Luck flopped by two biggest distributors. They insist on at least six before contracting. Only one hope left. For gosh sake sell some stock or us is busted

ORIFICE R.
LATIMER."

Unversed as he was in the workings of the photo-play industry, Eddie Quartz understood. Black Cat Luck was a bust; the distributors were unconvinced and would not buy. The essential immediate cash returns were not forthcoming. He could not at once understand the details, but he did know that things were not as they should be. In a second he crashed from the zenith of elation to the nadir of misery. Instinct warned him to keep silent about the binding order which reposed in his pocket; something told him that it would be inadvisable from many standpoints to involve his hoped-for father-in-law in a transaction with a fast expiring company.

He returned the fateful telegram to Mr. Clump and turned away.

"Where you goin', Eddie?"

"Out."

"Comin' back?"

"Dunno."

"Don't mention to nobody ——"

"I woul'n't. Believe me, not."

He mourned down the street, fretting with his problem. In his pocket was the equivalent of five thousand dollars in cash for the company, for, though the money had not yet been paid, the order was a binding contract of sale and delivery and Noble Jones was financially substantial.

That five thousand dollars might mean salvation to the company. Eddie had lost no confidence in it, albeit he had developed a vast contempt for the distributors in New York who refused to see the cash merits of Black Cat Luck.

But suppose he delivered the order to the company and they collected from Noble Jones—and then the company went on the rocks. Gone then would be his last chance for the hand of the delectable Iodinah, and Iodinah was quite the fondest person he was of. Of course, he could destroy the Jones order and so save that person his five thousand dollars and consequently win his undying gratitude; but perhaps by so doing he would be robbing the Midnight of its sole chance for affluent existence.

"There ain't but two things fo' me to do," reflected Eddie miserably, "an' the on'y thing which is wuss than one is the other."

Pending the result of his debate with himself, Eddie Quartz went to his room, where, after prolonged thought, he decided that for the moment his best play was to do nothing whatever, whereupon he secreted the Noble Jones stock order in the tray of his trunk.

"Maybe ——" he thought. "Who c'n tell?"

But if the catastrophe forecast by Orifice Latimer's telegram had brought indecision to Eddie Quartz, it had had quite the opposite effect upon Opus Randall, star of the ill-fated picture company. Mr. Randall left the Penny Prudential Bank Building and started for the home of Noble Jones, his brow furrowed with vertical lines of grim determination.

Opus Randall had spent an eventful life looking out for Opus Randall. He had started his professional career as chore boy with a street carnival sixteen years before. Since then he had tried anything and everything with varying degrees of luck. The elevation to stardom with the Midnight organization had followed a depressing experience in a colored musical comedy; until this morning, it seemed that he had landed in the soft spot which had been his life's goal.

Now, however, all had changed. The sunshine was dimming and Opus realized that he had not made sufficient hay.

Opus had a plan. It did not augur well for the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., but it did promise results for Opus Randall. The plan had to do with Miss Iodinah Jones and her wealthy father.

Opus had been intrusted with the task of enlisting the financial aid of Noble Jones. Ergo, Noble Jones was a wealthy man. In that campaign Opus had dazzled Miss Iodinah with his magnificence. Now that the company had crashed, what was more natural than that he should shift his objective from the company to himself—in brief, that he should marry Iodinah and win for Opus Randall the cash money which had been needed to replenish the barren coffers of the Midnight?

By instinct, Opus was not much given to marrying; women interested him only in the abstract and thus far in his checkered career he had avoided matrimonial pitfalls. Now, however, he found himself in a strategic position to make an excellent match. Iodinah was quite pleasing to the eye and appeared to have all of the qualifications which Opus felt he was entitled to demand from a wife. Besides, her dowry would be no mean sum, particularly if Mr. Randall's scheme worked. Being cautious, he sought Noble before committing himself definitely.

"Evenin', Mistuh Jones."

"Evenin', Brother Randall. Does you crave to see my daughter?"

"Direc'ly, brother, direc'ly; right now I aims to make talk with you."

"I is flattered. Have a cigar?"

"Thanks. Smoke it later." Opus leaned forward and laid an affectionate hand on the skinny knee of his prospective father-in-law. "I like you, Brother Jones."

"An' my likin' fo' you, Brother Randall, is just as mutual."

"In fact," went on the imperturbable Opus, "I kind of likes yo' whole fambly."

"I knowed that."

"I like you-all so much, Brother Jones, that I has come to do you a favor."

"Favors is the most things I like to have done fo' me."

"Good! Now this heah favor, Brother Jones, has got to remain a secret between I and you."

"Tha's right, Opus; it shuah do."

"Brother Jones, I has a hunch that you is prospectin' 'bout inwestin' some money in the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc. Am I correc'?"

Noble Jones straightened in his chair.

"Uh-huh. Why?"

"Well, just this; an', mind you, I woul'n't say this on'y fo' how friendly I feels to you an' yo' daughter. I says to you earnest,

(Continued on Page 48)

Trees at Night

Archangel

The "Allen Gurney" of Nantucket, for sixty years engaged in the coastwise trade, was bought four years ago by Misses Wood and Prentice, and converted into a tea room. She is anchored near Steamboat Wharf, with holes cut in her sides to keep the tide from floating her off

618

"The Tale of the Valsparred Skipper"

Riding the waters of Nantucket Harbor is the quaintest of tea rooms—"The Skipper"—an old sea-traveler converted into a most inviting tea room.

The charming hostess of this attractive summer retreat writes of her interesting experiences as follows:

"'The Skipper' is a tea room on an old coastwise schooner moored alongside the dock at Nantucket.

"We have been in existence as a tea room for four years, and during that time have served between fifty and sixty thousand people, most of whom have sat on the schooner's deck overlooking Nantucket's beautiful harbor.

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"Our furniture is painted, then finished with a coat of pure Valspar. This protecting coat of Valspar has stood every test through four years of hard usage.

"The sign of the old man, cut out of wood and painted with oils, is also protected by Valspar, and has needed nothing more to keep him as good as new.

(Signed) "'*The Skipper*'."

All three forms of Valspar—clear Valspar, Valspar Varnish-Stains, and Valspar-Enamels—are absolutely waterproof, sunproof, and accident-proof. Repeated washing with soap and hot water will not spoil their lustre or color—oils, acids, or alkalies cannot spot or mar them.

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To remove ice cream, hold Container under cold water spigot for a few seconds. Then remove cover, press evenly on bottom of Container with thumbs and cut cream in attractive, round slices

eat more ice cream

(Continued from Page 46)

Brother Jones, don't you go inwestin' a nickel with that comp'ny."

"But, Opus ——"

"They ain't no buttin' about this. It's posolute. Money what you inwests in that company is like money th'owed away, on'y you don't git the same fun."

"Sufferin' tripe! Catastrophes what you says with yo' lips!"

"This mawnin' we gits a wire fum Orifice Latimer that Black Cat Luck has done been flopped. Nobody ain't gwine buy it."

Noble unleashed a hollow groan.

"Is you suttin?"

"Never was mo' positiver of nothin' in all my life. Now my adwice, Mistuh Jones, is that you should take how much money you was gwine inwest in that comp'ny, if any, an' give it to Miss Iodinah for a ma'iage dowry, an' ——"

"Just a minute, Opus. You preceeds too hasty. I asts you a question: Does Eddie Quartz know that the comp'ny ain't no good?"

"Shuah he does. But that ain't what I was talkin' about. I was sayin' ——"

"Nemmin' what you was sayin'. This Eddie Quartz ——"

"I ain't studyin' 'bout Mistuh Quartz."

"Well, I is, an' if half of what I think 'bout that feller ever comes to pass they ain't gwine be enough left of him to lay a lily on."

Opus caught the tone of abject misery in the voice of his friend, and slowly the idea percolated. He clutched Noble's arm.

"You ain't sayin' ——"

"Yes, I is."

"You has done bought stock in the Midnight?"

"Uh-huh."

"Off Eddie Quartz?"

"Lawd he'p me!"

"How much wuth?"

The voice was sepulchral.

"Five thousan' dollars."

"Oof!"

The men stared at each other. And then, trembling with horror, Noble Jones told the story of the signing of the five-thousand-dollar order.

"But you ain't paid no money, has you?"

"No; but that don't matter. I useter study law and I know what I signed. It's the same as gold unless I goes bankrupt."

"Oh, lawsy!"

"An' to think of Eddie Quartz, which has been co'tin' my daughter ——"

Opus was doing some swift thinking; an idea struck him. If Eddie had a five-thousand-dollar stock order, why had it not been turned in that morning? He recalled the expression of combined consternation and indecision on Eddie's face when the telegram had been shown him. Was it possible that Eddie Quartz was holding that order? He leaped to his feet and dragged Noble Jones with him.

"Mistuh Jones, I has an idea."

"Oh, golly, my five thousan' dollars!"

"I craves to marry Iodinah."

"Eddie never should of done me that-away."

"You never would leave him ma'y her, would you?"

"Not lessn she craves to be a widder time she gits to be a bride."

"Good! Now s'pose I was to git aholt of that order an' return it back to you. Ifn I was to do that, would you he'p me ma'y Iodinah?"

"I ain't forcin' her to ma'y nobody."

"But ifn she was willin'?"

"Opus, does you git me that order back, an' does Iodinah say she will ma'y you, I gives her five thousan' dollars fo' a weddin' present."

"Hotziggity dam!" Opus Randall leaped for the door. "Watch my amoke, Noble! An' don't say nothin' to nobody."

"I won't, an' I'll repeat it frequent."

There was nothing hesitant in Opus Randall's procedure. He zipped to the company offices and discovered that no large stock subscription had been turned in by Eddie Quartz. Immediately he repaired to Sis Callie Flukers' boarding house, where Eddie maintained a room. He learned that Eddie was not at home and immediately went to Mr. Quartz's room.

He knew that Noble's order was in one of two places; that it was either in Eddie's pocket or in his trunk. He found a key which opened the lock of the cheap trunk and five minutes later he catapulted through the door with the precious document in his possession.

Now things were as he wanted them, and he determined to make haste slowly. He held every ace in the deck and was not minded to play them thoughtlessly; there was Opus Randall to be considered and Opus was quite important to himself. He turned southward on Eighteenth Street and made toward the green slopes of Red Mountain, where the silent forest promised an excellent spot in which to sit and think.

Should he turn the order over to Noble and trust his luck to win the fair Iodinah? That idea was too fraught with uncertainty. Iodinah might not see things his way, and Noble's gratitude might not prove sufficiently enthusiastic to result in a cash reward.

Meanwhile Eddie Quartz completed his session of concentrated thinking. He ambled uncertainly to the office of the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc. And once again he paused in the doorway; for where that morning the atmosphere had been surcharged with depression, it was now electric. J. Cæsar Clump had forgotten his vast dignity and was fox-trotting about the room with the stenographer, and the leading woman was executing a skirt dance.

"What means it?" queried the bewildered Eddie. Cæsar Clump dropped his partner and slapped the little stock salesman on the back.

"Hot diggity dawg! Eddie, us is made!"

"Made which?"

"Made up. Looka heah."

Another telegram from New York, signed by Orifice R. Latimer:

"Transcontinental buys Black Cat Luck fifteen thousand cash. Contracts for five more same price, payable delivery each negative. Give orders no more stock to be sold. Returning immediately."

The shock of elation wilted Eddie's backbone. He collapsed weakly upon a chair and mopped a perspiring forehead with a lavender-bordered handkerchief.

"Undressed goldfish!" he murmured. "Kin it be true?" At length he rose and returned the telegram. "What he means 'bout not sellin' no mo' stock?"

"He means just that, Eddie. Us has got enough money to finance along. It's a hund'ed pussent proposition an' we ain't aimin' to let none of it git away. Black Cat Luck cos' seven thousan' dollars to projuce; we gits fifteen thousan' fo' it. Nex' pitcher won't even cost that much. Us is successful, an' so now you gimme them order blanks."

"All of 'em?"

"Ev'y las' one. We don't crave to sell no mo' stock a-tall."

Eddie spoke uncertainly as he passed his order blanks over to the little director.

"I got a stock order yestiddy, Mistuh Clump—a big one."

"Good! We accepts it. But tha's all. Where at that order is?"

"I gits it right away." Eddie exodusted abruptly and negotiated the distance between the Penny Prudential Bank Building and Sis Callie Flukers' boarding house in three seconds less than no time at all. He produced a key and ripped open the lid of his trunk. Nervous fingers quested for the order which was to win the undying gratitude of Noble Jones and the hand of Noble's daughter.

It was not there. It was most positively and completely absent. Eddie inspected more closely and his eyes opened wide with terror. It was patent that someone had visited his trunk, appallingly obvious that Noble Jones' order was gone.

This was the third and worst shock of a shocking day. In a trice Mr. Quartz's cosmic scheme went flooie. The order was gone; stock-subscription time at an end. And instead of the gratitude of Noble Jones, there was the certainty that Mr. Jones would never forgive him for the carelessness which permitted the theft of the now valuable order.

There was but one thing for Eddie Quartz to do, and he went about it with the same enthusiasm that a small boy exhibits toward visiting the dentist. Dragging one foot after the other, he turned toward the home of Noble Jones. Better to have the agony done with. No chance to get a new order from Noble and date it yesterday; J. Cæsar Clump had rendered that procedure impossible when he took the order blanks. Nothing to do but confess to Noble his own terrible error.

At the corner of Eighteenth Street and Avenue F he met Iodinah Jones. Her nose tilted at sight of him and then her expression softened as she sensed his misery. He doffed his hat. "Good-by, Iodinah."

"Huh?"

"Good-by."

"Where you goin', Eddie?"

"Away."

"But where?"

"I dunno"—sadly—"but I know Ise goin' to git there quick. Right now I aims to make talk with yo' father."

She laid a restraining hand on his arm.

"Don't you do that, Eddie."

"I got to."

"Don't! Please! I ain't cravin' to ma'y no rawpse."

"That's just it. . . . Say, look yonder. Ain't that Opus Randall goin' in yo' house?"

She grimaced with distaste.

"'Tain't nobody else."

"Somethin' tells me, Iodinah sugar, I'd better be gittin' along. I never did like Opus."

"N'r neither I. An' he tol' Pa ——"

"I reckon. Good-by."

"Ise goin' too, honey."

Together they entered the Jones home. In the living room they found Noble Jones and Opus Randall. Mr. Randall was in the midst of a flowery oration which had to do largely with the perfidious traits of one Eddie Quartz.

"Takin' yo' money fo' somethin' like this, Mistuh Jones—tha's what I calls a dirty trick. Now I shows you this bum stock order an' then you tears it up, which saves you five thousan' dollars."

Eddie stood motionless. His eyes were riveted upon the missing order. Suddenly he squealed and leaped across the room. Before either man knew he was there he had ripped the order from the hands of Opus Randall.

"Gimme! Gimme that! It's mine!"

Opus fell back in amazement. Noble Jones was not so inactive. He seized a poker and made for the excited Mr. Quartz.

"Gimme!" he demanded grimly.

"Give you which?"

"That order. Gimme or I busts you one."

"Foolishment what you talks with yo' mouf. I ain't gwine give you this to tear up."

"You better." The poker went slowly back.

"Listen at me, Mistuh Jones; just listen one minute befo' you extinc's me. I heard what this Opus Randall been tellin' you, an' I suspec's the rest. For all I know, he has been esplainin' that the Midnight Corporation is flooie, ain't it?"

"Yeh, but ——"

"An' maybe he's been astin' you fo' a reward on account he was savin' yu fum a bad investment, huh?"

"Yeh, but ——"

Briefly Eddie Quartz told the story of the sale of Black Cat Luck.

"And the wust of it is that Opus Randall must of knowed this all the time, Mistuh Jones. He's in with them fellers, an' all what he wanted to do was to git you to tear up that order yo' ownse'f so's you couldn't blame it on nobody else."

Noble Jones stared from Eddie Quartz to Opus and then back to Eddie again.

"Is that the troof, Eddie?"

"Cross my heart an' hope to bust."

"An' a'ready my stock makes a hund'ed pussent?"

"Uh-huh."

Noble's right hand took a firmer grip on the poker.

"Mistuh Randall ——"

Opus knew that the cards were stacked against him; he backed precipitately through the door. And as he vanished Eddie grasped the hand of the fair Iodinah and turned toward Noble Jones.

"I gives you one last chance, Mistuh Jones; does you or does you not consent to me an' Iodinah makin' ma'iage with each other?"

Noble Jones gazed happily upon his stock order, affectionately upon his daughter and pridefully upon the beaming Eddie Quartz.

"I never used to think so awful much of you, Eddie, but I has changed my mind. Ise proud to have you as my son-in-law."

Eddie bowed.

"You is welcome, Mistuh Jones. An' some day Ise gwine esplain to you what a tough time I had fixin' up this li'l' deal so as you would git the best of it."

"Sugarfoot!" It was the rapturous Iodinah speaking. "You is plumb wonderful!"

"Huh! You don't know how wonderful I is," responded Eddie Quartz. "In fact," he added candidly, "I don't even know myself, yet."

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Tide Water engineers spent years studying the characteristics of oils and oil films. Experiment followed experiment, test followed test, until they perfected, in Veedol, an oil which offers the utmost resistance to deadly heat and friction—an oil which forms a "film of protection" *thin as tissue, smooth as silk, tough as steel.*

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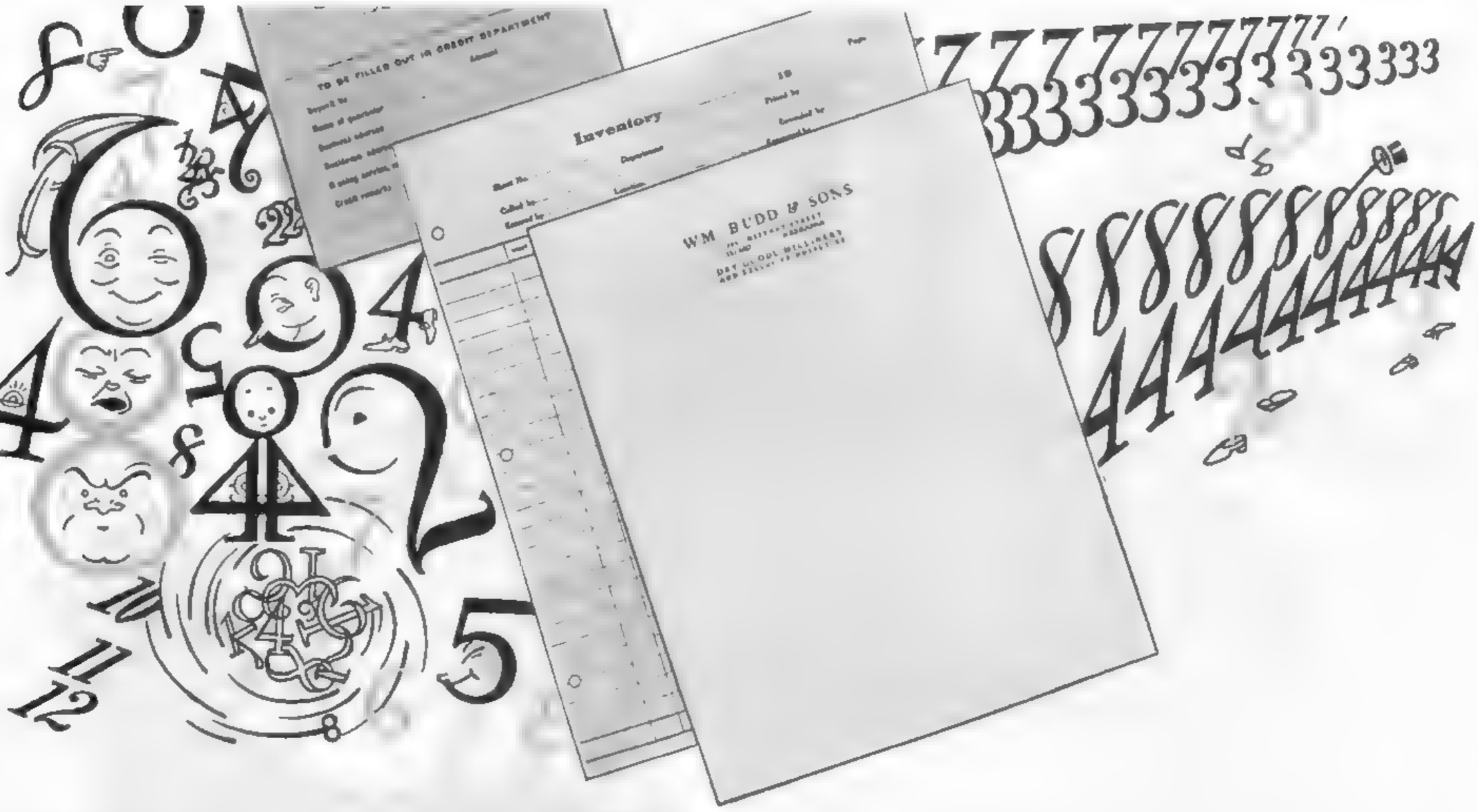

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The Utility Business Paper

THE AFFLUENT CORVINUS

(Continued from Page 9)

"That seems reasonable. But won't it kill the hoodoo if I throw it over my left shoulder or something?"

"I disapprove of levity, Suzanne, as you well know," said Madam Atwood. "I wish, my dear, that you would try to overcome the habit of crossing your limbs as you sit. It is most inelegant; and were I not fearful of ridicule, I would say immodest. In my day no properly brought up young lady would have dreamed of assuming a posture so unseemly."

"If she had, I suppose she'd have woke up screaming," said Suzanne.

Madam Atwood said nothing eloquently, and with an air of hurt dignity adjusted her spectacles and took up the book that she had laid down upon the girl's entrance. The spectacles, be it noted, she wore only in the strictest privacy of family life. She was a wonder!

Suzanne put her arm round her wonderful relative's neck and pressed her blooming cheek against the old lady's withered one.

"Suzanne's sorry," she murmured. "She's a bad, bad girl, and she doesn't deserve to have the loveliest, most wonderful granny in the whole world. Please 'scuse her, won't you?"

"I wish, my dear, for your own sake, that you wouldn't make light of serious matters," said Madam Atwood, relenting. "You are no longer a child, and you will soon be in a position where much will be expected of you. As the mistress of a large establishment, with all the duties and responsibilities that will devolve upon you as the wife of Mr. Griswold, you will find it necessary to put away childish things. I think it was Saint Paul said that."

"You are making it sound pretty awful, darling," Suzanne remonstrated.

"Am I?" her grandmother answered. "I hope not, my dear. Where have you been this afternoon? You have torn your new frock."

"Oh, I caught it on something," Suzanne exclaimed. "It is in the plait, though, so if I fold it over—so—you'd never notice it. I'll have to go and change, though."

"Wait a moment; you have plenty of time. Suzanne, I trust you have not entered into this engagement without earnest consideration. Though Mr. Griswold is a very estimable man and has the approval of your parents, and though from the point of view of worldly advantage such a match is doubtless very desirable, it behooves you to consider your own happiness."

"Any time I don't give that little thing my earnest consideration, I'll be glad to have you call my attention to it," said Suzanne, smiling reassuringly. "Happiness means getting what you want, doesn't it? I want lots of things and they are nearly all too expensive for the Atwood family. I have always dreamt of dwelling in marble halls with all kinds of vassals and serfs, and pearl necklaces and diamonds and things, and I'm crazy to travel. Did you know Harvey was going to take me to Europe for the honeymoon? Listen, darling, if there is anybody on earth that I wish well, and whose happiness is dear to me, it is Suzanne Atwood. I'd do almost anything for her, make any kind of sacrifice for her."

"I am afraid you are a little hard and cynical, my dear," said Madam Atwood. "I suppose it's the result of modern education. In my day, if a girl had those undesirable qualities, she at least did her best to conceal them. She didn't make a parade of heartlessness. You were going to tell me what you have done this afternoon."

"Communing with Nature, dear. Meandering through the bosky lanes, culling wild flowers and all that sort of thing."

"Not unaccompanied?"

"Not entirely unaccompanied. Bill Blake was in the party, which consisted of him and me."

"He isn't a very well-mannered young man, as I think I have said before," remarked Madam Atwood, after a moment's silence. "Yet ——"

"I have told him the same thing," Suzanne broke in, "only more so."

"And yet ——"

"Exactly what I was going to say—and yet."

Madam Atwood could be wonderfully patient at times, even when Suzanne was most trying. The young woman was wearing her most trying expression at the moment. Her grandmother could remember that identical smile when, as a little girl, Suzanne had defied slipper soles and hairbrush backs. She had to be gently reasoned with when she wore that smile.

"I was going to say when you interrupted me, my dear, that there was something very likable about young Blake in spite of his occasional uncouthness and his unfortunate addiction to slang. I have not been entirely unobservant of his admiration for you, nor do I think have you been. Granting that his feeling for you may be transitory in its nature, do you think that it is fair to him to ——"

Madam hesitated.

"Yes?" queried Suzanne, still smiling.

"—— to take off your engagement ring and let him take you driving?"

Suzanne blushed.

"Grandmother, you are wonderful!" she exclaimed. "But as far as that goes, I have played fair with Bill. I did let him take me driving"—she laughed nervously—"and I didn't wear my ring, but he knows about Harvey Griswold. And now don't let's talk about it any more, please, darling. You aren't playing fair with that book. I thought we were to read it and enjoy the thrills together."

"I fear that you jest," said Madam Atwood. "Nevertheless, I find a purity of sentiment and an elegance of diction in this author that I seek in vain in our meretricious moderns. You were speaking of communion with Nature; listen to this!"

"Let's read it later," pleaded Suzanne. "I want to take a shower before I dress."

"It will occupy but a few minutes," said her grandmother remorselessly. She took up the book, a small volume beautifully bound in tinted and tooled vellum, and opening it at a mark of embroidered silk read as follows:

"'I was wont to rove from morn till eve on Liddall's flowery banks. Pleasurable woodlands, delightful scenes, endearing prospects wild—ye are congenial to my soul! I will ever remember your venerated shades and your bold projecting rocks, overhung with variegated shrubbery. Here a purling, winding, luculent, then gloomy river, in which the trout and sportive fry love to glide in wanton frolic; there the hanging woods shimmer romantically, yonder the towering mountains majestically guarding the ethereal blue expanse. Picture with these the snug cottages and delightful vales, ye soaring minds, and taste of pleasure ineffable!'"

"Lovely!" cried Suzanne. "Perfectly fascinating! And now ——"

"I have not yet finished," said Madam Atwood, and proceeded: "'Returning homeward with meditatory step, I was delightfully entertained with the sound of distant music. The hills reëchoed melodiously. Again the warbling notes floated in the dale, and again they sighed with the gentle zephyr. I walked toward the spot from whence this harmony proceeded and discovered a shepherd indolently reclined on the grass, his dog lying a few paces from him and his flock feeding on the odoriferous thyme.

"'As I approached the reclining swain I thought me of Theocritus, of Vergil, and of the poets of our own times. "Peace to their ashes," said I, "and fame to the memory of those who now chant the joys of rural happiness." "Peace and fame to their memory," rejoined the swain. "You are happy, my lad?" said I. "I live in solitude," said he. "You envy no one," said I. The shepherd looked at me mournfully. "Surely envy does not find a place in your heart," said I. "Then it does in my head," said the shepherd. "Why in your head?" said I. "I love Peggy," said the lad, "but Peggy loves not me. Or if she loves me, yet doth she bestow her favors upon Corvinus, whose flocks I tend."'"

"Oh, go on," begged Suzanne; "don't stop."

"That is all," said Madam Atwood. "It is an incident, a picture. With true art, the author leaves the reader to form his own conclusion. You must decide for yourself whether the unhappy shepherd lad prevailed upon the mercenary young woman to share his humble lot, or whether she was espoused by the affluent Corvinus."

"It depends on whether Peggy had good sense," said Suzanne, after a meditatory moment. Then she jumped up. "Well, I'll have to hurry. I expect that Harvey Griswold will be dropping in this evening."

Mr. Harvey Worthington Griswold, whatever his age was, could not have been exactly described as a young man; but it would have been more than inexact to call him old. "Middle-aged" would not have fitted him, for that term seems to imply a certain stolidity, an acceptance of the final in existence—a mental ossification or at least loss of flexibility; and Mr. Griswold did not seem to have suffered that. Pending reference to a biography, he might have been anything from thirty-five to fifty. When he had his hat on, for instance, he looked younger than when there was nothing much to conceal the top of his scalp; but then some men begin to molt earlier than others, and it was only at the very top that you noticed. His step was elastic, his carriage erect and his girth not more than properly proportionate to his good chest and shoulders; his big-nosed, lean face was unlined, except at the corner of his eyes, and these eyes were bright and clear. An outdoors man of the better sporting type, by the tan on face and hands; and his membership and activities in the Yacht Club, the Saddle and Cycle and the Athletic would have supported that theory. On the other hand, he was a member of the Union League in excellent standing, and his appearance at his office in La Salle Street was punctual and regular. H. W. Griswold & Co. That's enough, isn't it? No wonder that Mr. and Mrs. Atwood were pleased. His house, where he lived with his sister, Mrs. Dupape, was the show place of the subdivision. A widower of six or seven years' standing, but no children or complications of any sort. Mrs. Dupape would return to her villa at Cap Martin after the wedding.

"I should have thought he'd been here long before this," said Mr. Atwood, referring to his prospective son-in-law. "Didn't you say that he was coming over this evening, Suzanne? Are you ——" He turned his head and looked about the room. "Where is Suzanne?"

"She went upstairs." Madeleine, Suzanne's younger sister, a pretty little thing of fourteen, standing with reluctant feet on the verge of flapperdom, gave this information. "I told her I'd entertain Harvey when he came."

"Little girls should be seen, but not heard," reproved Madam Atwood, who, magnificent in her black silk, was enthroned in her winged chair.

"I was spoken to, grandmother," said Madeleine. She chanted:

"Speak when you are spoken to,
Come when you're called,
Shut the door after you ——

"What's the rest of it?"

"I think you are a little impertinent, my dear," said Madam Atwood. "Emma, why do you let that child wear those bracelets? Jewelry is most improper at her age. Ridiculous! Bracelets, and those beads!"

"But they all wear them, mother," replied Mrs. Atwood, frowning at her young daughter's grimace. "I don't like it myself."

"She hasn't gone to bed, surely?" queried Mr. Atwood uneasily.

He was a neat little man, inclined to worry. Particularly, he had worried about Suzanne and her future, so that her engagement to Harvey Griswold had been a tremendous relief to him.

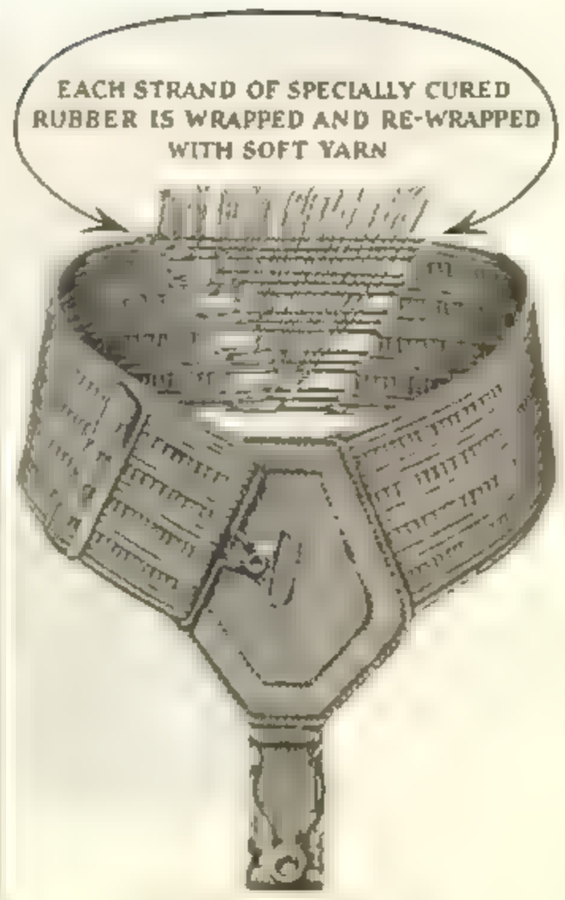
"Suzanne!" Mrs. Atwood laughed. "Why, good gracious, father!"

"Wake up, daddy, you are dreaming," said his youngest daughter. "I hope he doesn't forget to bring chocolates," she continued. "I like Harvey's chocolates better than anybody's, and he isn't stingy with them."

"In my time, flowers or a book were esteemed more delicate offerings from a gentleman to a young lady," said Madam Atwood. "I remember, Joseph, that when your father first called at our house, he brought me a nosegay of heliotrope and mignonette. It was like him, modest and unassuming, but I think orchids and roses tied with expensive ribbons would not have gratified me nearly so much."

"You just think so, grandmother," said Madeleine with an indulgent smile.

"In my time a young fellow didn't let the grass grow under his feet when he went to see his girl," said Mr. Atwood, with a note of irritation in his voice. "I wanted to ask Griswold about those Consolidated



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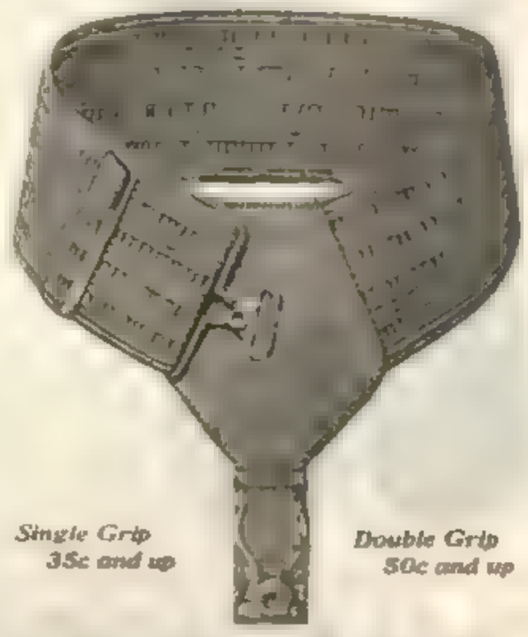

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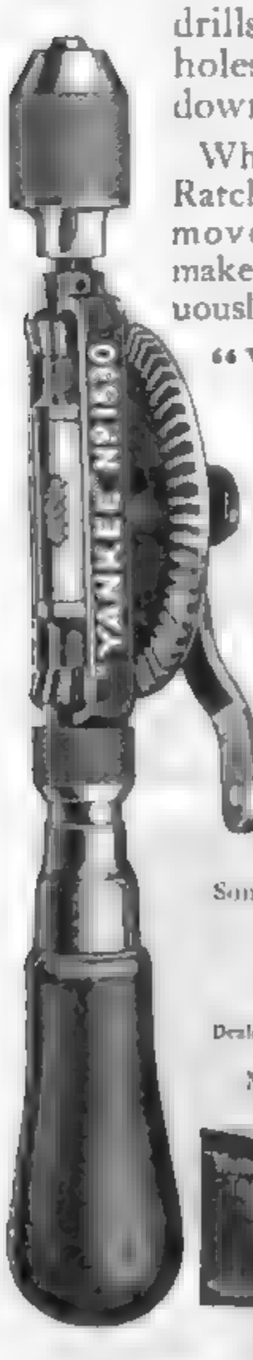

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Asphalts. The market's mighty queer. I can't make anything of it. If he would give me a tip —— Why doesn't that girl come down?"

"You promised me you'd tell me about grandfather and you when he was rushing you," Madeleine reminded her grandmother, flopping at the old lady's feet.

"Rushing!"

"Bringing you nosegays and things; and you were going to show me his picture. Won't you now, please? Pretty please, grandmother!"

Before Madam Atwood could answer, the purr of a motor and the crunch of tires on the gravel came through the open windows. Madeleine scrambled to her feet.

"Here's Harvey now," she exclaimed.

It was the laggard lover sure enough. A minute later he was greeting the Atwood family with his usual pleasant ease, unceremoniously, excepting in the case of Madam Atwood, over whose hand he bent with something of a Grandisonian gallantry. He explained that he had been kept in town by a matter of business.

"Business before pleasure," said Mr. Atwood. "And talking of business, Griswold ——"

They were still talking of business when Suzanne came in. Madeleine was disappointed. No difference whatever in her manner or in his so far as Madeleine could see. Harvey didn't even leap to his feet, but rose with the utmost deliberation and finished what he was saying to daddy in the very act of rising. And Suzanne—well, Suzanne might have been married to him a year or two instead of being newly engaged, for all the maidenly embarrassment she showed. They shook hands, and there wasn't even a lingering pressure. If there had been, Madeleine would certainly have detected it.

"Thought you were giving us a miss, Harvey."

"I wasn't sure that I wouldn't have to," he answered. "To begin with, there was a man in from Cleveland I had to see—just in between trains, so I couldn't put him off; then after dinner I was dog-tired, and on top of that I had a touch of lumbago."

"Lumbago!"

"Some sort of rheumatism. I haven't been taking as much care of myself as I should have, I guess. It may be teeth, though."

"You poor dear!" Suzanne exclaimed. "Why didn't you just phone and say you weren't coming?"

"If it is rheumatism, I have found buttermilk very beneficial," Madam Atwood told the sufferer. "I was terribly afflicted with it last year, and Mrs. Venning recommended buttermilk. She had been a martyr to rheumatism, and her doctors told her it was one of the things she must expect at her age, and she had almost abandoned hope, when a friend—was it Cherry Hammersley, Emma? I am not sure, but I think it was Cherry, although it might have been Becky Rider; now I think of it, it was Becky—Becky insisted that she should try buttermilk, and it helped her wonderfully, so I thought I would see if it might help, although I confess I hadn't much faith in it. I was really amazed at the benefit I derived. You understand, Mr. Griswold, it must be the pure buttermilk from the churn, not the manufactured buttermilk. Marks, who has a dairy farm on the Compton Road, can supply you."

"Thanks so much," said Griswold gratefully; "I will certainly try it. Marks, did you say? M-a-r-k-s? Thanks."

He carefully penciled the name on his cuff. Suzanne watched him as he did it, with a peculiarly thoughtful expression. Just then young Fred Atwood came in, and after a brief but friendly acknowledgment of Griswold's presence, beckoned his mother out of the room. Mr. Atwood followed them a moment later. Madeleine whispered in her grandmother's ear.

"It is stuffy in here," Suzanne observed. "Don't you want to sit out on the porch and get a breath of fresh tobacco, Harvey, or do you think it would be bad for your rheumatism?"

"It may be teeth, you know," Griswold reminded her. "I will take the chance."

They found chairs just outside the open French windows, and Griswold took a fat black cigar from a pigskin cigar case.

"Give me the match," said Suzanne; "I'll show you something." She snapped the match into flame with her thumb nail. "I just learned that."

Griswold held her wrist as she applied the light. The ring on her finger sparkled.

"Clever girl!" he said. "Who taught you?"

"Bill Blake," answered Suzanne.

"Clever lad!" said Griswold, and blew out the match. "But children shouldn't play with fire. Likely to burn their fingers."

"Too true!" Suzanne assented. "Ever burn yours, old dear?"

"Scorched them once or twice," Griswold admitted; "but 'all that is chucked be'ind me long ago and fur away.' I have arrived at years of discretion." He let a thick coil of smoke roll sluggishly from his mouth. "I wonder if that buttermilk is really going to do me good."

"But it may be teeth," said Suzanne.

Griswold showed a white, sound row of them.

"So you were detained by business," said Suzanne. "Saturday afternoon! Shame!"

"It it hadn't been Saturday afternoon, I might have let Bill Blake attend to it," said Griswold. "There is a promising young man, Suzanne, and one I value highly."

"And pay lowly," Suzanne suggested.

"I am beginning to think so," Griswold acknowledged. "I should not much wonder if he were promoted pretty soon."

"He has an idea of promoting himself," Suzanne informed him. "I shouldn't much wonder if you had his resignation the first thing on Monday morning, and it would not surprise me the least in the world if he drove that little feed grinder of his to Seattle to take a job that has been offered to him there. I had that on the best authority, and quite recently, Harve."

"Hm-m!" Griswold flicked the ash from his cigar. "His friends will be sorry to have him go, won't they? Rather popular, isn't he?"

"He would be more so if he weren't such a roughneck," said Suzanne. "He hasn't nice manners. Grandmother was saying so this afternoon. Slangy too. He doesn't approve of our engagement, Harve. Did I tell you that we went to Silvern Lake together this afternoon in his car—the car he is going to drive to Seattle? You don't mind, do you? Oh, I nearly forgot. I made him kiss me good-by, Harvey."

Griswold smiled faintly. If this intelligence shocked him his face didn't betray it.

"Was it hard to make him?" he asked, after a moment's silence.

"Harder than you'd think. I hope you don't mind, Harve?"

"Do you really hope so, Suzanne? Look me in the eye."

"Of course I do! I can't see your eye very plainly, but I do hope so."

"I am pretty elderly for you, you know—quite an old fellow; and then this rheumatism and all. You want to think before you tie yourself to me for life, my dear. Do you want to do that? I am asking you because ——"

"Not because you have been thinking it over yourself and you are afraid I amn't sentimental enough? You know I told you I wasn't sentimental and romantic, and it's one of the things I specially love about you that you aren't either. If you turned romantic on me I'd simply loathe you. You aren't sentimental and you're square."

"I try to be," said Griswold.

"So do I," said Suzanne. "Only it's harder for a girl, you know. Supposed to be. Anyway I've come clean, as Bill would say, and you've forgiven me, haven't you, Harve?"

"I'd forgive you anything," said Griswold. "But you won't think me unreasonable or exacting if I ask you not to make other men kiss you—after we are married, at least?"

"You are a good scout, and I promise not to try to," said Suzanne. She leaned forward. "Do you think I could induce you to—er ——"

Madeleine's voice called to them: "I don't know whether you are aware that you're in plain sight, you two!"

"Gee! I'm getting frightfully careless," Suzanne murmured. "What are you doing there, you two?" she inquired, raising her voice a little. "Where are the rest?"

"Father and mother are in the library; Fred's gone up to his room. He's been pinched for speeding again, and father says he's not going to pay any more fines and he can just go to jail. Grandmother's telling me about Grandfather Atwood when he was courting her. You ought to be in on it. It's good! Go on, gran. Excuse me. It's good! Go on, gran. Excuse me."

"If you aren't sufficiently interested ——" they heard Madam Atwood say.

"Why, I'm crazy about it," said Madeleine. "But did you see Suzanne? Never mind. . . . So he did consent at last?"

"Let's listen," Suzanne whispered to Griswold.

They had no difficulty in hearing. Madam Atwood spoke with remarkable distinctness.

"Yes," she replied to Madeleine's question, "he consented at last, though reluctantly. It was a rather painful interview. I said to him, 'Dearest father, Mr. Hackerley inspires me with sentiments of the most profound respect. I esteem him highly and appreciate his sterling qualities, but I do not love him. It grieves me to the heart that you should consider me undutiful, but I cannot marry him. On the other hand, if you forbid me to marry Joseph, I must, as your daughter, obey you, but I shall be most unhappy, believe me.'"

"Were you kidding him?" asked Madeleine.

"Kidding! Do you mean joking? Indeed, I was very much in earnest. I could not, even to please my dearest father, contract a matrimonial alliance with a gentleman forty years my senior. Joseph—your grandfather—contrived to send me a billet urging a clandestine meeting, but that of course I denied him."

"Why?" asked Madeleine.

"I am surprised that you should ask me that question, my dear," said Madam Atwood. "Such a meeting would have been highly improper."

Madeleine coughed and looked over at the window.

"Still, I don't believe that my father would have abated his determination had it not been for the intervention of Mr. Hackerley himself, who, with a chivalry and kindness that was far beyond my expectation, resigned his pretensions and actually pleaded Joseph's cause."

"How perfectly sweet and lovely of him!" exclaimed Madeleine. "I think he was just noble, and after you had turned him down so hard! Grandmother, you won't mind if I ask you—but did you call him Joseph when you were together, you know?"

"Certainly not," replied Madam Atwood; "not before we were formally affianced, at least. I called him Mr. Atwood."

"How funny!" remarked Madeleine.

"There is nothing more to relate," said Madam Atwood. "When my dear father had given his consent and our betrothal had taken place, we were, of course, permitted to see each other with comparative freedom. Your grandfather was invited to dine with us every Sabbath, and on any social occasion such as a ball, or when my mother and I attended a play, he was allowed the privilege of escorting us."

"Gee!" exclaimed Madeleine, unguardedly and with fervor.

"Madeleine, you shock me," said her grandmother reprovingly.

"How long were you engaged, grandmother?"

"For only a year," replied Madam Atwood. "My parents considered that too short a period, believing that we should both have time to acquaint ourselves with each other's dispositions before taking the irrevocable step of marriage; but Joseph, your grandfather, was impatient."

"Didn't they have divorce then?" asked Madeleine.

"I presume that then, as now, there were divorces; but there was not then the laxity of opinion concerning them that unhappily prevails at this day and age," replied Madam Atwood. "Furthermore, well-conducted young women would not even have mentioned such a subject."

Madeleine ignored that.

"They wanted to give you a chance of knowing each other thoroughly, so they let you see each other once a week and sometimes even oftener?" she commented.

"Yes," said her grandmother, seriously. "And if parents were equally wise nowadays we should hear of fewer hasty and ill-considered unions. We were married on the eighteenth of June, 1856."

"What did you wear?" asked Madeleine with interest.

Madam Atwood opened one of the square, faded, red cases that were on the table beside her.

"There," she said. "That was taken a month after our wedding, and I wore that same dress to a ball the evening of the day that I heard Mr. Lincoln make a speech in favor of Mr. Frémont. Your grandfather was very indignant at some of the arguments that Mr. Lincoln advanced. At that

(Continued on Page 54)

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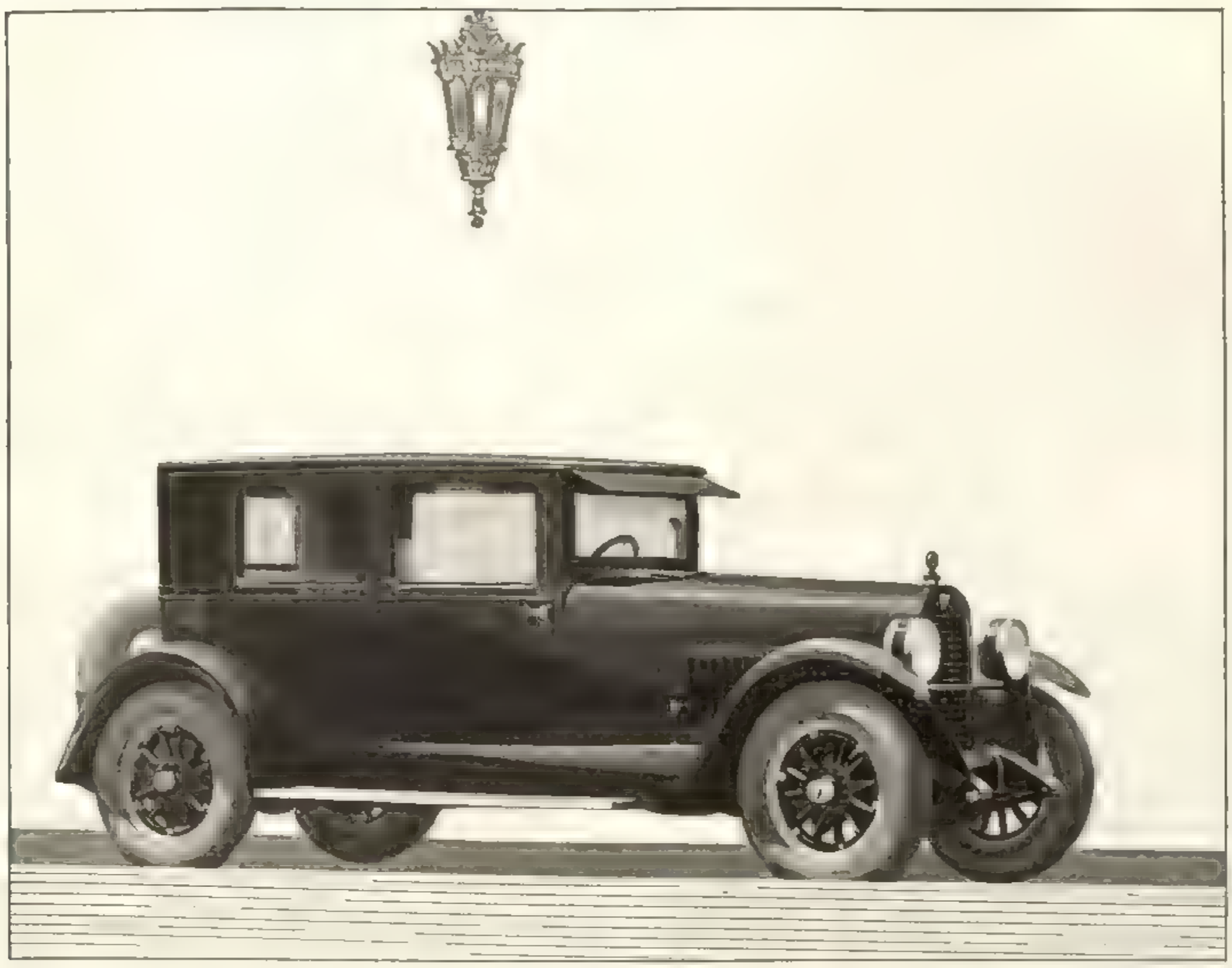

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So Why Buy an Open Car?

(Continued from Page 52)

time he was a strong Buchanan man himself, and ——"

"Oh, that crinoline!" interrupted Madeleine. "Why did you wear that funny thing across your forehead, grandmother?"

"The fillet? They were worn then. I think that if your hair ——"

"They were very becoming," Madeleine hastened to say. "Was grandfather's coat as blue as that?"

"Bluer than that," said Madam Atwood. "The picture is faded."

"Blue coat and yellow trousers!" Madeleine gasped.

"They were nankeen, my dear. He always wore nankeen in those days. That waistcoat was embroidered by hand; some of the embroidery was in gold thread—pure gold; it was very handsome. And now, my dear, I think I shall retire, and you may come with me and fasten my windows."

"Isn't she a wonder?" said Suzanne when the door had closed behind her grandmother and her sister. "Would you have believed she was so romantic, and did you notice how steadily she ignored us? Acted as if we weren't within a hundred miles. Wouldn't even say good night for fear of embarrassing us. I wish you could have seen those daguerreotypes. Funny old things!"

"Quaint," said Griswold absently.

"'Quaint' is eminently correct. But mother says she and grandfather hit it off pretty well together just the same. I never saw him. What are you thinking about, Harve?"

He shot a keen glance at her.

"Many things," said he. "For one thing, I was wondering if that wasn't a story with a purpose."

"Grandmother's? I am inclined to believe that it was."

"And not altogether and solely for your sister's benefit?"

Suzanne's eyes danced as she nodded.

"You had more on your mind than that, though."

"I wondered —— I think I won't go on, Suzanne."

"Awkward, isn't it, old dear? Did you wonder if it had touched my callous heart? Perhaps it did. Go on, take another plunge."

Griswold smiled and shook his head. He was looking at her hands now. She was sliding her ring up and down her finger.

"You men!" Suzanne exclaimed. "No nerve whatever. Well, we'll drop the subject. Are you glad I'm going to marry you, Harvey?"

"Tremendously."

"You don't say that fervently enough. Are you glad I was honest with you and confessed about Bill?"

"Very! Especially if you didn't know that I drove past you and Bill this afternoon and saw what you confessed to."

"I wasn't at all sure. It was Bill aroused my suspicion. Bill's motto is 'Tell 'em nothing!' He didn't tell me, and I couldn't have sworn to you or the car. Bill just said there were two guys in it, and that got me to guessing, because the one thing I could swear to was that one of the guys was a guyess. But Bill wouldn't have considered it sporting to mention it if he recognized you, and I'm sure now that he did."

"It was Mrs. Erroll," said Griswold composedly. "You met her at my house, you remember?"

"I remember," said Suzanne. "A widow, isn't she? She's lovely, too. Your sister said she was an old flame of yours. You are quite sure that you wouldn't sooner marry her than me?"

"Absolutely," replied Griswold firmly. "Are you equally sure that you wouldn't sooner marry Bill Blake?"

"Brace yourself for a shock, Harvey," said Suzanne. "Ten minutes ago I'd have lied like a lady and told you that I wouldn't; but now, in view of your sudden attack of rheumatism and other infirmities, and your kind intention to promote William, and all the rest of it, and as you haven't the nerve—no, I won't say that; you're a dear and a lamb and an angel, and I know it's just out of consideration for me; so, as I haven't any consideration for anybody but myself ——"

She rose.

"Dear Mr. Griswold, you inspire me with the highest respect and esteem, but I cannot bestow my hand where my heart can never be. Take back your ring, I beg."

It glittered between her thumb and finger. Griswold took it and, bending, kissed the little outstretched hand.

"But I don't believe I want to take it after all," he said, with a rueful sort of smile.

As they walked together to Griswold's car a few minutes later, the sight of them would have warmed Mr. Atwood's anxious, fatherly heart.

Suzanne was clinging to Griswold's arm, and he had a hand over both hers; and they walked very slowly, and spoke almost in whispers.

"I'll see him tomorrow morning and plead your cause," said Mr. Griswold, referring to Mr. Atwood. "Don't you worry, my dear. I'll put Bill's prospects in a nice, rosy light, and you can tell Bill to tear up that resignation of his. Leave it to your Uncle Harvey."

"I believe I'll reconsider after all," said Suzanne, squeezing his arm. "You're too good to lose. Give me that ring again."

"Too late!" chuckled Griswold. "You'll have to put up with a chest of silver."

"Sweet thing! But listen, Harvey; forget the rosy light. It's lovely of you, but Bill wouldn't want it. He's an independent idiot, and I wouldn't let him give up Seattle even if he were willing to."

"Why?" asked Griswold, with a foot on the running board of his car.

"I'm crazy to travel," said Suzanne, "always was and well, I'm going to take that overland trip with Bill."

PROFESSOR, HOW COULD YOU!

(Continued from Page 19)

him learn his own lesson in his own way. Do you promise, cross your heart?" I made him the promise and felt relieved to know that I was not entirely penniless.

Mr. Jackson continued, but no longer in his manner of stern playfulness. "Now listen, Bill ——" he was beginning, but I did not relish this sobriquet and resolved to corrode in him moderately.

"I will," I said, "as a mark of confidence, tell you that my Christian name is Algernon."

He emitted a gasp of astonishment, and said, "There, now, wouldn't you know it? You couldn't be named anything else, could you? All right, Al, and I want to say that, for all I have existed for years, I never really lived until I met up with you. I ask you to believe this on my word of honor as a British officer. But meantime I again ask you to listen while I try to get some sense into that run-about bean [quick mind] of yours." I saw he was serious, and, although even then I doubted him to be a British officer, I prepared to listen.

"In the first place, that central-office bird may have located us. As I came out of the hock shop with that plunder I saw him in the distance coming my way. I beat it for the corner, turned and lingered in the first hallway and, sure enough, he come by in about one minute straining his silly head up to look into the crowd beyond him. Some day that bird is going to suffer a lot from me, but of course I couldn't pull anything there. I let him go on, then ducked out and went the other way, quirting myself a-plenty. And I made this dump without sighting him again. But it looks serious. I wouldn't put it past him to be here any minute with a couple of bulls [companions] to make a pinch. But I'm going to stand by you, Al. I don't know what your gunplay was about, and don't want to know. If you knocked off a couple of guys I don't need to be told they was needing it. I know you never pulled a trigger you wasn't justified in pulling."

"It was wrong of me to pull that trigger in Richard's kitchen," I protested.

"Never mind that, and don't try to tell me anything. All I want to do is get you out of here before they nab you. So first I'm going to change that map for you." I looked about, but could perceive no map in the apartment. "I mean your face," explained Mr. Jackson. "Just now it's a face no one but a mother could love, but this smart plain-clothes boy saw right through it, so I'm going to make it harder for him."

Saying this he unrolled one of the bundles on the bed, took from it the apparatus for shaving, and was presently stropping a razor. When he had done this he took a pitcher and was gone, returning a moment later with hot water. Preparing a lather he directed me to rub it well into my stubble of beard, and this he kept me doing for a long time. "The more you rub the less it'll feel like your rind was coming off," he explained. When all was to his satisfaction he bade me seat myself in the chair and bend my head back, whereupon he took his razor and began to shave my face. I was at once glad I had rubbed in the lather so well, because even now the process was painful in the extreme. Either Mr. Jackson was not a skilled barber or his blade was imperfect. More than once I flinched when my skin was cut. Mr. Jackson handsomely acknowledged his ineptness, saying, humorously, that his rightful place was out at the stockyards, but he at length finished the task and stanched the blood flow in the several places needing it.

Then he exclaimed, "There, it makes you look at least twenty minutes younger," and, cautioning me to remain as I was, he brought a bottle from the bed and began to apply what I believed to be a healing lotion. He was thorough in this, applying it even to the lids of my eyes after he had directed me to close them.

"So far, so good," he remarked, surveying me as an artist might his canvas. "Tomorrow I'll second-coat you." He then rummaged among his curious belongings on the bed and affixed to me something I took to be a close-fitting cap, after which he demanded that I regard myself in the mirror.

I looked, and received a shock. I had known full well that the lines of my face would be unfamiliar, they having been hidden for thirty years, but I had not been prepared for the other effects my companion had achieved. My face was darkly stained and on my head was a raven wig of coarse hair falling in two braids before my shoulders. Needless to say, I would not have known myself; not a lineament was familiar and I seemed of another race.

"Heap big Injun!" exclaimed Mr. Jackson, as if pleased with his handiwork, and I saw that I did indeed resemble one of our aboriginal redmen with high cheekbones and a nobly jutting nose.

"Chief Ugwalalla!" again exclaimed Mr. Jackson in delight, and ordered me to remove my clothing. When I had done this he brought me other garments, trousers of fringed buckskin, a shirt of the same, profusely beaded in blue and white, an elaborately feathered headdress and moccasins, all of which he insisted that I don. To please the honest fellow—albeit a little hesitantly—I did so, and again surveying myself in the glass I was compelled to admit that my effect was rather tremendous, especially after I received the long-stemmed pipe which Mr. Jackson filled with tobacco and lighted for me.

"Now," my companion astonishingly said, "I want you to perform for this crowd of palefaces the sacred medicine dance of the Ugwalallas." I understood that his reference to a crowd of palefaces was more of his somewhat cheap humor, but I saw that he was serious about the dance, so I had to protest that I had made no studies of the customs of this or any other tribe of our Indians and could not oblige him.

"Nonsense!" he retorted. "Lift your feet up quick like you was standing on a hot stove and go round in little circles." Wishing to please, I tried this and soon received applause for my efforts.

"You'll do it!" he cheered. "You got the step, and now you must grunt in time with the dance this way." And Mr. Jackson himself proceeded to dance, accompanying himself with guttural ejaculations, partly like grunts and somewhat like the lowing utterance of our domestic bull.

"Do it that way," he urged, and now from the bed he lifted a banjo and began to beat time on its drumlike head. To this I stepped the dance and reproduced the sounds he had made as best I could. When I finished, in a profuse perspiration, he clapped me heartily on the shoulder with "Fine, Al! You're the best Indian this side of Indianapolis. And remember you don't know a word of English; all you can say of it is 'Ugh, ugh! Me heap big chief!' Go on, say it."

"Ugh, ugh," I repeated, "I am a heap big chieftain."

"No, no—nothing like it!" My companion here betrayed his first real impatience with me. "You said it like a d——d professor. Now, like this: talk it way down in your stomach, and for Pete's sake don't say 'I am a big chieftain.' Even the little tots would give you the laugh. Now then—'Ugh, ugh, me heap big chief!'"

As best I could, then, I rendered the silly phrase, and after repeated effort and under severe correction I finally achieved the tone and diction he strove for.

"That's enough lesson for tonight," he said at last, "so now let's eat." Whereupon he placed on the dresser top some tins of sardines—fish's pups, he quaintly termed them—a loaf of bread, some cheese, a fruit pie and a bottle of milk, and we ate as we stood there, he explaining that it would have been unwise to venture out for food, even in my present perfect disguise. He had, it seemed, formed a deep respect for the sleuthing skill of our pursuer and would take as few risks as possible until we were beyond the reach of his cunning.

When we had eaten, Mr. Jackson rolled a cigarette with tobacco and paper, took up his banjo and, sitting on the bed to tune it, was presently singing in a rough but not unpleasant voice. They were songs I had not before heard; many of them seemed trivial indeed, full of meaningless exclamations which he delivered with painful grimaces. After I had listened to a few of these I commended his skill upon the instrument but said that my own preference in songs was for something a bit more serious, something with perhaps more purpose than the ones he had sung. He strummed idly upon the banjo, and at first I fancied he had not heard my criticism, yet presently he glanced up, his fingers still causing twinkles of notes to sound, and remarked, "Naturally you would prefer something serious; it's just like you. Well, how about this one?" And he began another song in a higher key which was quite effective and intended, I saw, to be rich with pathos, as it ran:

"A young man was on trial for the stealing of a hack,
He had been caught red-handed and for him it did look black.
But when his dear old mother heard her son was back in jail,
She hastened to the court room—she looked so white and pale."

The recital continued rather effectively to the mother's final appeal to the gruff judge not to make her boy a felon. I saw it must be a folk song, crudely worded and forthright, like many of the old English ballads, and my applause was sincere.

Mr. Jackson acknowledged this simply, saying, "I was sure that would touch your heart, Al." But he did not sing again. After idly fingering his instrument for some moments he suddenly glanced up at me and said in an odd voice, "Boy, you don't know it, but you are half owner in one of the sweetest little two-man medicine shows west of Pittsburgh."

VI

THE following day proved to be rich in educational values, bringing me, as it did, in closer touch with the curiously patterned personality of Mr. Jackson and enlarging my apprehension of the novel enterprise in which we were about to engage. "A show of medicine" had somehow suggested merely the laden shelves of an apothecary, whereas I was to learn that it meant something vastly different in the racy vernacular of my companion.

I slept soundly in a bleak chamber across the hall, adjoining one occupied by the youth called Harold, Mr. Jackson conducting me to it and extracting a promise that, should this lad arouse me in the night and suggest another jolly game of shells, I would instantly scream for help. Happily I was not disturbed and came to our breakfast after a reviving rest. We ate again from the dresser, having the remains of our overnight food and a pot of coffee which Mr. Jackson had rustled [obtained] below stairs from the woman conducting the lodging house. When we had done I was second-coated with the stain, and after my wig was adjusted I felt an assurance that neither

(Continued on Page 59)

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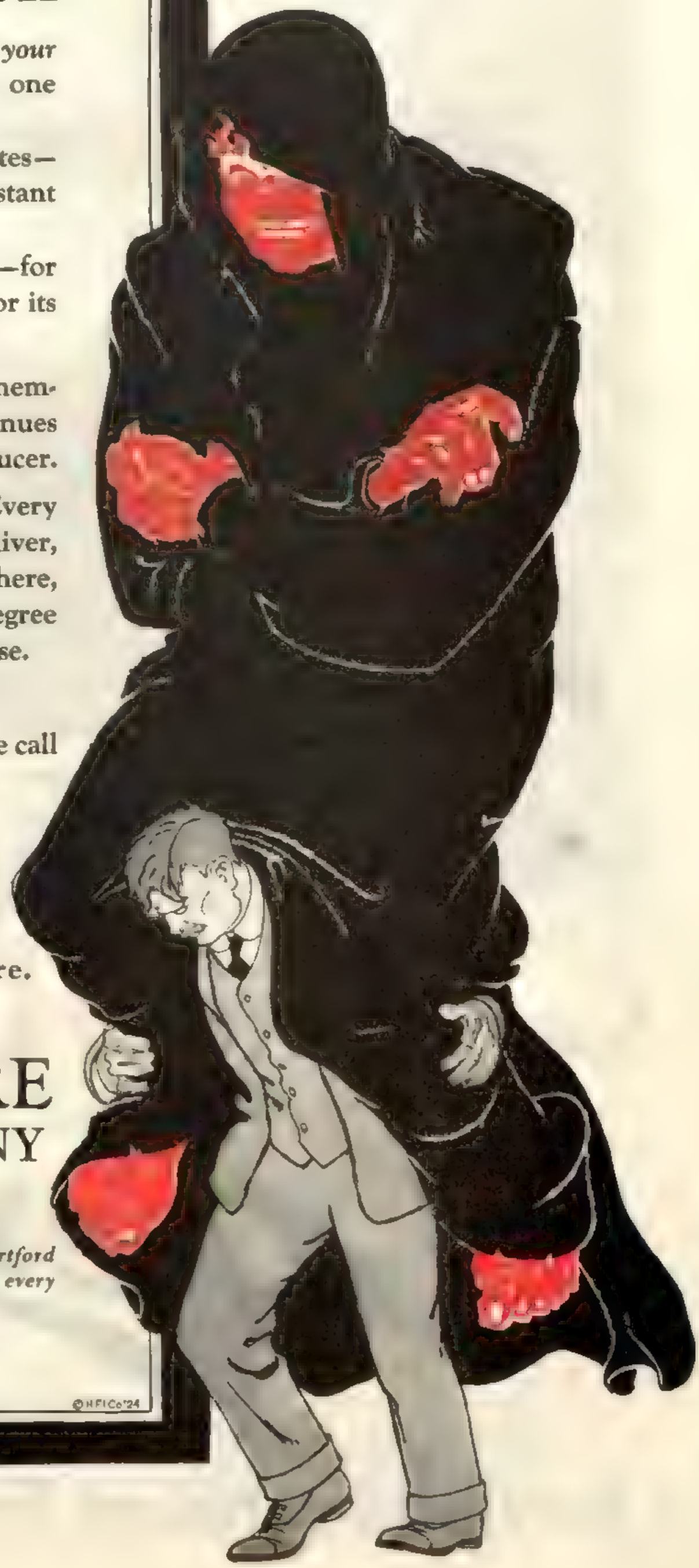

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FOUR-SQUARE HOUSEHOLD TOOLS

(Continued from Page 54)

Mrs. Copplestone nor even the repulsive but keen-eyed Meigs could take me for anything but the aboriginal I seemed to be.

Mr. Jackson, too, seeming to find my disguise satisfactory, now acquainted me with our plans and mode of travel. He was the owner, it appeared, of a motor car, which he described as a tin Elizabeth, held by a neighboring garage as security for a bill of repairs. This bill he would pay and, after making some necessary purchases and getting all in readiness, we two would leave the city as soon as night had fallen. I was not in the meantime to venture from the house, lest my whereabouts be revealed to the detective. By midday, as we ate our buffet luncheon, Mr. Jackson, having made two shopping expeditions, informed me that all went well. The detective had not been encountered, to my companion's professed annoyance, because he now meant, should the meeting occur on a side street, to soak [assail] him and thus perhaps discourage his officious meddling.

It was at odd moments during the day, as now, when we chatted after luncheon while Mr. Jackson smoked his cigarette, that I came to a better appreciation of this strange man and the lifework that had become for him almost an obsession. He had, it seemed, many years previous while traveling among the famed Rocky Mountains, saved the life of an aged Indian chief, who in gratitude revealed to him the formula for a wonderful potion that almost miraculously cured a wide range of ailments. Though compounded of simple herbs and barks, the secret of its preparation had been jealously guarded by the aged chief until the gallant behavior of Mr. Jackson melted his stoicism. Before imparting the priceless formula, however, the chieftain obliged my companion to swear that he would devote his remaining years to putting the remedy within reach of all white sufferers.

The oath had been kept. I could not doubt this as my companion in narrating the incident became really impassioned, rising to heights of oratory that I found truly affecting, while his dark eyes glowed with the earnest, almost fanatic light of one dedicated to the relief of human misery. Indeed, I now assured myself that beneath his theatrical exterior, his at times almost flippant manner, his infelicities and obscurities of speech, his ballads of an inconsequent and often frivolous type—there beat a heart of gold. As to these songs of his, to be sure, I presently learned that he condescended to them merely as a means of engaging the herd, many of whom, although needing his potent herbal compound, would yet be repelled by worthier music, and so lose the chance of a lifetime.

For in a very literal way Mr. Jackson had kept his promise to the aged chieftain. Again and again urged by wealthy investors to form a company which would manufacture and market the remedy in large quantities, he had foreseen that this step would inevitably result in a deterioration of the compound. Though the formula was simple as to ingredients, their assembling required the nicest care, and he, loyal and forthright soul, had steadfastly resolved that the standard should not be lowered—this at sacrifice of the immense fortune inevitably his, had his conscience permitted him to sanction factory methods and quantity production.

Now, too, I learned how my friend had become reduced to the plight in which I found him the day before. His former sidekick [business associate] had been an Indian named Rafferty, who in a near-by town had fallen from a wagon and also become intoxicated to a point where he had sought to avenge the wrongs of his people upon a crowd gathered for the purpose of listening to the songs of Mr. Jackson—for the man, it seemed, sang in public on his journeys like a troubadour of old. In his maniacal inebriety the Indian had severely wounded several bystanders before Mr. Jackson and others could overpower him, and was later, after some days in the alcoholic ward of an institution, confined for a period of six months in a hoosgow [sanitarium]. All this had entailed legal expense in order to save Mr. Rafferty from a trial for attempted homicide and perhaps a greatly longer period of confinement. Before the proceedings were over Mr. Jackson had not only expended all his surplus but been forced to part with many of his more intimate belongings.

"Poor old Mike," he said as he ended the account. "He was as good an Indian as I ever worked with while he stayed on the wagon. But let him get a few jolts [glasses of the wrong kind of hooch [liquor] and the wrongs of Ireland got between him and his work. The least remark from some gink [person] in the crowd would set him off. And I never did get back the tommyhawk he worked with. They took it for evidence. And they still got it. But at that, we come off lucky."

This showed the genial optimism of my friend, it being his way to look on the bright side of any calamitous happening. His money gone and his car held for a repair bill, he had cheerfully searched for another side-kick with a modest capital, and though not a religious person he regarded his meeting with myself as nothing short of providential. Later I asked why Mr. Rafferty, an Indian, should have been incensed by the wrongs of another people, only to learn that it was a great kindness of heart unable to brook oppression wherever found. Such being the man whose place I had to fill, I resolved to put forth my best efforts. The work was a worthy one, and its object—the relief of human misery—would excuse the masquerading deception I was about to practice. Also, I did not forget, it would put me beyond the impish attentions of the detective, Meigs.

The remainder of our day was a time of bustling preparation for what my companion termed our get-away. He was constantly remembering new purchases that must be made or articles to be retrieved from the loan offices where trifling sums had been advanced on them. Such was his distraction, it was not until late in the afternoon that he bethought himself of his stock of the magic remedy which he must procure from a chemist who would compound it under his personal supervision. Later he informed me that the stuff had been obtained and loaded in the tin Elizabeth. On this trip, also, he regained possession of a portmanteau of clothing and several striking pieces of jewelry; a watch, a chain of heavy golden links to which was attached, as a charm, a huge nugget of pure gold from a mine he had once nearly owned, a scarfpin in the form of a beetle fabricated from brilliants, and a finger ring set with a stone of great luster which must have been worth a considerable sum. These ornamental items restored to his equipment, with an effect noticeable yet not repellent, as it might have been in a creature of less vital power, Mr. Jackson was far from being the victim of melancholy I had found him when he suffered nostalgia at beholding prairie dogs.

He was now uplifted, and prophesied a rosy future for us both.

At six o'clock he returned from his final trip, announcing that all was ready for our start. He brought with him the materials for our supper and we ate most enjoyably.

Our repast over, Mr. Jackson, having made and lighted his cigarette, informed me that at a certain period of the lecture which he delivered he would speak some words to me in the Indian tongue to which I must respond in the affirmative, after which he would announce to his crowds my willingness to address them briefly in my native language concerning the merits of the curative he offered. I failed at first to get his meaning, because he well knew that I was ignorant of the Indian language, but it seemed that all this talk would be a deception, though justified, indeed, by the end in view. Without difficulty I learned the few guttural syllables to signify my acceptance of the invitation to speak, but he and I were for some moments at a loss for my address which was to follow. This would last not more than three minutes, said my tutor, and might be reduced to two, but I must devise a fashion of vocables for it that would be unintelligible yet seem to be in the redman's tongue.

"Can't you fake something?" suggested Mr. Jackson at last. "You know—just some sort of gibberish—ugly wugly monomombush kashawatskie, so on and so on; just do a spiel, but do it with real acting so the hicks [suburbanites] will think they're getting the real gazukus [authentic speech]."

Anxious to please, I tried this device, but found myself awkward at it. I could, in truth, assemble meaningless syllables, but I found their repetition would be purely mechanical; I could warm them with no passion. And this rather piqued me because—I who have lectured for thirty years may say it without vainglory—I have ordinarily an effective platform presence and my delivery is conceded to be not unimpressive. But though I tried again the meaningless jumble, finding it still cold, I had a flash of inspiration.

"Eureka!" I cried. "Why not address the hicks in a real language, yet one they could by no possibility comprehend? By doing this, by quoting remembered vigorous passages, I could infuse into them a warmth that would, with the unlearned, cause them to pass for superb gazukus."

"As how?" demanded my friend, somewhat skeptical, I could perceive. "You couldn't spring Dutch or Swede or Wop out in these kerosene camps [settlements of less than three thousand population] because you'd get the horselaugh [be derided] in a split second [immediately]."

I was most enjoyably thrilled by this speech. For two days I had been, not unwillingly, looking up to the man; now he must look up to me.

"My dear fellow," I said, and I saw him wince under the lash of my superior manner, "I am surely not so green, as you would call it in your slang, as to suppose a modern language would not be understood hereabouts. What I meant was ——" And to his utter confusion I dashed into a Vedic hymn that I chanced to remember, intoning it rather well, I have no doubt, since it is a thing I have liked.

Before I had half done I saw the good fellow's eloquent face suffused with a glow of amazed admiration. Bursting into hearty applause, he leaped up and shook my hand.

"Professor," he exclaimed joyously, "I got to hand it to you! You sound more like an Injun than any I ever heard." He regarded me wonderingly. "Is it a real language—on the level?"

"One of the oldest," I assured him. "Or perhaps you would prefer ——" And I did him a medley of Greek iambics. Again he was overjoyed, and assured me that this, too, was skookum [gazukus].

It might be an unworthy emotion, but I was distinctly aware of not being displeased that I had won the man's admiration and even a certain measure of awe. It was as well, I considered, that he should suspect me to be, in my own world—the real world of intellectual affairs—a person not without weight. For some time he listened in a trance of delight, as I recited various fragments of verse or prose in tongues strange to him yet quite obviously gazukus.

"You know, Al," he said impressively at last, "I can make something out of you. This is serious. You don't want to be a down-and-outer all your life, do you? All right, then; stick by your Uncle Cedric and he'll have you sitting pretty. There's a lot of ways I could put you over. Say I'm doing a hypnotic act and have you for a horse. You're just a bum [mental defective] I pick out of the crowd, and Pete knows you can look the part without any trouble. I put you under control and have you spouting Greek and Latin and Swiss and all them college lingos in no time, and I get a professor to keep tabs on you and tell the crowd you're on the level—say! I can see good takings ahead once we get beyond the scene of your late crimes." He stopped to regard me with an approval in which I could feel a genuine liking. "Stick by me, old bean [friend] and I'll have you on your feet again."

At this I thanked him warmly, his intention was so plainly benevolent. I thought, however, that to play the part of an Indian would tax my histrionic powers. I was not yet ready to masquerade as a horse, nor did I ask how any reasonable semblance to one could be achieved.

"I am sure, Mr. Jackson," I said, "that you have my best interests at heart, and I, for my part, will endeavor to succeed in any rôle you allot me, perhaps some day even in that of a talking quadruped."

"Only you got to lay off the booze [alcoholic liquor]," he insisted. "Just remember this—no booze fighter ever won a decision."

Now I had already once or twice assured him that I was not a dipsomaniac, but as he seemed set in the contrary belief I merely promised him that I would at no time indulge in stimulants to excess, and on this we shook hands. Even then I could see that my friend still doubted the fiber of my resolution. It showed in his look. Somewhat vexed, I sharply told him, "And, though you remain incredulous, I reiterate that never in my life have I been a victim of drink."

Scanning my face keenly he seemed at last convinced, but flew to another conclusion that quite mystified me. "Well, maybe it is not the demon rum," he granted; "in fact with all this talk of yours about a

criminal record you sound a lot more like something else, so promise me this; promise me to lay off the stem or else roll them small."

This was obscure, but I saw it would save time, so conceded the unmeaning assurance.

"Promise," he went on, "not to hitch up the faithful old reindeers and drive out into a snowstorm."

"I promise even that," I said again, it being plain from his serious manner that I was being asked to forgo some deleterious indulgence.

"Well, I got to trust you," he allowed, "but remember also that I will be riding herd on you." And with these mysterious words we ceased to discuss the supposed reasons for a man of perhaps unusual attainments being in my present position. I saw this simple soul could not be made to understand how one might so ardently long to escape from an environment grown intolerably irksome that he would abandon all former standards of living and seek to lose his identity in the dark purlieus of the underworld.

Throughout that day, although my companion had been much in the streets, he had caught no glimpse of our detective, so it was agreed that we had at last baffled him. This being so, Mr. Jackson decided that we might safely leave at once instead of waiting until midnight as we had planned. Accordingly at ten o'clock he set off for the garage and a short time later bustled back with the announcement that all was ready.

"The old lady is downstairs, oiled, gassed, watered and pawing the ground," he said. Twice he descended with bundles and bags for the car, and when he had gathered the remaining articles for his third trip he turned to survey me. I had an old hat of his own pulled low over my wig and was enveloped in an overcoat he had provided, its collar meeting the hatbrim and leaving but a scanty exposure of my dark face. "You'll do," he declared, then opening the door he motioned me to precede him, saying, "And now, dangerous Dan McGrew, out into the icy night with you!"

With a good deal of trepidation I passed from the shelter of our doorway to the chugging motor car, more than half expecting to be confronted by the odious Meigs who would maliciously address me as Coppie and proffer me one of his cigars. So fearful was I that I went with bowed head, looking neither to left nor right, until I was seated in the car. There, permitting myself muffled glances, I perceived that my fears had been groundless. The street was deserted save for a few pedestrians in the distance, and I sat in a great relief while Mr. Jackson bestowed his remaining bundles. His car had no top and was heavily laden, the tonneau being piled high with luggage and both running boards having boxes strapped to them.

When all was to his satisfaction my companion took the driver's seat and with a low warning to keep my map [countenance, covered we got under way. It was good to breathe the fresh air again. Our apartment had been ill-ventilated, and the cigarettes of Mr. Jackson had made the place oppressive. The night was balmy, the car ran smoothly—"Not a sour note in her," said the owner—and I looked forward to a glad release from confinement. From our own street we turned without incident into another of a similar character. Mr. Jackson, although driving with care, managing constant side glances for such pedestrians as passed us.

And then, at the very moment when I felt that our pursuer had been foiled, I beheld a figure loitering on a lighted corner we approached. It was wrapped in an ulster of voluminous folds, but the straw hat with the tricolored ribbon was disconcertingly familiar, and a light rattan stick protruded from a side pocket of the ulster. All doubt was banished when the figure suddenly did an aimless little dance step, as if it had suffered from and thus relieved a fleeting spasm. Too late I saw we had slowed to make the turn at this corner, and before I could give a warning the cordially silly face of Bertrand Meigs became alive with joy. Again he executed the dance step, laughed aloud as an idiot might have, and taking the stick from his pocket waved at us what I saw to be a pennant with Fairwater in white letters on its blue background. As we turned, the loathsome creature reached for an upper waistcoat pocket as if by instinct, and the familiar gesture told me that he would a moment later have been inviting me to smoke.

"Hist!" I exclaimed, but Mr. Jackson had seen the detective and was already speeding his car. I did not look back, nor had I by the least sign acknowledged the impudent salutation of our enemy. But I was confident that he still danced on the corner and waved his pennant and cackled his senseless glee—probably held out his accursed cigar. Mr. Jackson was meanwhile speaking in the most indescribably profane manner. Even I, who seldom use an oath, was provoked out of myself. "The deuce take the fellow!" I cried.

"Now we got to look out for a pinch [arrrest]," growled my companion. "Or maybe they haven't got the goods [legal evidence] on you and will only trail us." He continued to drive at the full legal speed and perhaps a bit faster.

Without confiding to the good chap more than I wished, I could not explain that I chiefly feared our enemy because of the gossip he would purvey to Fairwater. With his present knowledge of my whereabouts made public, the Leffingwell house and my abandoned clothing would have been destroyed all in vain. And yet back in the park that first day Meigs had seemed to intimate that my secret would be guarded by him. I now concluded that what I had often suspected about this person must indeed be truth; that he was simply of a weak mind, a mental defective in short, as Mr. Jackson would put it, a bum. This would explain his impish antics at each Fairwater commencement, his offensive familiarity with faculty members, his senseless dancing, singing of college glees, leading of yells, his incessant offering of cigars, his apparent delusion that he was the spirit of our college incarnate—in short, all those insane activities that each year made him a campus pest. But, of unsound mind, he was more to be dreaded. One would be unable to calculate him.

We did not speak until we had safely reached the outskirts of the city. Here in a sparsely lighted suburb Mr. Jackson halted at the roadside and extinguished our lights, waiting to see if our tormentor would have followed. But when no car came by during the next half hour we agreed that for the time we were safe.

"Furthermore," said my companion, "I don't see how we can be located again, unless that bird is a mind reader; and at that he's got his work cut out, because even I don't know where we're going except in a general way. But I admit he's got my goat [caused him to feel annoyed]. I wouldn't be surprised to see him spout out of the ground in front of the car there this minute. Next to you, Al, he's the hottest human surprise I ever suffered."

I now ventured to communicate my conviction that the creature was not in full possession of his faculties. To this Mr. Jackson instantly agreed. "Sure, he's a nut, [mentally unsound] but he needs cracking, all the same. All I ask is one fair chance to work on him."

We drove on. Being now where traffic was not heavy we went rapidly and I was soon forgetting the insufferable Meigs in my enjoyment of our progress. Again I was out in an open night of stars, care-free, the earth gliding by unregarded, and hampered by no petty restrictions imposed by self-appointed guardians. It was good to be off to a destination which we knew only in a general way; it gave me a sensation of pricking stimulus—enjoyed, alas! by only a superior few who dare cross the fearsome boundary of that fourth dimension. I was conscious of wishing that Jessup might hear a certain far-off brazen bell and even through the distance know the hand that clanged it.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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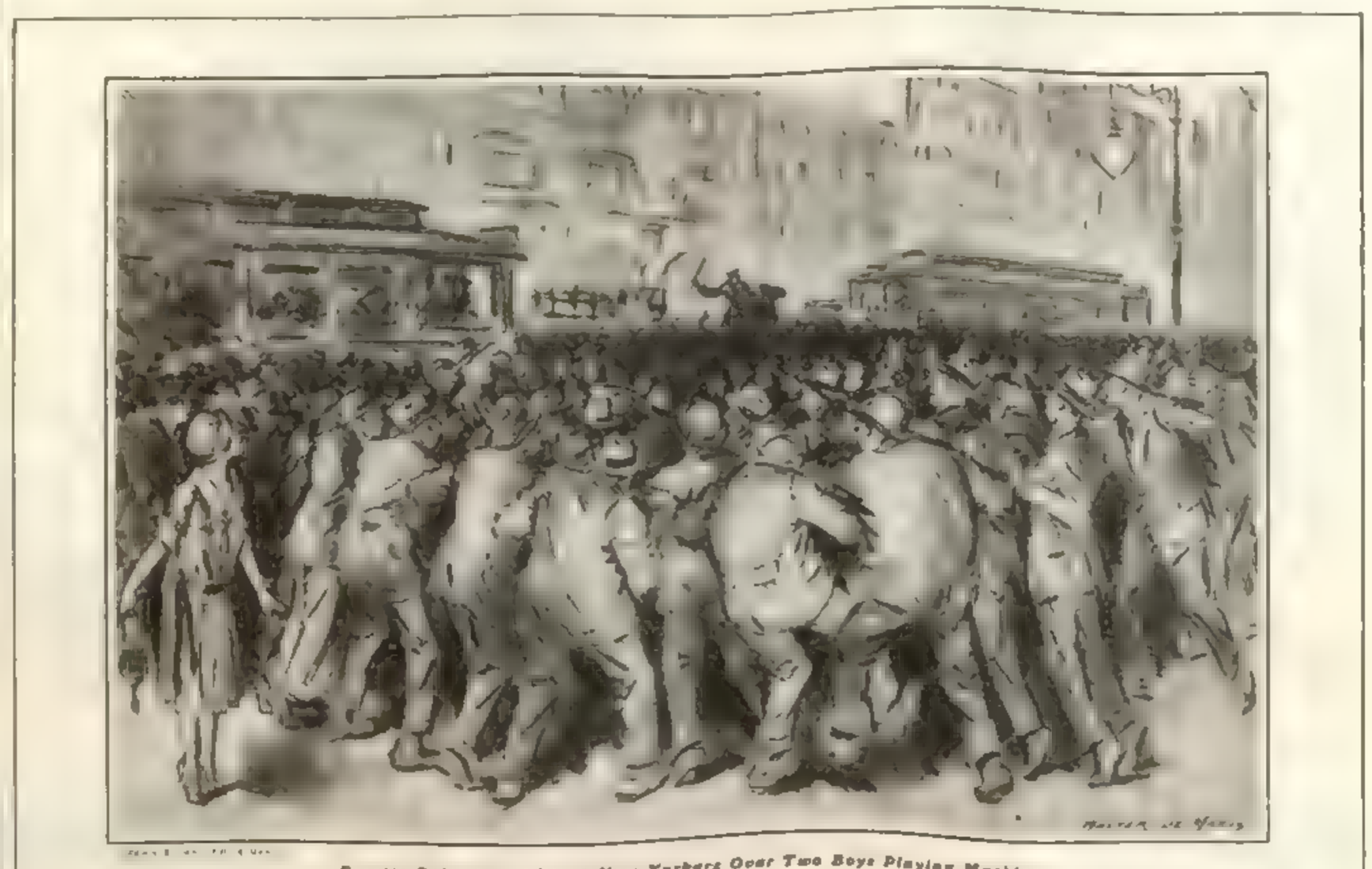

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THE QUEEN MAKER

(Continued from Page 15)

"Take off the hat," he ordered, "and the coat." Carmichael took them away. "Bon, bon! Now I can see the body. The face is good, but if the body is bad ——" His hands spoke the unutterable.

Studying Carlotta, he grasped his face in one hand, resting his elbow on the other arm, spread across his chest. His brow darkened. He made strange muttering sounds. Then he darted forward and moved her chin a quarter of a foot to the eastward. Back in his original position, he seemed pleased. But a shadow came over his face. He moved to the westward, and then rushed to Carlotta and shifted her body a little to the east, following her chin. He felt of her hair, of her shoulders, her ankles. Carlotta blushed, but Carmichael was amused. He had seen men buy horses.

Berté took another long look at Carlotta, then turned his back. One hand on his hip, the other clutching the back of his neck, raising himself on his toes, lowering himself, he stood thinking, conceiving, creating. The spark flew. Clapping his hands he turned.

"I have it, mees. You are made. You shall win the prize. I have the idea."

He rang a bell, assistants rushed in, took orders, went out, sent in subassistants, turned on lights, turned them off, brought in screens. There was great scurrying. Carmichael and Becky sat on the sidelines watching, while Carlotta disappeared behind a screen, where a Frenchwoman took off most of her clothes and swathed her body in white silk. And then the assistants brought all the silks and satins and brocades in Boston, and Berté climbed up on the platform to go to work. When it was all over, Berté stood before her, rubbing his hands together as if to compliment himself.

"It will be an achievement," he said. "Mees"—and he bowed to Carlotta—"mees is an inspiration." He bowed again. Carlotta blushed. "Regard her!" Berté shouted at Mrs. Gore and Carmichael, who sat against the wall.

Berté had shouted for lights until he had what he wanted, and Carlotta stood, like a young tree in the moonlight, her body overlaid and yet revealed by draperies of clinging gold and dark shadowy chiffons. Carlotta's white neck and arms were bare. Her dark head lifted and she made with her body one of those little wriggles with which woman perfects the set of a costume, and half turning her head, she looked at herself in the mirror. She was startled. Half turning again, she looked at Carmichael, and she was more startled. He was staring at her hard, as if he had never seen her before. She stared back. He nodded, smiled and beckoned to Berté, who ran over to speak to him, and then ran back to rearrange Carlotta's hair.

"Tight there, and away from the brow," he said. "So."

Carmichael shouted "Right!"

"Splendid," applauded Mrs. Gore; "perfectly splendid. You're exquisite, my dear." She patted Carlotta on the cheek. Carmichael smiled at her.

Berté, after a few seconds of uncertainty, during which he jabbed his cheek with his pencil and exclaimed in French under his breath, promised to deliver the gown within four days. Carlotta, Mr. Carmichael explained, must rehearse in it. She must learn to walk across the stage of the Masonic Temple so that the judges would be knocked for a row of unanimous votes.

"Au revoir," said Berte, bowing them out. Having served them, now, he vowed, he could die happy.

"Awful fraud," said Carmichael on the street. "But it takes an ass to fool donkeys. Where now, old stevedora?" he said to Becky.

Carlotta was surprised. She had been awfully impressed with Berté.

"He struggles over me," Rebecca said, "long and hard. Come on, we're going home to lunch. I want you to see the children before they go to college."

The children were boys, one ten months old and the other three years, who were enshrined on the fourth floor of the Gore mansion, backing on the Charles. Carlotta had never been in such a house, she had never had her wrap taken by a manservant; she had never conceived of life on such a scale. Her dreams of a stucco house with a garage built on, and a sun parlor, shriveled into petty insignificance. The nursery took her breath away. The tall windows gave upon the sparkling river and the blue sky; there were gay curtains, white furniture and endless toys; and in the middle of so much sanitary grandeur two white-uniformed nurses sat feeding the two little Gores.

Like any little poor boys, the Gores set up a howl when they saw their mother. Evidently she was a friend. She took the baby in her arms and the elder boy climbed upon her knee. For fifteen minutes there was ordinary vulgar domestic pandemonium. Carlotta was entranced. Money could make maternity attractive; these babies were darlings, so much nicer than babies who got dirty faces. It must be marvelous, too, to have babies, and yet be able to leave them—in expert hands—comfortably remote on the fourth floor. She thought of the Hansons who lived next door to her, and their babies, who were always eating sugary bread in the gutter.

They lunched in a great dining room whose windows looked on the river. Carlotta was at ease; indeed, her calm before phenomena was a natural gift. She would be calm on judgment day. The menservants who laid food before her thought she was a somewhat shy debutante run over from New York by Mrs. Gore's brother. Mrs. Gore's brother, the butler thought, was a changeable young man.

To Carlotta it was magnificent. Each time she turned her head someone was offering her something on a silver platter; yet it was the same old food, elaborated, decorated and treated with ritualistic respect. When she faced a lamb chop on her plate she felt at home.

Mrs. Gore urged them to stay overnight.

"It's nonsense, Joe," she said. "You haven't been here for years."

"Not since last Thanksgiving," said Joe. "No, sweetie, we've got to go back. Miss Cole's mother would have the constables after me if I didn't return her safe home tonight."

Mrs. Gore wanted to ask in seventeen or eighteen people and make a night of it. The Bummy Martins would be furious, and Dot and Sam were waiting all day for her to give them a ring.

"Let them wait," said Carmichael. "I don't want to see any of those women—not today. No, Becky, you're a good little egg, but Miss Cole and me—we're going back to the big city of Springdale. The big business of promotion calls us."

They went into the library for coffee, where Rebecca continued to nag her brother.

"Well, if you won't stay, you won't. But this child would look sweet in my red chiffon."

"That child," said Carmichael, "would look sweet in anything. But I'm here in the place of her mother."

"Wouldn't you stay, Joe, under any conditions?" His sister gave him a mocking look. "Not under any conditions I could arrange?"

"No," he answered; "no. I'll be back. I've got to ring up somebody."

He strolled out, and his sister gave Carlotta one of those looks, the eyebrows up and the mouth going sideways, by which one woman conveys to another that men are zanies.

Carlotta, unaware of all that Becky knew about Mr. Carmichael, smiled. Indeed, she had smiled all through luncheon. Mrs. Gore and her brother talked so fast, so pugnaciously, that a smile was her only password. They used her as umpire for such momentous questions as "Wasn't that stupid, Carlotta?" or "I did say so, didn't I?" or "Isn't she a darned old cat?" and so forth.

"We haven't let you say a word," said Mrs. Gore.

Carlotta smiled again.

"I haven't minded," she said. "I've got so many more words left."

Mrs. Gore laughed.

"It's nice to think of, isn't it?—all the words one has, no matter how many one uses up. I'm glad there's no daily limit like the telephone." Joe strolled in. "Ah, so you're back? Have you arranged all with your broker?"

Joe nodded.

His face was screwed up excited. Some situation had been set for him. He was impatient to be off.

"Look here, can I have a car? Will you look after Carlotta? God bless you, old girl!"

"Ring, will you? Why don't we meet here for tea?"

"Right!"

He rang, and walked up and down. The servant came and went, and almost immediately Joe was gone. As he went, Carlotta caught herself looking after him; the afternoon assumed a certain blankness. She knew now it was not Boston she was reveling in so much as Carmichael's gusty presence.

She lifted her eyes to Mrs. Gore as if to say, "It's much more interesting now that he is gone." Yet Mrs. Gore, so clever at dissembling, was never fooled. If she resented that she was stranded with Joe's candidate for provincial beauty, she did not say so. She was a lady, and a homely one, who liked pretty girls.

"We have two hours to waste, Carlotta," she said. "Which would you rather do—Bunker Hill or help me buy a hat?"

Carlotta chose the hat. They had a wonderful afternoon, talking about all the things that really matter, in the disconnected way of women who must cease ratiocinating to say, "That's not bad, is it? Clever—sticking it under like that instead of sticking it out—uh-hum—but the color is rotten. No, I'd look awful in that," and so on. Then they drove out to Brookline and home by way of the Esplanade, and Carlotta thought Boston was perfectly lovely. They had tea before the fire in the sitting room upstairs, and each tried to act as if she didn't notice the lateness of Mr. Carmichael.

At 5:30—half an hour before his train went—he dashed in, gay, high-spirited. He grabbed a slice of toast, but refused tea.

"No, had it—twice. Had a lot of things." He made an enigmatic face at Becky.

"Did you see your brokers?" she asked maliciously.

"Oh, yes, invested highly. Took a plunge."

She opened her mouth a little.

"My brother is a dreadful speculator when he starts," she said. "But he never starts."

"Too many losses." He made her another face. "Well, Miss Springdale, what do you say we get on?"

He stood on the hearth rug surveying her as if she gave him infinite pleasure. Carlotta felt warm again. He raised her immensely in her own esteem by wirelessing to her his own high appraisal. He was a clever promotion man. He pointed his finger at Carlotta.

"Don't you think she's a prize winner, Beck? Better looking than any of these Pilgrim babies? No Massachusetts Bay Colony frigidity about her, is there?" Carlotta blushed. "Don't blush. Your pallor is becoming. We must paint pallor on you the night of the show. What's the formula for pallor, Beck?"

"Go along! You'll miss your train," she said.

So they went. All the way home Mr. Carmichael was in a delectable mood. He was always interested, always keen, but usually egocentric; tonight it was as if he sank his ego in Carlotta. By making her talk, watching her face as she expressed her immature yet grave convictions, he could sublimate—as some people say—the uncertain disorder that was in him.

So, all the way home, Carlotta talked as she had never talked before. She talked about her father, her mother, her friends, wrenches, even her beaus. Under analysis, Mr. Carmichael proceeded to sift them down to Steve.

"Now, Steve is a good name. Dangle him, but don't lose him. Don't marry until you have reached the plenitude of your beauty."

Carlotta wondered when that would be. She would like something different in her life, something more luxurious than nine to five at the Hedges-Hawley wrench works. Yet to marry Steve ——

"I don't want to marry a poor man," said Carlotta boldly.

"Bag some wealthy broker and extort from him the silks and perfumes that are your due."

Mr. Carmichael went on to tell about all the girls he knew who had married for money, and how awfully well everything had turned out.

When she got home her mother was sitting up for her. She wanted to know about everything; and Carlotta, although she told all, knew that she was leaving out most of it. The adventure had left its ineradicable mark upon her; it had awakened desires, opened doors, as adventures are bound to do. But she could not tell these things to her mother. She knew she was different now. As she sat in the dining room, by the table littered with sewing and newspapers, she remembered the great mirrored mahogany at which she and Mrs. Gore and Carmichael had sat while two strong men served them. And she looked upon the oak dining table which her mother so treasured—her wedding set—with ineffable distaste. A little moodily, she went to bed.

The selection of Miss Springdale was a week away. It had been a fortnight since Carmichael had begun to think about beauty in business, yet in that time and the ensuing week he accomplished much. He left no stone unthrown, no thread unpulled; with instinctive finesse, he went about Springdale rooting for Carlotta.

With the fervor of a political candidate, Carmichael joined everything—the Kiwanis, the Lions, the Rotary, the Y. M. C. A., the local Harvard Club, the Ad Club. Each Sunday he went to a different church. He joined the Plymouth Club, the Country Club, the Antibillboard League, the Neptune Boat Club and the Union for Better Cities. He signed a petition for the More Parks for Springdale Committee. He allied himself against the old city charter and for a city manager. He was heard to say that the old order must go. By talking a great deal and signing everything indiscriminately, he felt at the end of a fortnight like a founder of the city.

"Well, I'm one of your influential leaders," he told Alanson.

"I thought you looked seedy," said the cynic.

"It's a great experiment, Alanson. In each mind I leave the seed of a new thought. 'The most beautiful woman in Springdale works in the Hedges-Hawley wrench factory'—just like that." He snapped his fingers and slumped into his chair and put his feet in the window. "You should hear me, Alanson. Yesterday, Mrs. J. Weatherby Wilkes—that woman with the Christian-martyr eye—asked me to sign a petition for the purification of the city dump. I did. Before she left me, I said, 'Mrs. Wilkes, are you a believer in the onward and upward march of American womanhood?' She was—within limits. 'Then,' I said, 'Mrs. Wilkes, I want you to know about Carlotta Cole.'" He paused, exhaled a cloud of smoke and grinned. "I shan't bore you, Alanson. Mrs. Wilkes, I may tell you, is going about forming Carlotta clubs. She holds her up to all her girls' clubs as the ideal. 'Copy Carlotta' is her motto."

Alanson grinned. It wasn't true, no doubt, and yet he liked to see a pious leader like Mrs. Wilkes led astray.

"I've lost a good stenographer," he groaned. "Just when does the deification of Carlotta cease and the awakening begin?"

"In two weeks, you Swede. Tomorrow night Carlotta wins the Springdale Derby. Then on to Westdale for the intercity trials. Then you can have your jewel back." Alanson grunted.

That night, preceding the day of the Springdale show, Mr. Carmichael called for Carlotta and her mother at six to motor them down to Masonic Temple to rehearse. The workmen who were making the temple into a bower of beauty with bunting, electric lights, crêpe flowers and palms, would have gone for the night. In a large green box Carlotta carried Berté's gown, over which Mrs. Cole was ecstatic. Its intricate simplicity baffled her; as if, poor woman, she realized so many fancies which she could never possibly conceive. She waddled timidly from the house and with Mr. Carmichael's grave assistance sat down in the car. Carlotta took the front seat.

Mr. Carmichael and Mrs. Cole talked, and Carlotta sat very still, the fur robe wrapped around, her body warm, her face cut by the cold night air. She liked this, riding beside Carmichael in the dark, so swiftly, so surely. He rarely looked at her. Yet when he shifted his gears or turned a sharp corner his big fur-coated arm would press against hers firmly, sometimes almost roughly as they took a corner. Once he leaned across her and wrapped the robe

(Continued on Page 67)

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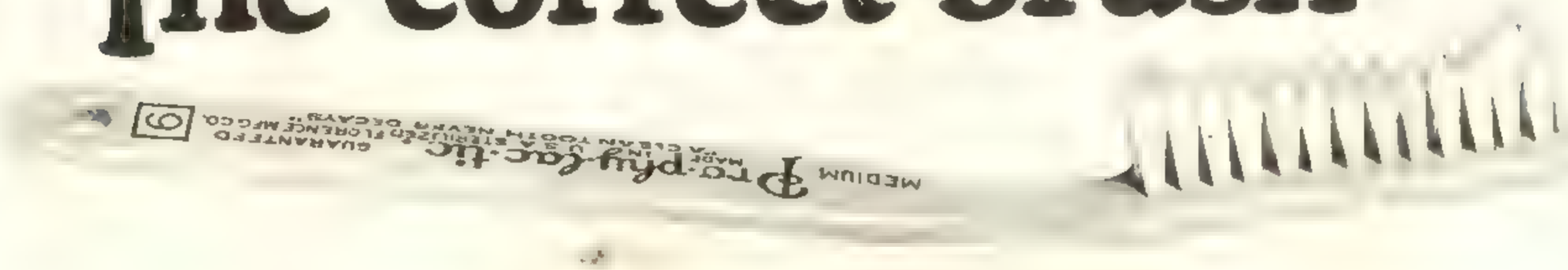

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(Continued from Page 62)

tighter, and her heart beat faster. His gray eyes, searching, yet impersonal, looked into hers, and she felt her own quiver. But he noticed nothing. Carlotta held her hands clenched and was a little frightened.

In a little waiting room off the stage Mrs. Cole got Carlotta into the gown.

"There, dearie, that's the way it goes; yes, that drape hangs down there. Oh, my, isn't it lovely? You never would believe you could get that effect that way; stand still, dearie." And so on. Dearie stood still, and finally Carmichael was called to view his candidate.

He stood in the doorway, his eyes on her. Berté had sent down to Springdale indisputable proof of his artistry. Carlotta looked very much like an Aubrey Beardsley drawing, only healthier. Her neck, like the stalk of a flower, shot up from the sheath of gold which incased her invisible but subtly suggested body. On that stalk danced her dark flower of a head, and her entrancing eyes opened to Carmichael wider and wider and wider. He was startled.

"You hurt my eyes," he said, "you're so lovely."

Mrs. Cole, who knelt on the floor, spreading out clouds and swirls of drapery, stuck her head around.

"Isn't she just sweet?" she said.

Mr. Carmichael grinned, passing his hand reflectively across the cheek.

"She is. She needs a prince. I ought to buy her a prince."

He smiled at Carlotta and walked all around her; and wherever he went, her great eyes, like those of a happy subjected doe, followed him. He liked to play with fire, but he saw now what a little girl it was he had been igniting.

Rehearsing demanded an agile foot. The scenic committee had created an effect. The candidates had to mount a platform, cross, and descend what was supposed to be the stairway in the Court of Beauty. Below them, to right and left, sat the five judges—one of them would be the mayor in a gold chair.

"You're last, Carlotta," cautioned Mr. Carmichael. "Remember, this stage is filled with jealous women. You're better-looking than any of them. They don't exist for you. Come on now, that's right. Take it slowly. Don't sway—come straight on."

She made a superb entrance. Then made it again, and then he showed her how to stand, so that her elegant looks and expensive costume might extinguish her competitors.

Mrs. Cole thought he was marvelous. He had bribed the electrician to throw special lights when Carlotta appeared. He had ordered a black carpet laid on the floor to reveal Carlotta's silver train.

"Now go home and sleep," he said to her as she paraded down for the third time. "I'll be here tomorrow night. You don't need to have another thought."

She didn't want to anyway. The next night, when she came out of the dressing room which she had shared with an ox-eyed girl representing herself to be the Spirit of Winter, Carmichael was waiting for her. His dinner coat gave tone to the entire venture. As he marshaled Carlotta and her attendant mother in a secluded corner, she imagined herself at the opera. The other girls regarded them speculatively. "Who's your swell sweetie?" their eyes suggested. Carlotta reveled in the feeling of superiority to the mob.

Then he and Mr. A. L. Gourney, representative of the Associated Ad Clubs, began to line up the girls—a strange and motley assortment. There were some pretty girls and some pathetic ones—pierrettes, ballet dancers, Miss Americas and Turkish haremites. There was a tall lean person in blue gauze, and a short plump one in black velvet and spangles. One young lady, dressed up as the Power and Light Company, carried her own lighting system. There was the inevitable tall brown girl dressed as an Indian. Carmichael looked them all over.

"They're terrible," he told Carlotta. "Now remember, don't walk like a model."

After all the others had climbed, disappeared and taken the applause of their relatives and beaus, he helped her up the steps and she climbed to the edge of the platform. As she stepped before the audience a strange numbness came over her; a brilliant light beat on her. Below her were the great black pit, silent, devouring, and the black and white rotundities of the judges. She was conscious only of her feet, moving one ahead of the other, of the train dragging behind her, of the ease with which her body moved. She trembled a little—not with fright, but excitement—for as she climbed the steps, so that her head was level with Carmichael's, that impulsive man leaned over and kissed her deftly but firmly on the lips.

"Luck," he had said.

He had a genius for promotion. Carlotta, lit with radiance, won the prize and became Miss Springdale. The evening was one long triumph. But she was annoyed when Mr. Fields and his bediamonded wife appeared on the stage and insisted upon driving her home. Mr. Carmichael, after an instant congratulatory handshake at the end of the exercises, had disappeared.

It must be said for Mr. Carmichael that after that kiss he felt coming upon him a very bad cold and an attack of conscience—both rare events in his life. For two days he lay in bed at his hotel and repentance mingled with the pangs of his infection. He might have started something. But no, he argued, Carlotta Cole had plenty of beaus; she must have been used to casual kisses. Yet she had the eyes of innocence; he remembered the startled tremor that had gone through her body and the acquiescent drooping of her lids. For two cents, hazarded Carmichael, she would have kissed him back. He cursed himself for a light rogue. Yet what human man would have done otherwise?

On the third day Mr. Carmichael got a telegram which raised him from his bed and took him, weak but a well man again, to Boston. Before he went to the train he sent Miss Cole a note. It read:

My dear Miss Cole: I have been ill with a cold ever since Tuesday. The other night I succumbed to temptation. Why does temptation take such delectable guises? I was bowled over by your beauty. You are beautiful, I insist, though you never let me speak to you again. J. C.

With this equivocal apology, he sent two dozen red roses and left for Boston.

Carlotta was seated at the supper table, in a kimono, when the roses came. She had been wondering where Carmichael was; yet his absence permitted her to speculate on his return. His kiss held a thousand possible significances; the unpleasant ones she passed over. If he never came near her again, she was prepared to hate him. In any case, she would assume an air of remoteness. But that kiss had added to her life, and these roses added more. Mrs. Cole, unaware of the kiss, was rapturous over the roses.

"It's real nice of him," she said. "More than some of your old friends have done."

This was a rap at Steve, who had refused to go to the beauty show.

Carlotta was dazed.

"They're wonderful. Let's put them in a vase."

"Run along and dress. You'll be late."

She was to sit in a box at the Exposition Palace with the mayor while the Springdale Men's Choral Club gave its annual winter festival. This was her third night in public and she rather liked it. Mornings, she went to the shops, where public-spirited merchants piled her with clothes and hats and underwear. She had new suède slippers, and new cut-steel buckles—from the J. W. Whigmore Bootery; the Misses Flaherty had insisted that she wear one of their satin frocks; Mason & Murphy, the oldest department store in town, had equipped her with a white wool sport suit, which she was to wear to the Winter Carnival on Sunday; she had scarfs, sweaters, hats, silk stockings, and the use of a fur coat from the Gus Glissberg's Fur Mart during her queenhood. It was a splendid, showy wrap of Japanese mink, and Carlotta wore it every night when she went out with the mayor. If only Carmichael would appear tonight!

He didn't though. She sat beside the mayor, a rotund, amiable soul, smiling and bowing to the audience. Everyone was there; the Men's Choral Club was to Springdale what the volunteer fire department is to other places. Carlotta heard noises, she knew men were singing lustily on the stage, but she interpreted nothing. She was dreaming fantastic dreams. The mayor sat beside her and dreamed, too, of the time when all reformers would be shot at sight.

Too much, perhaps, had happened to Carlotta in a short time. Her head was not turned, but it was full of strange new fancies. She had been showered with clothes, she could be late at the office; she had been much in the company of a young man whose one thought had been herself; she had been transfigured for a short space to serve the purpose of a wrench company. Carlotta was human and she wanted the party to go on forever. Besides, it might. Had not Mr. Carmichael kissed her? She was his abject slave; perhaps he might wish to be her master. Sitting there beside the mayor, she thought of Carmichael—and thought and thought.

Mr. Carmichael did not appear again until Friday, almost a full week after the Springdale show. Carlotta was in the office working as hard as she could for the distracted Alanson before she went to the Rotary Club to salute the flag with the mayor. The snub-nosed girl had wrecked everything.

"It's time I came back," she said.

"It is," said Mr. Alanson. "But can you ever degrade yourself?"

She was advertising a neat little coat dress the new caramel-custard color—from Nannette's Shop—Sporteries for the Girl and Matron. She wore suède shoes to match, and her beloved buckles. Alanson spied them.

"Say, are those those buckles?"

"What buckles?" she said loftily.

"The buckles ——"

He stopped. He had heard old Whigmore growling up at the club about the nerve of that girl, taking buckles when she was only offered shoes—buckles at sixteen-fifty. She had selected them, and since a reporter was with her, what could Whigmore do?

"Well," he grinned, "it serves them right." She was curious.

At that moment Mr. Carmichael came through the door. Mr. Alanson saw her face pale and then flush as her pleasure got the better of her surprise. Carmichael was well again, all himself, intensified. He pumped both of Carlotta's hands, admired her frock, cracked Alanson on the shoulder and sat down on a corner of the desk, where he lighted a cigarette. If he had kissed anyone in the room, it didn't bother him.

"Well, how are the wrenches? What do you think of my tie?"

"You're a dream," said Alanson. "You must be in love."

"Is that so? When do we go to Westdale?" He shot this at Miss Cole. "That's why I'm back. Fields wired me. He says I must go with you. Got out of a sick bed." He gave Alanson a covert wink.

"Tomorrow noon," said Miss Cole. "Mr. Fields is going, and a lot of people, in a private car."

"Right. Sybaritic style. Got your gown pressed out? Well, you'll knock them again."

He nodded his head as if he knew all about the system. Carlotta gave him a little look.

"Perhaps we won't," she said.

They didn't say anything more to her, so she went back to her desk a little dispiritedly. Carmichael had not been looking at her as she left the room. Very unconcernedly he had walked over to the window, and stood, his face half turned, looking out on the city.

She typed away, and if she could have heard their voices, she was too proud to hear them. After fifteen minutes she heard their feet scuffing, then moving across the floor, and their voices grew louder as they approached the door. Carmichael opened the door.

"Well, you're lucky," said Alanson.

"You bet I am," said Carmichael as he shut the door.

"Tomorrow, Miss Cole."

He smiled at her and was gone. She had a distinct sense of being let down.

When she went in to Mr. Alanson with his letters he looked up at her quizzically. She wore a new hat, and a topcoat—from Lasker & Lasker, Women's Wear.

"Off to another banquet?"

"Only the Rotary Club."

"'Only the Rotary Club'? What blasphemy!"

She was incredibly young, yet she had always had sense. He did not worry because her head was turned; what girl, adulated, advertised, acclaimed, would not become conceited? But he did not want her heart hurt. She was, after all, his stenographer. He wished he knew what she was thinking about.

"Well, enjoy yourself."

She shrugged her shoulders airily.

"It's amusing."

"When does it end?"

"Next week."

When did you find your ideal tobacco?

Sooner or later we all choose the perfect smoke partner—

Here is an interesting letter from Mr. Charles H. Bishop of Chicago. It confirms the truth of an old proverb—"better late than never."

We hope that reading it may show some misguided pipe smoker the path to smoke satisfaction.

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But this Christmas I purchased Edgeworth, which he had tried after constant urging on my part—and he's satisfied!

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Charles H. Bishop

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When you shoot Tanglefoot Fly Spray into the air of a room you do one thing well . . . you make quick work of exterminating common household insect pests.

Tanglefoot Fly Spray is thorough. It does its work quickly and with deadly effectiveness. Flies, mosquitoes, moths, bedbugs and fleas cannot live in an atmosphere charged with Tanglefoot Fly Spray.

Here is a scientific, powerful and absolutely safe, non-poisonous and non-irritating household insecticide.

You should demand Tanglefoot quality . . . it costs no more. Nothing is easier to get . . . every dealer has it or can obtain it quickly.

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For permanently ridding premises overrun with roaches or ants, use Tanglefoot Roach and Ant Powder. Tanglefoot Fly Spray will kill any insect in a room at the time it is used, but the powder exterminates the crawling pests that follow during the day and night.

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THE O. & W. THUM COMPANY
GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

TANGLEFOOT

"It will be hard for you," he warned her. "Unless you have realized all along that all this stuff, these contacts—yes, every one—have been so casual that" he hesitated "you can forget them before you know they are made."

He signed the letters and she took them and went out, still wondering whether he meant what she thought he did.

She was a little moody that evening, discontented with herself. Everything was ending within a few days. Nothing would be any different. At eight o'clock Steve appeared. He had not seen her for ten days, because she was always doing something he disapproved of. That night he wore a new suit, was thinner, better groomed; obviously assured.

She consented to go to the movies. Never once did he mention her triumphs, but he did tell her that he had the plans for his new garage, over which he was ecstatic. One ecstasy, she thought, seemed to be enough for him. Yet it was a relief to forget herself.

The next afternoon she sat in a special parlor car with Mr. and Mrs. Fields, Mr. Carmichael, six ladies from the Springdale United Women's Clubs, several reporters and sundry gentlemen from the chamber of commerce, the Kiwanis, the Rotary and other get-together groups; also a Boy Scout who was to give Carlotta a bouquet of roses if she won. What he was to do if Carlotta should lose no one had planned.

"Someone should think up something," said Carlotta to Carmichael.

He had grabbed the chair next hers; on the other side, Mr. Fields was asleep. Beyond him, Mrs. Fields was sewing lace on pale-pink satin.

"Why do women always make their underwear in public places?" growled Carmichael. "It's indecent. Turn your chair toward me."

"I can't be rude."

"I'm suffering. Besides, she can see me looking at you. Would you mind telling me how you curl your eyelashes? I never can get that effect with mine."

She blushed.

"You're silly."

"No, only observant. I tell you, Carlotta, my future is made in Springdale. All the big bugs have their eye on me. I'm a go-getter. I picked you. Did you know Hedges-Hawley went up to 78 yesterday? That's due to you."

She gave a little shriek. "Seventy-eight? Why, it's always been eighty at least! I'm sending it down."

"What a blow! So it's gone down? Well, anyway, we've had a nice time together."

"Do you like Springdale?" she said. "I shouldn't think you would, after New York and Boston."

"New York and Boston, my dear girl, are not Utopias. In New York one is pushed; in Boston one is chilled. Springdale is pleasant, like a good bed. Perhaps I shall stay here and be its Henry Ford, its Roger Babson. But something tells me, Miss Carlotta Cole, that I won't."

He was grinning happily. He wore one of his new five-dollar ties, which made his gray eyes almost blue, and his hair, which was more brushed than oiled, was a bit upstanding. Carlotta knew she was gone, for she wanted to smooth it flat. She restrained herself.

"Carlotta ——" He hesitated. His mouth shut, and opened. Then Carlotta could have cried. Mr. Al Gourney, of the Associated Ad Clubs, needing a fourth for bridge, pounced upon them.

"Miss Cole, you can sit with us and eat candy."

So she did. A queen must be gracious.

She never had another moment with him. At the banquet in the Hotel Seminole the diners were mixed up in a fiendish effort to be friendly. Carlotta found herself stuck between a little druggist from Worcester and a spectacled spindling young man who was intense about God's great outdoors.

"It's a great thing to be out in the open," he said to her.

"I hate the snakes," said Carlotta coldly.

He was disappointed in her. She was disappointed in the dinner. At Mrs. Gore's the servants had served you; here the waiters slammed cold plates of cold food before you and then grabbed them away. It was horrible.

Then Carlotta fled to the Lyceum. Carmichael was nowhere. In the dressing room, Carlotta, with Mrs. Fields' help, got into her costume. She looked beautiful, but she needed someone to admire her. She missed her adoring mother, she missed Carmichael. Mrs. Fields was inexpressive and puffy; besides, she had to go away to her seat in the box.

"If you don't mind my leaving you, dear," she said. "The other girls are outside."

Carlotta didn't mind. She went outside and joined the other girls, the pick of twenty cities. She looked better than they did, but she needed to be told so. No one spoke to her. She touched the bottom of despair.

Then, thank heaven, he hove in sight. His hat was at a rakish angle, and he was followed by Mr. Al Gourney, a society reporter and two young men: young men of his own world; young men slightly exhilarated by something at once synthetic and forbidden.

"Oh, I'm glad you came," she cried to them all.

"Cheers!" cried the two young men.

"Well, here we are," said Carmichael, "to send you off. You're sixteenth. Every man's putting his shirt on you. This is Miss Flinders of the Mudville Gazette—that's the name, isn't it? She wants to cast an eye over your gown. I told her about Berté."

Miss Flinders embraced her.

"These two young men"—he pointed his stick at them—"are old friends. The first one is Charles Penquin. Step up, Charles. And the second, Pat Harmon. Step up, Pat, to meet the most beautiful girl in America."

After that everything was simply wonderful. They made a great deal of noise, and laughed, and Mr. Harmon and Mr. Penquin paid her audacious compliments. Carmichael stood, a little more quietly, by her side. Now and then he looked at her, his eyes sleepily considering something. She adored his eyes.

Suddenly it was her turn. They were all beside her, escorting her to another stairway. They surrounded her, the reporter held up her attractive train. She climbed dizzily, a man's hand on her wrist. As she mounted the third step she pulled her wrist gently away and turned her eyes slowly to meet the eyes close to hers. She smiled a little wanly, for she looked into the eyes of Penquin.

But she won the prize. She was a little soldier. She was elected queen of twenty-one New England cities.

Carmichael, who by that time was on the road to Boston in Pat Harmon's unbreakable racing model, read about it in the papers the next day. As he saw the little headline he smiled. He had never worked so hard in his life.

The next day Carlotta went home to attend the Winter Carnival in her white suit. But she didn't enjoy it. Her feet got cold and she was lonely. They stuck her in an open sleigh with the mayor and the king of the carnival, a fat man. There were areas where there was no snow and the sleigh dragged over the bare ground. When she got home she went to bed early; and when she was sure her mother couldn't hear her, she cried. She couldn't help it.

Monday, Mr. Alanson found her at her desk at nine o'clock.

"Great Scott!" he said. "Are you incognito?"

She shook her head.

"No," she said; "the real thing. Working again."

He whooped, and when the snub-nosed girl came in he sent her away, poor girl, with cheers. Miss Cole worked hard and doggedly all morning.

Mr. Alanson was overjoyed, but he was a sensitive man. She had come back to work because it offered her escape from something, a failure, a hurt or a shock. When he picked up the Boston paper, later in the morning, he found something that settled his uncertainty. The world knew now what Carmichael had told him Friday. If he was right she should know. If he wasn't, telling her wouldn't matter. When she came in to him again he said casually, "What do you think?"

"I can't imagine, Mr. Alanson."

"Would you think Carmichael was a romantic soul?"

"Why, no, not especially." She faced him bravely.

"Read this." He handed her the paper and she read the paragraph through. If her eyes widened a little as she read, if her face took on the indefinable tinge of disappointment, no one but Alanson ever saw it. For Mr. Carmichael was engaged to Dagmar, only daughter of Enos Suydam, the banker, and he was to marry her in a month at her father's country house at Dover. They were going to China on a wedding trip. Miss Cole laid down the paper.

"I never would have thought ——" she began bravely. Her eyes filled with tears, so she ran out of the room. Mr. Alanson never asked her why she cried. He gave her to understand, by working her very hard, and calling her back and forth to him all day long, that he, of all men, appreciated her for the jewel she really was.

"It's a relief," he said thirty or forty times, "to have you back."

About five o'clock Steve rang her up.

"I'm coming to get you," he said. "I've something to show you."

This was unprecedented. Listlessly, she let him come. She might as well. There was no reason for refusing.

He was waiting downstairs, outside the main entrance, and he led her out to the curb. He wore a long raccoon coat and a brown hat, and he had an indefinable air of prosperity. He was positively handsome.

"Steve!" she gasped. "Where did you get that coat?"

"Bought it secondhand from a guy who came in broke. Had it cleaned. I need it these nights. But this is what I've got to show you."

"This" was a Priceless car, a beautiful inclosed roadster, dark gray, trimmed with nickel, in the best bathroom style.

"Yours?"

"Mine to sell. I've got the agency, Carlotta. The other guy went to Boston and he recommended me. I've got all the money for the garage. See?" She nodded. He was on the top of the world.

"It's wonderful," she said. "You look like a million dollars."

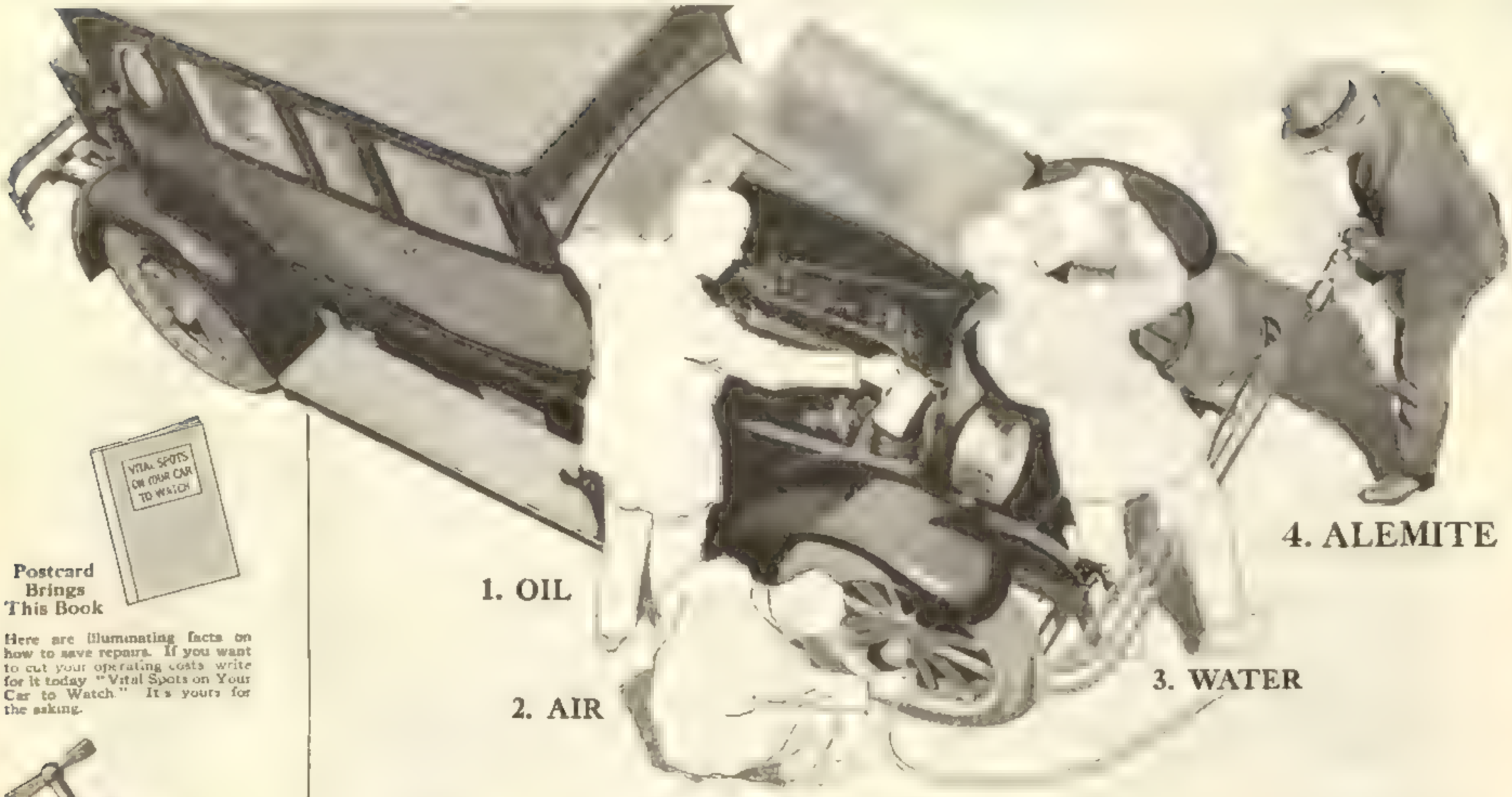
"Get in," he ordered. She got in and he after her. They drove off, a very handsome couple.

They were seen by many minions pouring out of the Hedges-Hawley wrench works, who commented upon Miss Cole's ability to hook millionaires.

But Carlotta was not thinking of millionaires. As they drove down Federal Street, out to Washington Avenue, to Lincoln Park, where the snow tractor had made the roads hard-packed broad white avenues, the cold air nipped her face and her body was warm beneath the fur robe. She liked this, riding beside Steve so swiftly, so surely. Yet he rarely looked at her. He was conscious only that when he shifted his gears or turned a corner his big fur-coated arm would press against hers gently, sometimes roughly as they took a corner. Once he leaned across her and wrapped the robe tighter, and his heart beat faster. Her gray eyes, wide open, impersonal, looked into his, and he felt his own quiver. Steve held the wheel tight and was a little frightened.

"Like it, Carlotta?" he dared to say.

"Marvelous," she answered, and she meant it. Suddenly she felt his arm against her own.



The Big Four

in keeping your car out of the repair shop

You keep air in your tires, water in your radiator and oil in your engine. Of course! But don't neglect the hard-wearing chassis bearings. Here's the repair leak in most motorists' pocketbooks. Chassis repairs,—here's where most motorists fail in lubrication.

For 80% of all repairs can be traced to faulty or neglected lubrication. Chassis bearings should last the life of the car. Yet repair bills of $100 to $150 are common after only 6,000 miles.

All because chassis bearings used to be hard to reach. And because old-fashioned grease and oil cups failed to force lubricant to bearing surfaces. Now, however, you can lubricate your chassis as easily as your motor. Most cars now come equipped with the Alemite High Pressure Lubricating System. (Nearly 5,000,000 now in use.) With this system a hollow fitting with a cross pin is on every chassis bearing. A quarter turn of the bayonet coupling on your Alemite gun locks it to the fitting. Then an easy turn of the handle forces lubricant clear through the heart of the bearing.

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As the fresh lubricant goes in, all old grit-laden grease is *forced out*. Pressure over 20 times greater than the old oil or grease cup insures this. The bearing is cleaned. Just as engine bearings are cleaned when you change crank case oil.

Thus Alemite not only makes lubrication easy. It also gives chassis bearings a new protection against seeping dust and dirt.

Every 500 Miles

If Alemite is on your car—use it—at least every 500 miles. It will cut your repair bills in half. For it keeps chassis bearings free of their most insidious enemy—seeping dust and grit. If you don't care to do it yourself, there's an official Alemite service station near you. That's another advantage of this system—nation-wide service at nominal cost. Alemite fittings are as standard as tire valves.

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This compressor with the rigid spiral valve coupling, releases lubricant only when attached to fitting. No hose necessary

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Alemite works well with either oil or grease. But for best results, we recommend Alemite Lubricant—a pure, solidified oil, especially adapted for our system—has all the virtues of oil, but is sufficiently solid to "stay put." Comes in autoloading cans.

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Remember that glorious sensation you got when you took the first ride in your first car? The thrill you will get when you equip with Fisk Balloons is just as new and satisfying.

You never expected you could roll along so easily and smoothly over any kind of road. You can get away from the main highways and heavy traffic and still ride with comfort and not worry about what the rough spots are doing to your car.

You never thought a set of tires could be so nearly skid-proof. Even the appearance of your car is improved. Enjoy Fisk Balloons now. They are made to fit your present rims, as well as special wheel equipment.

Fisk quality responsible for the success of Fisk Cords and Fabrics is also your guarantee of Balloon satisfaction.

A BOUT WITH ABOUTS

Continued from Page 11)

"About nine minutes," he guesses.

"That's not so bad," remarks Ritter. "A twenty-minute hike in the morning'll do you good."

Honest John takes a look at Hank, but don't say nothing, probably figuring he's hep to the difference between real-estate time and the kind clocks keep. We parades through the joint, hopping up ladders, walking along rafters and broad-jumping over sacks of cement and the such. As far as I can see they ain't nothing to see excepting a jungle of two-by-fours, but the wife and Tilly Ritter picks out the different rooms and closets without no troubles, and goes into a rave over 'em.

"When," I asks Gates, "will this be finished?"

"In six weeks," says he. "It's practically done now."

"What!" I gasps. "If this is practically done I'm practically the wife of the mayor of Coldcat, Arkansas."

"Three months ain't such a long wait," edges in Hank, giving Honest John the eye, and the real-estater don't answer him back.

We sticks around among the sticks for about a hour, during the which Kate almost tears the house down and has it built all over. She wants this and those and them changed, and Gates agrees to everything. I keeps my face shut, not caring to give the musses any excuse for backing outta the deal, the price of the place being a whole lot more important to me than the size of the maid's bath or where the laundry chute's gonna be put. But they ain't no way to figure the frails.

"It's a wonder," snaps the wife, "you wouldn't take no interest in the house. You leave everything to me. Don't you like it?"

"Sure I does," I answers hasty. "I was just waiting for you to run outta ideas before trotting mine out."

"Lead 'em out now if you has any," suggests Kate.

"Well," says I, "we oughta make sure that the kitchen is gonna be floored over. It'd be annoying to have the cook falling into the basement all the time, and ——"

"Sure," cuts in Hank, "and you oughta make sure they is gonna have walls in your room."

"Serious, though," I goes on, "they is one thing we should oughta get in the house that I ain't never seen nowheres, but it'll certainly fill a short-felt want."

"What's that?" inquires the little, but oh my, woman.

"A place," I tells her, "to throw discarded razor blades. They could build a chute in the bathroom that'd end in a hole about eight thousand feet deep out in the yard."

"I think we'll take the house," says Kate to Gates.

"Don't you wanna hear no more of my ideas?" I asks.

"If you got any," comes back the frau, "save 'em for yesterday."

Honest John leads us right over to the office of the company that's throwing up the shack, and in hardly no times my moniker and the dotted line is playing along together.

"Let me get this straight," says I, after I reads over the specifications, which mostly is about as clear to me as a race-track form sheet'd be to a backward horse-fly, "I gets everything you got wrote down here for twenty-seven thousand five hundred dollars without no extras on the account of there being a strike in Siberia or high water in Scotland or something like that?"

"Correct," returns the company's bozo.

"And I can get in in three months?" I continues.

"I laugh," he answers. "In three months your housewarming will be weeks in back of you."

"It'd better be," I tells him, "even if I don't have none. My lease expires on June first and if I don't have this joint ready by that time I won't have no more home than a poker chip.

"Well, bo," I remarks to Ritter, after we leaves, "you was all wrong about that forty thousand-smacker attack on the roll, wasn't you?"

"How much you figure this house is gonna red-ink you for before you gets in?" inquires Hank.

"Where does figuring come in?" I comes back. "I knows; twenty-seven five."

"Feller," says Ritter, "if you stays inside of thirty-seven five you'll establish a record that'll go zooming down the zigzags of time."

"What you talking about?" I yelps.

"About," replies Hank.

III

IN THE next few weeks I don't see as much of Kate as a blind Eskimo sees of five-legged kangaroos. When she ain't up at the new house watching the bricklayers brooding over a setting of bricks, and picking bent nails outta the barrel so the carpenter won't crook us with crooked spikes, she's hid away somewheres reading them magazines that tells you how to doll up a shed into a chateau. I could 'a' easy sued a deck of shingles or a roll of slats for alienating the frau's affections.

I ain't been nowheres near Manor Park since that Sunday with Gates and Ritter, but finally I gets a note from the building company to drop around and see 'em, the which I does, dragging Hank along with me. Spellacy, the bobo we met in the office the first time, is waiting for me with a paper in his mitt.

"Here," says he, "is a list of changes that Mrs. O'Day has ordered made in the house, and we want that you should sign 'em as being O.K."

"Sure," I replies, grabbing for a pen, but Ritter holds my arm.

"Don't you wanna look 'em over first?" he asks.

"What for?" I comes back. "I'm leaving it all to Kate, and the real-estater said she could have 'em made."

"Yeh," jeers Hank. "He meant they was no law agin it. A jane oncet walked into a jewelry store and asked the bimbo there if they could put a four-carat rock in her ring in place of the beer-bottle glass that was in it. He said sure, he'd be glad to do it ——"

"You mean," I cuts in, "they is gonna charge extra for them things?"

"If they don't," returns Ritter, "I'm the club-footed twin daughters of Patrick Ginsburg."

"Show me that swindle sheet," I barks, snatching the list from Spellacy. "'Field-stone chimney in place of stucco,'" I reads. "What's the tap for that, if any?"

"About six hundred dollars," answers the builder. "Maybe a little more or a little less."

"What's field stones?" I inquires. "Them ordinary rocks laying around in lots?"

"Yep," says he.

"For crying out loud!" I yelps. "I could go out with a ash wagon any morning and get enough of 'em by noon to build a gross of chimneys."

"Try it," suggests Spellacy. "I'll pay you fifty bucks for every ash-wagon load of the right sizes you deliver."

"What about this job of making the kitchen and the back porch bigger?" I asks, looking at the second stunt on the list. "That gonna cost me anything extra?"

"Practically nothing," says he, "when you considers that you gotta change the foundation, tear down the whole back of the house, extend the roof and use about four carpenters for about ten days ——"

"You don't have to move the city hall in Come Again, Kansas, to finish the job, does you?" I interrupts, sarcastic. "Or call out the militia? What do I get looted for the work?"

"I figures," replies Spellacy, "we can hold it in about twelve hundred."

"That's gonna be a struggle worth seeing," I remarks.

"Eh?" inquires the bungle-house bandit.

"Watching you battling to hold it in," I explains. "What's the chance for a ring-side seat?"

"Want one built?" grins Ritter. "It ain't mentioned in the specifications, but ——"

"I suppose," cuts in Spellacy, "if I told you that we was losing money on your house, you'd be surprised."

"No," says I, "I wouldn't be the least bit surprised at you telling me that. In my times I've talked to eight hundred painters, six hundred and twenty-three plumbers, four hundred and three contractors, and outta that whole smear only one guy told me he expected to break as good as even on the job, and he was only

(Continued on Page 72)

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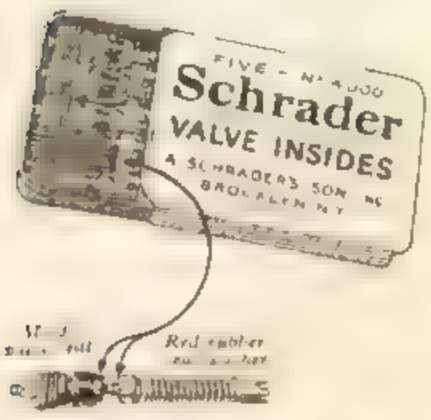

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(Continued from Page 70)

able to do that on the account of getting wonderful breaks in the weather, a carload of material for nothing through a mistake, and by having his wife and five children help him. At that, he said he'd 'a' lost money if he'd 'a' counted wages for hisself."

"You don't know nothing about building costs," goes on the roof robber. "Take that extra bathroom and sleeping porch your wife wants us to put on the second floor. I gave her a estimate of about nine hundred dollars, and if I make as much as twenty dollars may I drop dead."

"Just for that," says I, "I hopes you cleans up twenty-one dollars and eight cents. What you been doing, talking Mrs. O'Day into alla this side stuff?"

"Know the lady very well?" inquires Spellacy.

"You win," I admits, "but you shouldn't oughta let her go so wild with them changes. How much worth of stuff you got wrote down there altogether?"

"About forty-five hundred so far," returns the builder, "but, of course, that ain't counting ——"

"Yes, it is," I snaps. "If you lets her blow any more of my jack I'll put one of them ads in the papers about my wife having left my bed and me bored and not being responsible. Then you'll have to yodel for your dough."

"They is something else," says Spellacy, "I wants to take up. You wanted to move into the new house June first, didn't you?"

"That ain't a want, bo," I tells him. "That's the mustiest must you ever heard of."

"I'm sorry," shrugs the contractor—they oughta call them fellers expanders—"but you better arrange to stay where you is until about August first. On account of all the changes Mrs. O'Day is having made we ——"

"Take me outta here quick!" I shouts to Hank. "I feels the blood lust coming on again."

"Let's take a look at the shack," says Ritter, when we is outside. "Maybe it'll make you feel better."

We passes a lotta new places that is going up but don't come across ourn. After muddling around for a half hour I strikes a lad working on one of the dumps.

"Know where the house is," I inquires, "that Spellacy is throwing up for the O'Days?"

"This is her," he answers.

The joint looks just about as much like the place I seen first as a horned toad looks like a woman who's just had a cup of tea. The rooms and porches has been jazzed up and heaved around; what was, now ain't, and a lotta ain'ts has become ises. I'm still puzzled when we gets through the roost.

"It's all right," says Hank, looking outta window. "I remember that tree out there with the busted branch. Your frau's sure turned herselfs loose here."

"Yeh," I comes back, "and I guess she's turned me loose on the public charity."

"Cheer up," smiles Ritter. "You gotta remember that all the mazum you're sinking here is getting you something. Spending money on houses ain't like calling full houses."

"How much you losing on the job?" I asks, sardonic, of the boss plumber, who's watching another guy watching a coupla apprentices hunt tools.

"Not so much," he answers, cheerful. "Last week I figured I'd drop five hundred, but the way things stack now I oughta get out only three hundred to the bad."

"Ain't it wonderful," I remarks to Hank, as we is leaving the hut, "how prosperous you can get on losings? How about you?" I inquires of a laborer out in front, shoveling sand. "You ain't losing nothing on your work, is you?"

"The hell I ain't!" he growls. "I'm only getting three dollars a day and I've only been here two days. Yesterday I busted a shovel that cost me seven bucks."

I gets home all steamed up, and starts right after Kate. I ain't hardly got warmed up when she busts into tears.

"How can you be so cruel!" she sobs. "I'm so tired and you ——"

"Tired!" I cuts in. "What you tired from?"

"You'd be tired, too," she boo-hoos, "if you'd been fighting all day with interior decorators and gardeners and ——"

"Decorators!" I repeats. "Gardeners! What are they doing in your life?"

"We gotta have the house furnished, don't we?" demands the frau.

"Ain't we got a whole raft of junk here?" I demands right back.

"Junk, yes," she returns. "I wouldn't take a stick of it with me. I'm gonna refurnish from top to bottom."

"What'll that take?" I asks "A coupla thousand?"

"Just about," says the wife, "per room."

"I see," I remarks, slamming the brakes down on myselfs. "And the gardener? What was you doing with him? Buying a few rose bushes?"

"You're hopeless," snaps the misses. "Can you imagine that house without landscaping? It means several weeks' work for three or four men, so they might as well start on the job at oncet, hadn't they?"

"I suppose," I mumbles, too far gone for even a feeble kick-back.

"I met Mr. Gates this afternoon," continues Kate, "and he says he's ordered title insurance and some other funny kinds for you that'll cost about a thousand dollars. Ain't it terrible the way the money goes? Would you believe it, I bought a few bathroom fixtures and some doodads, and before I knew it, fifteen hundred dollars was spent. And I ain't even started to commence."

"While the dough's going," I inquires, weary, "have you done any doping as to where it's coming from?"

"Heavens!" snaps the frau. "Ain't I got enough to do with the house without worrying about trifles?"

"Trifles!" I laughs, hoarse. "Ah, ha. The trifles! See the pretty trifles climbing up the stairs with the golden curls a-hanging down their backs."

"You gone cuckoo?" asks the wife.

"Just about," says I.

IV

IT WAS Christmas eve. Through the heavy snowdrifts there could be seen wending its heavy way, a large van. Suddenly ——

I oncet read a tragedy story that started that way; mine finishes that way. Gosh, I hope it does!

Yep, we gets into the new house about the time Spellacy and Honest John said we would, June first and Christmas being in the same week as far as the about boys is concerned.

I'll bet builders' kids is learned that the Battle of Bull Run was fought about the time Columbus discovered Bimini, and that one dollar is practically the same thing as a thousand cartwheels, if the other baby's doing the digging.

We ain't no sooner watched the last of the interior decorator's furniture being lugged over the landscaped garden into the house when the Ritters and the Magruders drops in to wish us luck over a shot of my Scotch.

"Handsome place you got here, Dink," says Hank.

"Handsome is as handsome's done," I returns, "and I was done handsome."

"What you got sunk here?" he asks. "Forty-five grand?"

"It's so near fifty, feller," I tells him, "that the difference wouldn't buy a second-hand pair of earmuffs for a snake."

"Are they cheap?" Lizzie thirsts to know.

"I should kiss a camel," answers Ritter. "Why, oncet I got the contract to fit out the reptiles in the Bronz Zoo with earmuffs, so I goes to the muff foundry and buys five hundred sets made outta Arkansas blimish fur crossed with Iowa miffle-cat. I gives 'em a ten-case note and they hands me back eleven dollars in change."

"Ah," smiles the Magruder gal, "you're joking me, ain't you?"

"Good!" I applauds. "The frill'll develop yet."

"About when?" grins Hank.

"Cut that word out," I yelps, "or never darken my Gothic, English-type door again."

"I don't see yet," breezes in Jim Magruder, at this juncture, "how them contractors ran twenty-seven five into fifty on you."

"They didn't," I tells him. "They is a bunch of berries sunk into that sunken garden, and that interior decorator dug the interior decorations outta my roll. But about eight thousand represents about items they stuck onto the shack. Remember the day, Hank, when you and me got that list of extras?"

(Continued on Page 74)

The Brougham

All Chrysler Six models are equipped with special design six-ply, high-speed balloon tires.

Chrysler Six Features That Give Results Never Before Known

The Tubular Front Axle and The Four-Wheel Brakes

To the uninitiated, the addition of front wheel brakes to a motor car may appear to be a simple matter.

But engineers know otherwise; and Chrysler Six engineers were not satisfied merely to increase braking efficiency at the cost of something else.

To them, added brakes meant nothing less than replacing the conventional type of front axle with a type far better able to resist the terrific torsional or twisting strains of front wheel braking.

So the Chrysler Six has a tubular front axle of large diameter, because such design gives the kind of results never given before.

The much greater strength of the Chrysler Six tubular design is the important point. This type is actually 34 per cent more rigid—it has approximately 400 per cent more strength to resist the up-and-down strains—than an I-beam of the same weight.

Its resistance to horizontal or fore-and-aft strains is even more remarkable, being more than five times greater; and its resistance to the twisting strains necessarily imposed by front wheel brakes is 138 per cent higher.

This tubular front axle—big and amply strong for its job—is another important bit of testimony to the thoroughness of the engineering staff which spent three years in developing the Chrysler Six before a single car was manufactured.

The four-wheel brakes—Chrysler-Lockheed hydraulic type—we believe to be the simplest and most efficient in existence today.

They are automatically and permanently equalized. Each individual wheel receives precisely the same braking pressure each time the brakes are applied.

These brakes require no lubrication. There is not a single rod or strut to rattle.

The net result of Chrysler's four-wheel brakes is deceleration as rapid and sure and effective as the remarkable acceleration of the 68 horse-power motor.

Front axle and brakes are two of the features of the advanced engineering which has made the Chrysler Six a revolutionary car from the viewpoint of mechanical design and of performance results.

Those who know motor car practice recognize instantly that the Chrysler Six is an extraordinary car—that it is a product of engineering genius.

Anyone can build a powerful car by building a large gas-eating motor, but the Chrysler gets 68 horse-power and capacity for over 70 miles an hour out of a motor which gives better than 20 miles to the gallon of gasoline.

Anyone can build a *heavy* car that holds the road—but the Chrysler, which can actually be driven in comfort at 60 miles an hour over rutted roads or cobbled streets, is far from being a heavy car.

The Chrysler Six brings its owners entire absence of a vibration period at any speed; a crankshaft, whose seven bearings absolutely preclude whip and distortion; a new type of combustion chamber that burns all the gas; a new way of distributing the gas equally to all cylinders; an air-cleaner for the carburetor; an oil-filter which cleanses all the crankcase oil every 25 miles.

These are but a few of the many new advances which won the Chrysler Six immediate acceptance among every class of motor car owners—and which have made it impossible for Chrysler production to keep pace with Chrysler demand.

All Chrysler Six dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time-payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan.

The Touring, $1395; The Phaeton, $1495; The Roadster, $1625; The Sedan, $1725; The Brougham, $1895; The Imperial, $1995. All prices f. o. b. Detroit; tax extra.

CHRYSLER MOTOR CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of Maxwell Motor Corporation
MAXWELL-CHRYSLER MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

The Chrysler Six

Pronounced as though spelled Cry'sler

The neighbors won't recognize the old car

MURPHY FINISH

HERE it is again—the very same car he drove home so proudly from the showroom—plate-glass finish and all.

The skillful hand of the professional painter has coaxed back its original beauty—restored the brilliance of its showroom days—made it once more the peer of boulevard aristocrats.

He can thank the Murphy Finish, too. For Murphy priming and surfacing coats went on first—followed by Murphy rubbing and finishing varnishes. A "Murphy Finish" job from first to last, you see.

When your car needs refinishing, talk to the painter who specializes in the Murphy Finish. Ask him to show you the Murphy Auto Color Harmony Chart. With its help and his, you can instantly decide on a color scheme for your car that will be artistically correct, and at the same time different from that of any other car in town.

Save the surface and you save all—Varnish

Murphy Varnish Company

Newark N. J. | Chicago Ill. | San Francisco Calif. | Montreal Canada

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"I wouldn't even try to forget it," says he. "What about it?"

"I figured up Spellacy's guesses when I got home," I answers, "and they run around forty-five hundred, like he said; he was just thirty-five off. At that, he was a baby doll compared to that gardener and that decorator."

"I thought," remarks Ritter, "Spellacy said some of them items would run more and some less. How many run less?"

"They wasn't any," I returns, "that even walked less. The nearest that bobo come to being right was on a stunt that he dreamed would cost seventy-five dollars."

"And," encourages Jim.

"Just a hundred and twenty-two," I replies. "I made a special trip to congratulate Spellacy on his accurate estimating, and all he said was, 'A man can't be in this business fifteen years without learning something.'"

"Hardly," discovers Lizzie.

"Well," says Hank, "your experience ain't been no different from everybody else's, and the way wages and building materials jump around you can't blame the contractors much for this about stuff. They is as anxious as you to get the job done quick. They want their dough, don't they?"

"I don't know about their dough," I retorts. "They wanted mine, that's a cinch."

"Wipe them weeps away," snaps Ritter. "In a year or so you'll be making a pest outta yourselfs telling everybody how cheap you got this place built and talking other cuckoos into hooking theirselves for huts."

"Honey," says the frau, after the gang beats it, "I hopes we haven't spent more'n we oughta."

"Don't worry, sweetie," I comes back. "We might as well be broke as the way we is. Besides, kid, I'd rather be in the poorhouse with you than in a palace with Venus and Milo."

They is a knock on the door and I opens it to a stranger.

"Can you tell me how far it is to Prospect Hills?" he inquires.

"A mile and seven-eighths," I answers, prompt.

"How do you know it so close?" asks Kate.

"I barely heard of the place," says I, "but I'd rather lie than pull an about."

THE PERSONABLE MR. DAVIS

(Continued from Page 4)

of moss. And that sometimes a white chip can be run up to a stack of yellows if you play them close. And that nothing, from a bird to a national convention, is of any utility unless it has a place to light. Wherefore, the person who can provide the landing point is most important. And Clem did just that.

One of the interesting phases of human nature is that nearly every man has a low opinion of his own occupation and a keen desire that his son shall not follow him in it. This is not so observable in business as it is in the professions, but, at that, there are plenty of business men who will admit, privately, that in their opinion their particular line is a rotten subterfuge for useful employment and a poor opportunity for gainful endeavor.

Especially is this true in the case of politics. Not many politicians want their sons to go into politics, and you really cannot blame them, which few do.

John James Davis, the father of John William Davis, who is the subject of these remarks, was by way of being a politician in his earlier days, and, oddly enough, a delegate-at-large to the Democratic National Convention held in New York in 1868, which, as we were so insistently informed during the newspaper campaign to get this year's convention for the metropolis, was the only Democratic convention held in that imperial and Democratic city—the greatest Democratic city in the country when it isn't the greatest Republican city—since the Civil War, until this one that ended recently. That, it may be noted in passing, will be the last one held in the imperial and Democratic city of New York for some time to come—until there is another Civil War or some such remote contingency.

Father's Good Advice

However, the coincidence is there. John James Davis was a delegate-at-large to the New York convention of 1868, and his son, John William Davis, is the nominee of the convention held in 1924. You can roll your own with that. Returning to the thesis advanced a paragraph or two to the rear, John James Davis, being a politician, was thus in politics: He was a member of the state legislature of Virginia in 1861, and West Virginia being sliced off Virginia for political purposes in 1863, went to the West Virginia legislature in 1870. Meantime, as noted, he had been a delegate to New York in 1868, and was a McClellan presidential elector in 1864. Pursuing his political enterprises further, he had himself elected to the Forty-second and Forty-third Congresses and served as a representative from March 4, 1871, until March 3, 1875.

Then he quit, retired and returned to the practice of the law. John William was two years old at the time, and, although precocious, not far enough advanced to give particular heed to fatherly admonitions; but, as he grew in years, we can fancy the elder Davis warning the son about the business. "Johnnie," we can hear him saying, "whatever you do when you grow up, don't go into politics. It's a rotten game. You can take it from me. I'm sick and tired of it and I hope you will never have anything to do with it. You study law with me and we'll have a good practice, and you'll be a respectable member of the community instead of one of these darned politicians. Remember what I tell you, now, and don't have anything to do with it."

With these fatherly precepts carefully impressed on him, and with that scrupulous attention to such parental adjurations that is most often noted in such cases, we find the younger Davis, at the age of twenty-six, elected to the West Virginia House of Delegates; we find him a candidate for Democratic national elector-at-large at twenty-seven; we find him a delegate to the Democratic National Convention in 1904, at the age of thirty-one; and we find him elected to Congress in 1911, when he was thirty-seven; all of which goes to show that there probably is something in this heredity business after all.

The Intercepted Telegram

However, in all other respects young John was a dutiful lad. He had gone to school, and college, and had studied law, and entered practice in Clarksburg, which was his home town. He was doing well in the law, and his father had great hopes of him, if only that passion for politics could be eliminated from his system. Along in the summer of 1911 the Democrats of the First West Virginia District came to Wheeling to hold their convention and select a candidate for Congress, and they all said that John W. Davis was the man they wanted to nominate. John James, sitting back in Clarksburg, heard this distressing news, and he rose up to make his final effort to get that son of his out of politics and keep him out. He went to the Clarksburg telegraph office and burned up the wires between there and Wheeling with two messages to his son John.

"Don't do it," he wired. "Don't accept that congressional nomination in any circumstances. You are getting along fine in the law and can make a name for yourself, and a fortune. Why do you want to get mixed up in this political game? Quit it and come on home. I command you, beg you, implore you, ask you to take my advice. Quit now before it is too late. Come home and all will be forgiven. You are a respectable member of the community now, but think what you will be if you get elected to Congress. Don't do it. Your loving father, John J. Davis."

Substantially, thus spoke the paternal Davis across the wires from Clarksburg to Wheeling, thus he ordered and implored. And who can say what the reactions of the younger Davis would have been had he received the wires? Ah, who can say? Nobody; for he didn't get them. They came to a hotel in Wheeling where some ardent Davis men were gathered, and one of these, a friend of John W's, took the telegrams and put them in his pocket. After the deed was done, and the nomination made,

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NASH

Picturing the New Advanced Six Seven-Passenger Sedan

127-inch Wheelbase
Original Nash Body
Four-Wheel Brakes, Nash Design
Full Balloon Tires, Standard Equipment
Five Disc Wheels, Standard Equipment
New Force-feed Oiling System
New Nash Steering Mechanism
Highly Refined Performance
Old Empire Design Hardware
New Design Head and Cowl Lamps
In-built Rear-Seat Arm Rests
Heavily Upholstered Auxiliary Seats
High Narrow Hood Louvers
Bevel Body Beading
Select Mohair Upholstery
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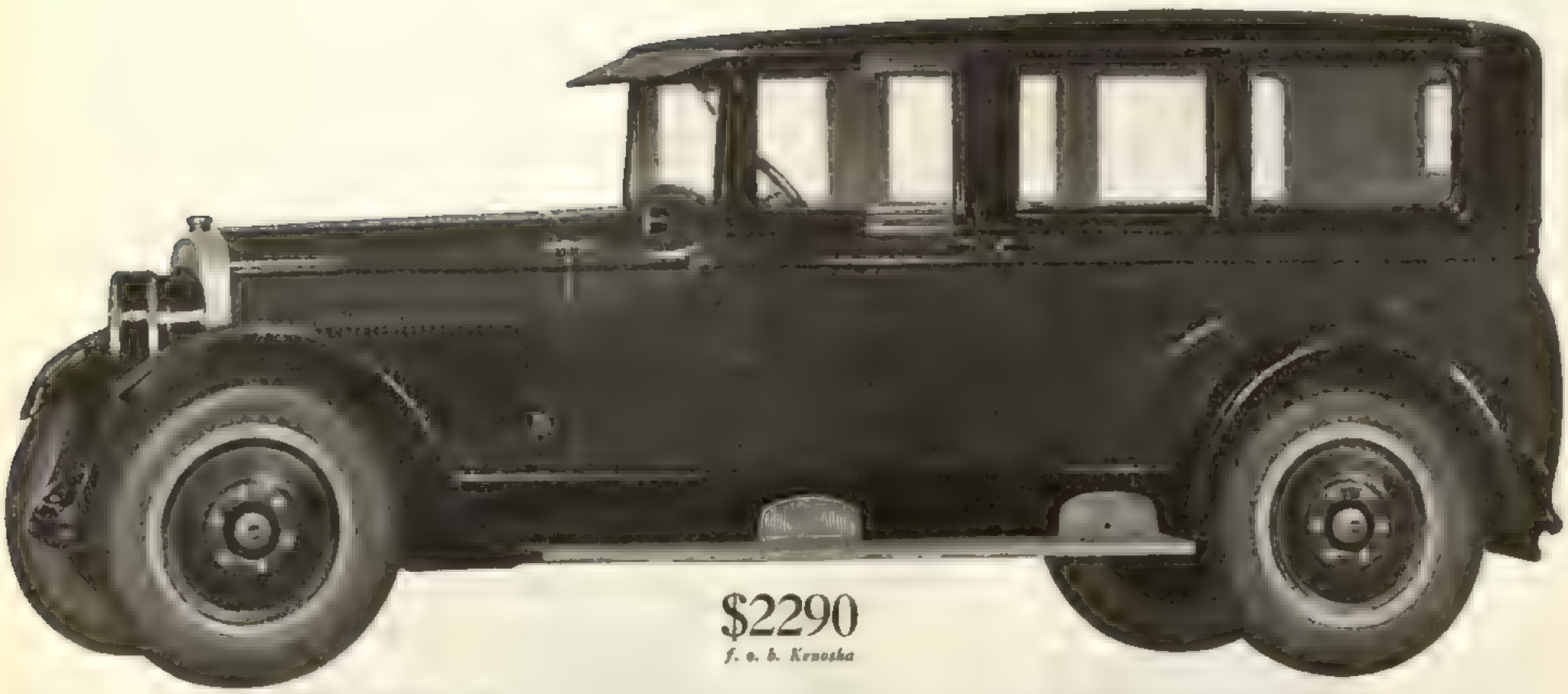

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f. o. b. Kenosha

New Advanced Six Series

MODELS 5-Pass Touring $1375, 7-Pass Touring, $1525, Roadster, $1375, 5-Pass Sedan, $1695, 7-Pass Sedan, $2290, Four-Door Coupe, $2190. F O B Kenosha

New Special Six Series

MODELS Five-Passenger Touring $1095; Five Passenger Sedan, $1295 F O B Milwaukee

THE NASH MOTORS COMPANY, KENOSHA, WISCONSIN

(Continued from Page 74)

he strolled around to the nominee and said, "By the way, John, here are a couple of telegrams that came for you when the convention was in session. I meant to hand them to you before, but I forgot all about them. Hope it's nothing important."

The importance of the telegrams was mitigated, no doubt, by the fact that Davis was elected to Congress, and was so successful and able there in his first term that he was sent back again in the election of 1912, and began his second term on March 4, 1913, when President Wilson went into office. On August thirtieth of that year President Wilson asked Davis to become solicitor-general, and he accepted and resigned from Congress. He served for five years as solicitor-general. Toward the end of the fifth year of his service he was sent abroad at the head of a commission which was to confer at Bern, Switzerland, with a similar German commission over the question of the exchange of prisoners of war and concerning the more humane treatment of such prisoners while in confinement. His work had hardly begun when Walter H. Page, our Ambassador to England, died. President Wilson cabled Davis and offered him the ambassadorship to England. Davis accepted, and came back at once to receive his instructions.

He went to London as Ambassador on the same ship that took President Wilson to Paris on his mission as peacemaker, and remained in office until the spring of 1921, when he resigned and came back to New York to practice law. In March, 1920, the Democratic State Committee of West Virginia proposed Mr. Davis as a candidate for the presidential nomination, and cabled him at London to that effect. His reply was: "When a nomination for that office represents the deliberate wish of one's party it constitutes a call to duty that no man could or should refuse. In all sincerity, however, let me say that I do not seek the nomination and that I cherish no higher ambition than to perform to the best of my ability the duties of my present position so long as I shall continue in it."

Honored in England

The West Virginia Democrats decoded that message as "Yes," and they made a campaign for Davis. He was formally placed in nomination at San Francisco, received twenty-eight votes on the first ballot and had fifty-two on the forty-fourth ballot, which culminated in the nomination of Cox.

He was a success in England. The British liked him. He leased a fine mansion in Chesham Place, Belgravia, and was active socially as well as industrious ambassadorially. He was made a bencher of the Middle Temple, and senior warden of the Grand Lodge of Free Masons of England, which was a unique honor, never before conferred on a foreigner.

The universities of Glasgow and Birmingham gave him honorary degrees of LL D, and, when he left, the London Times said that all the English loved him "because his head is right, his heart is right and because in this world overfull of folly and uncharity he stands out a consistent, witty, charming pleader for sanity and good will among men."

All this official experience, especially that of solicitor-general, established nationally the fact that was well known in West Virginia—namely, that Davis is a good lawyer; indeed, that he is a great lawyer. And he was broke when he got back to America from England. As he told it himself in an interview published last May: "I was in Congress three years and solicitor-general for five years. I followed this with two years and a half as Ambassador to England and at the end of that time I was broke. I used up every cent of my capital while in the government service. . . . I got into the law business again, and I am not at all anxious to get out of it."

When the Impossible Happened

He got into the law business again, as he modestly put it. He got back into the legal harness as attorney for J. P. Morgan & Co., the New York Telephone Company, the New York Coffee and Sugar Exchange, the Associated Press, the United States Rubber Company, and with a few other little legal kickshaws and knickknacks like those, including the Erie Railroad and the Guaranty Trust Company. Hence, when the Clarksburg boys, led by Clem Shaver, again proposed Davis for President this year there was loud clamor in some portions of the country that this very law business made Davis ineligible for the office in a political way; that his corporation and Wall Street connections were insuperable. William Jennings Bryan came tearing down the highway from the Cleveland convention, which he was reporting for the newspapers, stopping here and there on the way to shout that Davis would never, never do, that no such representative of the capitalistic classes could possibly be nominated, should be nominated or would be nominated by the Democrats in convention assembled.

As it seems, the Democrats did not take William Jennings very seriously, for they not only nominated this precise representative of the capitalistic classes but they hitched up with him in the presidential team William Jennings' brother Charles, thereby stopping William Jennings to a degree that may be set down as absolute and permanent acquiescence. Mr. Bryan hasn't said a word about the capitalistic classes, the Wall Street demon, or the money devil since half past two o'clock of the morning of July tenth.

Referring to this argument against him as a candidate, which was vigorously and viciously used when Davis began to look like a solution of the Democratic convention problem, Davis himself said, in an interview, referring to his clients: "I am proud of them. They are big institutions and so long as they ask for my services for honest work I am pleased to work for them. Big business has made this country what it is. We want big business. But it must be honest."

And again, when urged, during the course of the preconvention campaign, to give up his corporation practice and return to the bucolic and noncorporate shades of Clarksburg, where he would establish himself as unsullied by this taint of large affairs, he said: "I conceive it to be the duty of the lawyer, just as it is the duty of the priest or surgeon, to serve those who call upon him, unless, indeed, there is some insuperable obstacle in the way. No one in all my list of clients has ever controlled or fancied he could control my personal or political conscience. I am vain enough to think no one ever will."

Well, that was that, and though these same corporation connections may have held back some support during the first hundred ballots of the convention—the first hundred ballots always being the hardest—they were entirely forgotten, in public, when the final push came that sent Davis over and made him the nominee. Not entirely forgotten in private, it is just possible, owing to that omnipresent thought in the mind of politicians that lingers on prospective campaign contributions.

But in public, yes. Down there on that convention floor, where the lost McAdoo and the lost Smith battalions stood with wilted collars, wilted tempers and a desire to get out of there that amounted to an obsession, yes. Forgotten and forgiven, and viewed with a considerable hope in certain quarters.

Entirely adaptable and with that true promptness that marks your real candidate for President, Mr. Davis' first act, after he had recovered from the astonishment he had spent sixteen long and weary days hoping would astonish him, was to resign from his law firm and thus enter the campaign contaminated only in a retroactive sense. If he isn't elected probably he can get some of his jobs back.

A Strict Constitutionalist

He is a strict Constitutionalist, and looks with great horror on all progressive plans to revise the organic law, and especially is he shocked with these radical notions of tampering with the United States Supreme Court. Recently, when referring to the La Follette plan to give Congress the power to override the decisions of the Supreme Court, and to that other radical proposal that a two-thirds majority shall be required in the court to enforce its decision, instead of the present simple majority of one, he said: "These proposed amendments can have no other purpose than an entire change in our Constitutional system, for in attempting to destroy or limit the power of the Supreme Court to adjudicate upon the constitutionality of legislation we are giving up at one stroke not merely our belief in the separation of judicial and legislative powers but our reliance upon the Constitution as the supreme law of the land . . . When all such proposals are reduced to their simplest terms they stand forth naked and undisguised as an attack on our theory of government under a written constitution."

However, after the nomination had been achieved, and Mr. Davis had an opportunity to establish himself nationally, he did it in these words: "There can be no compromise with reaction. Liberal principles must and will prevail. This is the mandate of the hour, and I shall obey it."

The Selection of Brother Charley

There was ground for suspicion that William Gibbs McAdoo may have had complaint that the nominee was stealing his stuff, but no such complaint was made. Rather, the statement was taken at its face value, because the past record of Davis shows that he almost always has meant what he said. Of course that adjuration of his father's to keep away from these pesky politics did not take, and Mr. Davis is considerable of a politician. Witness his selection of Charles W. Bryan, skullcap and all, for his running mate. Bryan was not the man favored by many of the big bosses of that convention, and the convention itself indubitably favored Senator Walsh, of Montana, and would have nominated him had not the senator effectively put a stop to that enterprise by refusing to recognize the validity of the vast acclamation for him immediately after the nomination of Davis and adjourning the convention for a period of reflection, which interval the senator utilized in the preparation and presentation of a formal refusal to run.

Many of the bosses thought that Governor Silzer, of New Jersey, was fittingest to be the Davis consort, and this with no prejudice to Bryan, either, but Davis settled it himself. "I want Bryan," he said simply, but not without finality, and he got Bryan. The more that simple statement is studied the better practical politics it will appear to be. Likewise, as this campaign progresses, it will be discovered in other and manifold ways, and especially in the Davis speech of acceptance, that so far from not having anything to do with politics, as the paternal Davis besought him, he has had a heap to do with politics, and has learned a lot of it one way and another. When Uncle Joe Cannon was a candidate for President a space back yonder, I asked him one day what he thought of his chances. "Well," he said, "the convention can go further and do worse than nominate me, and it probably will."

Paraphrasing a bit: This convention could not have gone much further without reaching the point of total exhaustion, but it might have done a good deal worse.

Indeed, with the material at hand, it could not have done better. As we say in sporting circles, John W. Davis undoubtedly was the class of that coterie of candidates.

His record shows him to be a great lawyer. His record shows him to be an efficient and experienced public servant. He is an effective orator, a cultivated and courteous gentleman, a well-born American, and as the London barber put it, most personable.

If John W. Davis gets the part he will look it. That is a feature not to be despised, because his campaign will not change his appearance any, and personal impressions go a long way with our esteemed American proletariat.

"Mattapan," Glen Cove, Locust Valley, Long Island, the New York Home of Hon. John W. Davis

Consider these 8 advantages of Bird's *Neponset* Rugs:

1 WATERPROOF
A cloud-burst could pour down on one of these rugs without harming it. The surface is impervious to liquids.

2 EXTRA DURABLE
Even at the "traffic centers" of the home they wear and wear and wear.

3 RED WAXED BACK
This patented feature, found on Bird *Neponset* Rugs *only*, prevents their sticking to the floor or rotting at the bottom.

4 INEXPENSIVE
There is no home too modest to afford them; no home too fine to use them. $9 to $18 for standard sizes.

5 BEAUTIFUL
Their rich and colorful patterns are designed after Oriental masterpieces; there are handsome floral and tile designs too.

6 EASILY CLEANED
No scrubbing needed. Just a mopping with soap and water keeps them bright and clean.

7 STAINPROOF
Foreign substances cannot penetrate their surface, but can be washed right off, without leaving a suspicion of stain behind.

8 DOUBLY GUARANTEED
By the local merchant, and by Bird & Son, inc., an institution 130 years old.

BIRD & SON, INC., EAST WALPOLE, MASS.
Established 1795 *Pioneers in felt-base floor Coverings*
NEW YORK: 295 Fifth Ave. CHICAGO: 14 East Jackson Blvd.
Manufacturers of Bird's [illegible] Roofing • Bird's Art-Craft Roofing • Bird's Asphalt Shingles • Bird's *Neponset* Black Building Paper • Bird's *Neponset* Wallboard Insulating • Neponset Fiber Shipping Cases, Shoe Cartons, Press Board and Special Papers

Look for this trade mark

Bird's *Neponset* Rugs
DEFY WATER AND WEAR

Sixteen Hundred

And the story of the 70,000

Suppose you sat on your doorstep today, August 30th, *1924*, and watched a procession of cows go by at the rate of one per minute. Do you realize that you would have to sit every day watching from sun-up to sun-down, until July 1st, *1928*—nearly four years later—to see one million cows pass you?

Such a procession of cows, one million in number, would stretch over a distance of 1600 miles—a path reaching from New York to Oklahoma City or from Boston to New Orleans.

Of course, we all understand such an exhibition is physically impossible, yet, if such a parade of cows could be arranged, you would personally get an idea of what it means to own a million cows.

Furthermore, you would then admire the magnificent herd of one million cows, many of them Blue Ribbon *Prize-winners*, owned entirely by the 70,000 farmer members of the Dairymen's League Co-operative Association, Inc.

AND the Association *itself* would impress you just as much as this immense herd of cows—for it is the largest farmer milk-producing organization in the world—the organization which itself produces and sells direct to you its famous DAIRYLEA EVAPORATED MILK.

Another interesting fact is that Dairymen's League does an annual business of nearly $90,000,000.00 and because this immense business is owned and operated by the farmers themselves, you are guaranteed that your DAIRYLEA will remain always the purest and best Evaporated Milk that modern methods and science can produce.

These brief facts give you an idea of the organization behind your DAIRYLEA EVAPORATED MILK. But probably you are more interested in the milk itself—

Therefore, on the opposite page are facts which cannot fail to convince the intelligent mothers and housewives of America.

Ask your Grocer

Convince

Miles of Cows

Farmers who own them

While you and the thousands of thinking housewives who are now buying and using DAIRYLEA EVAPORATED MILK unquestionably have the greatest confidence in this wonderful farmer organization which produces your evaporated milk, it is the wish of the 70,000 members of the League to impress upon every woman the *reasons for their personal guarantee* of the purity and quality of every can of DAIRYLEA EVAPORATED MILK.

FOR the protection and safety of Public Health, the U. S. Government has set very high milk standards. But the Dairymen's League Co-operative Association, in order to induce the public to consume more milk, have gone even above these standards in producing DAIRYLEA.

That is the reason why DAIRYLEA is richer and creamier than even the high Government Standards require, and why it contains more nutritious milk fats and solids.

SO when you buy DAIRYLEA, you *know* you are buying *direct* from the farmers who produce it and that each can has their guarantee of the highest quality and wholesomeness of pure milk, with only water removed.

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Refresh Yourself

When you get a good thirst treat it right!

Drink Coca-Cola

Delicious and Refreshing 5¢

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

THE MAKING OF A STOCKBROKER

(Continued from Page 17

down to it, but bookkeeping millions or credit based on prestige is easier to pledge than cash or investment holdings.

But the price declined still further and things looked pretty black, so I mustered courage and telephoned to him. I tried again and again, but somebody on the other end always said Mr. Ross was out or at some conference or at some directors' meeting and could not be reached.

That did not satisfy me, and at last, with much trepidation, I went uptown. I thought we stood a good chance of losing our profitable star customer. No matter how tactfully I asked him for more margin, he was going to be peeved. On the other hand, if we were to survive the vicissitudes of our business we must conduct that business on sound principles. The soundest thing I knew was to get more margin from Ross.

I got to his office. His secretary was one of those unusual women that you occasionally find in big capitalists' offices. She was not as well known to the reporters and the financial writers as Mr. H. H. Rogers' extraordinary secretary, but Ross' was the kind that knew her job to the dot, said job consisting of keeping everybody from getting within money-asking distance of her harassed boss.

I bowed to her politely and said, "My name is Wing. I am from Bronson & Barnes. I wish to see Mr. Ross."

She looked at me and I instantly perceived that all the wisdom of all the ages, somewhat congealed after three thousand years of cold storage, was in the lady's eyes.

She had heard every word, but she asked me with the detached air of a person who is stone-deaf but resigned to do without music: "You what?"

"I wish to see Mr. Ross," I answered as distinctly as I could, and prepared to walk past the gate of the railing.

"I am sorry," she said, in utterly impenitent icicles; and turned wearily to her work, which consisted of reading typewritten papers placed there for the purpose of ending annoyances by me and my like.

I noticed that the door into the inner office was open. I therefore raised my voice and said, "Will you please go in there and tell Mr. Ross that Mr. Wing, of Bronson & Barnes, is here on important business?"

She read on for at least two exasperating minutes before she raised her head. She was not adamant; that was too mushy. She simply stated a natural law for my benefit: "I'm sorry!"

"Why are you sorry?" I asked.

"Because you wish to see him." She nodded as if to herself. Then she had an attack of common humanity. It made her explain, almost kindly: "Nobody can see him."

"Nobody?"

"Nobody!"

"Why not?" I persisted.

And she politely vouchsafed, "He can't see anybody."

"What's the trouble; cataract?" I asked.

"No. Absence!" she answered without the slightest trace of irritation.

Ross and His Dare

I thought it had gone far enough. So I told her, "He's got to see me. I've tried to reach him by telephone and couldn't. That's why I came myself."

"I'm sorry," she sighed.

"He will be much sorrier if he doesn't see me," I assured her.

"I am sor ——"

"Look here," I interrupted in a loud voice, "I am going to see Mr. Ross, no matter what you say. He is in that office and he will have to come out when he gets hungry. I can fast as long as he can, so I am going to sit down here until I say my little speech to him. I am prepared to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

I looked about for a chair and saw a messenger-call box. So I went up to it and rang for a boy. Then I said, really speaking to the open door of the private office, "I've just rung for a messenger boy. When he comes I'll send for enough food and drink to last me a week. In the meantime I'll sit down and wait for Mr. Ross." I drew a chair nearer to the gate of the railing and sat down with my back partly turned to her, as though waiting for the messenger boy. I could feel her eyes on me. That is the truth.

My scheme worked, for a man's voice said, angrily, "What do you want?"

I turned. Mr. Ross stood in the doorway.

"I want fifty thousand dollars more margin on your account."

"You don't need it."

"We do. It's our rule. You know it," I said politely.

"Well, you can't have it," he said.

"Mr. Ross, we don't wish to add to your annoyances, but we've simply got to have additional margin from you." I thought I might as well stand by my guns, once I had begun firing.

He waved me away with his hand as though I were an affectionate child with a sticky lollipop and said impatiently, "I am too busy just now. I can't do anything about it."

"Mr. Ross, we'd like very much to carry your account, but it isn't in satisfactory shape."

"I told you I couldn't do anything about it just now. I am very busy with other matters." And he turned to go back to his private office.

"Mr. Ross," I said to our star customer, "unless we have additional collateral in securities or cash we'll have to liquidate the account."

"You don't dare do that!" he shouted

"Don't we? Just watch us!" I said and started away. In order to make sure he understood, I added, "You will have ample time in which to protect your position. If you do not choose to do so we shall sell your account!"

He Knew He Was Wrong

I went back to the office. I figured it meant the loss of a profitable customer, but I must first of all protect the firm, in justice to all our other customers. I must stick to our rule about margins. I dictated a letter—the usual form—notifying Ross that unless additional margin in the shape of securities or cash was deposited in his account by 10:30 A.M. on Thursday—this was on Tuesday—the stock we were carrying would be sold for Mr. Ross' account and risk on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange.

We did not hear a word from him, and so on Thursday Mr. Williamson sold out Ross' New Hampshire Traction. The stock broke wide open. We did not lose a penny, but the price was down forty points at the close Thursday. Others had followed where we led

Friday morning Ross called at our office. I thought he had come to raise Cain and threaten lawsuits, and all that. But what he did was to apologize for the way he had spoken to me in his office. He said I had asked him for more margin in a nice way and when he did not respond we sold him out, after giving him fair notice and ample time. He had no complaint to make.

It so happened that Ross was one of the chief victims of that famous Silent Panic. He was too greatly overextended to save himself, notwithstanding his vast resources and his prestige. His complete collapse later became one of the historic crashes of the Street, and his name, through the newspapers, became rather unfavorably known throughout the entire country.

His was the first big account of our New York office and that was how I got it and how I lost it. My second star customer I secured through a friend. My first summer in New York I spent on the Jersey coast. I commuted every day. There were two reasons why I found the particular resort where I stayed an ideal place—tennis and swimming. I was very fond of both, and there the bathing was fine and the courts were very good.

At one of the hotels I met a chap named Charley Carney, who played a pretty good game. I got into the habit of playing with him on Saturday afternoons. He was Pete Carney's brother, and just then Pete was making front-page history in Wall Street.

Peter Carney was a metallurgist who developed a process for treating certain zinc ores which had hitherto proved refractory. He was wise enough first to get for a song options on a lot of mines that nobody had been able to work profitably by reason of the smelting difficulties.

If Pete Carney had been nothing but a metallurgist he would have contented himself with selling the process to the Metal Trust capitalists. But he had both vision and valor. He saw more money and more fun fighting the trust than selling his process. And so he fought the trust in the courts and in the newspapers. By a stroke of genius, instead of fighting an impersonal body like the Consolidation Zinc, he brought his suits against individual members, every one of whom was an execrated monopolist and as such front-page news. One result thereof was millions of dollars of publicity that cost him nothing; and that in turn resulted in securing for him a large following without his having to lift a finger to create it. There were thousands of men who thought that though making money was fine, making it out of those monopolistic fiends was heaven. Those men were ready to follow Pete to the death—the death of the monopolists, understood.

He was successful in his litigation. After he won out and the highest tribunal in the land sustained him, he received an offer from the trust, and he accepted it. But before he sold out his own holdings he insisted on the trust buying out all his fellow stockholders. That strengthened his hold on his followers. After it was all over he found himself with several millions in cash, enormous prestige and plenty of time to play high finance in.

Of course he had no trouble in finding good brokers. They all offered their services, and he soon had big trading accounts with a half dozen commission houses. I did not make Charley Carney's acquaintance with Pete's business in view, but after I got to know him pretty well I naturally found ways of bringing to his notice the fact that I was a broker and that my firm prided itself on giving good service. Pete Carney, however, was so well provided with good brokers that my talks with his brother did not lead to any business from him.

Boston, as you know, always has been partial to mining stocks. One day I heard some gossip about Pete Carney's intention to invest some of his spare millions in Tri-Bullion common, which was then a trading favorite in Boston. The moment I heard that I went over to Charley Carney's office and told him that Boston was our home town and that when it came to a matter of execution on the Boston Stock Exchange, and the like, nobody could touch Bronson & Barnes.

This could be easily proved or disproved by a trial. Therefore, if it was true that Pete was nibbling at Tri-Bullion, I'd like to do some of his business.

The Rise and Fall of Carney

This was the first time I had asked Charley Carney to put me in touch with Pete. He was very nice about it and took me to Pete's office and introduced me. When I came out of the office I had a check in my pocket and Pete Carney was a valued customer. We did a lot of business for him in Boston and later in New York, both on the curb and on the Stock Exchange. He was the first big customer I got all by myself and I was greatly encouraged and pleased.

Pete Carney's Wall Street career was sensational in the extreme, but it came to an end at the same time that Ross' did, and for the same reason. Carney became overextended. He bought a seat for Charley, who thereupon founded the Stock Exchange firm of Charles G. Carney & Co. When the Silent Panic came Pete was in no position to weather it. He had gone into all sorts of ventures, which impaired his capital.

When prices of both stocks and commodities began to decline zinc did not defy the general trend. It was no time for bull pools to dream of operating on the long side, but unfortunately bull pools can't hibernate during the bad weather. Unless prices can be kept up—and buying is the only thing that will do that—margins become impaired. Carney could not keep up the price of his Tri-Bullion. As prices broke, the banks called for more collateral on their loans and, when it wasn't forthcoming, sold them out. It was futile for Pete Carney to try to hold up prices, with hundreds of minor holders all over the country liquidating or trying to.

We were carrying quite a block of Tri-Bullion for Carney. Remembering my experience a few days previously with Ross, I called on Pete. I did not consult anyone, but acted on my own.

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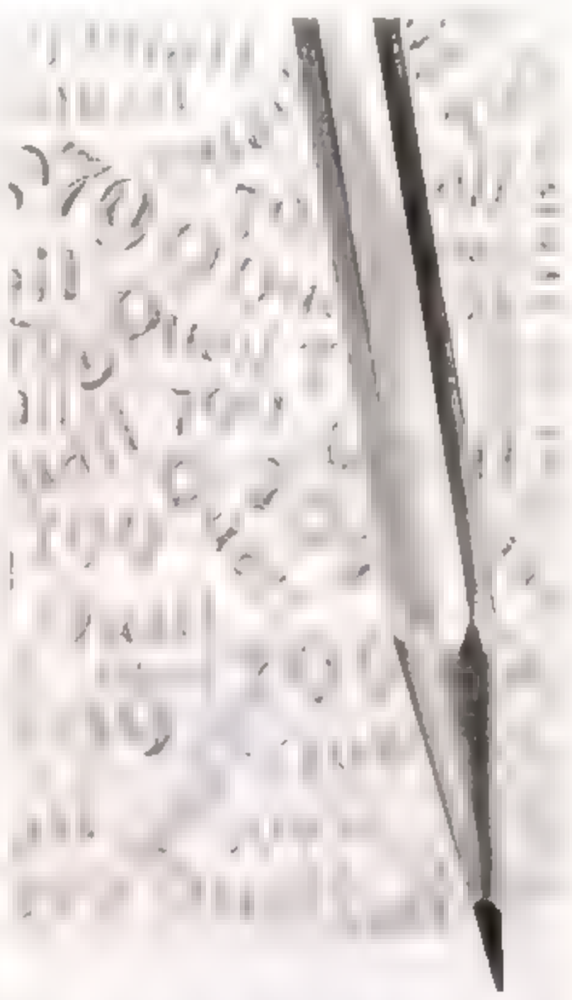

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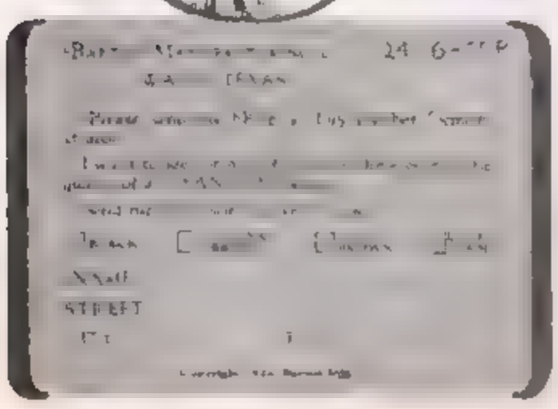

"Pete," I said, "we need more margin on that Tri-Bullion we are carrying for you."

"Good heavens, Jack," he cried, "this is no time to talk that way."

"I'm sorry, Pete, but I've got to have it."

"You know the break in all the metals we produce has made the banks ask all my companies for more collateral. They have about everything I own in this world at this moment and I am only hoping they won't call for more. Don't ask for margins at this time. I haven't any to give you." And he shook his head dolefully.

I saw on his desk a big block of stock certificates.

"What stock is this?" I asked.

"Tri-Bullion common."

"I'll accept this as collateral," I said.

But he jumped to his feet and shouted, "No! No! They are pledged!"

"Not these," I said, and I grabbed the lot.

"Hey! Come back here!"

"If I can't have these I'll have to sell you out," I told him. "This lot will help me to hold the block we are carrying for you."

And as Carney had nothing to say I walked away, carrying the certificates with me.

The market became still weaker. Everything went down and it looked as if the decline had only just begun. Taking time by the forelock I wrote a letter to Carney, similar to the notice I had sent to Ross, warning him that I would sell him out if he didn't send me more margin. He answered that he couldn't send me any more, but hoped I would carry the stock for him, even if the margins were temporarily impaired.

A Stitch in Time

I could not see my way clear to doing so, and I sold the stock. It was a good thing. I got a much better price than I could have done had I waited three days longer. Charles G. Carney & Co. failed later on and Pete followed suit, and then we discovered how dangerous his speculative position had been all along. The trust he had so often defeated in his legal battles had nothing to do with his collapse. He brought it on himself. In selling out the stock as we did we were not actuated by a selfish desire to avoid a loss to ourselves. Neither did we wish to lose a profitable customer. We did what we thought was the right thing to do. He himself found no fault with us when he saw how things turned out. He told me he wished other houses had been as strict in the matter of margin as we had been.

Of course this final chapter of Pete Carney's career was written a couple of years after he became our customer. I have referred to his ending here to show you that we have the same rule for big customers as for little. Adherence to sound business principles is not ruthlessness. Brokers sometimes have to act as surgeons. Mistaken kindness may be the worst thing in the world for everybody.

The next big account I obtained we still have. I had met a young man by the name of Freund, and we saw enough of each other to become rather friendly. We talked over our respective businesses and I learned that Freund was a nephew of Lawrence Aaronson, the metal exporter who had made millions financing mining companies or tiding them over dull periods. In return for his help they made him the exclusive selling agent of their entire output. That way he had grown to control an enormous tonnage and he was a power in the metal markets of the world. Mr. Aaronson, who was one of the squarest of men as well as a merchant of rare sagacity and vision, had willy-nilly become interested in the actual ownership of mines after having kept out of it for years and years. Of course, when he finally did so, he became interested in the market for mining shares. Boston, as I have told you before, was a great market for that class of securities and Mr. Aaronson traded heavily there, chiefly through Robert L. Sampson & Co., a New York house that had a branch in Boston.

I asked Freund to introduce me to his uncle, and he was good enough to do so. I took a liking to Mr. Aaronson from the first, as most people did. He kindly asked me what he could do for me and I kindly told him all about our firm and our facilities in both Boston and New York. He was very nice and promised to give me some business; and, sure enough, a day or two later we got some nice orders to execute for him on the Boston Exchange. After these he sent us more. We must have given him good service, for the business kept up. Or else he must have wished to keep people guessing and used new brokers. In either case, we did quite a little for him and you may imagine how happy I was. I was at last bringing commissions into the office as I had hoped. I had gotten a lot of small accounts, customers who traded in hundred-share lots. The star customers, buying and selling five and ten thousand shares at a clip, were extremely pleasing.

One day Mr. Aaronson sent for me and I went to his office. He told me he liked our way of doing business and that he had decided to give us more. He had just brought out the Louisville Lead Company. Instead of getting up an underwriting syndicate, Mr. Aaronson, who was enormously rich, brought out the company himself, acting as his own financier. It was his first venture in that field. He knew the company was good because he had been selling the mines' product from the first shipment and he knew the business thoroughly—the mining and smelting as well as the marketing end of it.

The stock was selling on the curb at a few dollars a share. He could have brought it out at a higher price because it would have been no job at all to capitalize the prestige of a lifetime of success; but he explained to me, diffidently, that he wanted the public—those people who believed in him and in his reputation for integrity and business sense—to make money out of that faith. That was why he proposed to make the stock go up in a legitimate way—that is, by reason of its earnings. He also intended that there always should be a free market in the stock, even though he had to buy back every share he had sold.

The price was around ten dollars a share. His proposition was for us to buy it from him at private sale for nine dollars. Then we were to sell it to our customers at nine dollars and fifty cents, even while the stock was selling in the open market at ten dollars. When the stock went up, as it would because the earnings and the prospects justified it, our customers would make money, and that would make them believe in Louisville Lead, and that would strengthen their faith in Lawrence Aaronson.

Mr. Aaronson took pains to give me all the facts I needed -trade statistics, tonnage, production costs, reserves, and so on; and I told him I would put his proposition up to my partners.

I returned to my office and did so. Mr. Williamson and I discussed the matter and we talked to Boston, and the firm decided to go into it, after a careful study. We all believed in Mr. Aaronson personally; but that did not prevent us from taking great pains to check up on his statements.

The Wisdom of Profit Sharing

Louisville Lead was a good speculation. We bought ten thousand shares at 9 and placed them, as agreed, among our customers at 9½. We told our customers what they were buying and how the deal had come about. The market was then 10. Mr. Aaronson put up the price to 10½ by his willingness to buy it at that figure, and a few of our customers took their profit, but the majority of them held on. They were convinced that they had a pretty good thing and decided to stay with it. Trade conditions improved, as Aaronson had predicted, and the company's tonnage increased, and as the profits rose, so did the price. We bought six or eight blocks, each of ten thousand shares, of Louisville Lead on a steadily rising market and the old gentleman not only broadened his market but developed a staunch following that stuck to him in subsequent ventures. Eventually Louisville Lead went to thirty-five dollars a share. It has not skipped a dividend to this day. Our customers did very well. Mr. Aaronson found both pleasure and profit in his new method of promoting.

Perhaps he made a slightly smaller cash profit for himself by sharing it with the public, but he got much more satisfaction out of his deal that way.

I should like to call your attention to the wisdom of profit sharing. The largest income in the world derived by an individual from a business managed by himself is that received by an automobile manufacturer who has consistently reduced his price. The public that made possible quantity production has been allowed to benefit by the economies which its purchases helped to bring about. And I will say to your face that the greatest value given in the entire world for a nickel, five cents, is a periodical so well known that it does not have to be mentioned by name in your modest columns. It always has been profitable for a manufacturer to take the public into partnership. Profit-sharing partners are very apt to be permanent patrons.

Our success with Aaronson turned our minds to other big traders in mining stocks. The Heinsheimer group were leaders in this respect. Their chief broker in New York was Mr. Edward Marcus, one of the ablest, clearest-visioned men I have ever met, as well as a delightful chap personally. Mr. Williamson knew him on the floor and I did not rest until we had convinced Marcus that we had exceptional facilities for doing the kind of business he sometimes had need to do in Boston. The result was that we got a lot of orders from Marcus in which we split commissions as usual—that is, we got six dollars and twenty-five cents per hundred, or one-half the regular twelve dollars and fifty cents which was the commission in those days.

All wire houses do business on that basis. We execute orders for out-of-town houses that are members of the New York Stock Exchange for one-half the regular commission. The reason why the New York Stock Exchange originally made the commission one-eighth of one per cent, or twelve dollars and fifty cents per hundred shares, was simply that the eighth was the fluctuation. Prices changed by eighths. Making the commission the same as the minimum fluctuation prevented splitting the commission. Of course the commissions today are different. They may be changed again by the time this appears in print, but at present they are on a sliding scale, ranging from three to twenty dollars per hundred shares, depending upon the price of the stocks.

Millions Made in Liberty Bonds

We did enough business in mining stocks for the Heinsheimers through Marcus to make a very good showing.

Here I shall digress because giving you the schedule of commission rates based on the prices of stocks made me think of what a very successful American banker told me one day. He said the big money in speculation had been made in high-grade securities and not in low-priced stocks. For one man who made one hundred thousand dollars in country real estate there were hundreds who made millions dealing in Fifth Avenue properties. E. H. Harriman buying Union Pacific and George F. Baker buying Reading did mighty well. Then the banker went on to tell how right after the war a small group of men in New York made ten million dollars out of a speculative deal. The purchases were made on margin, and the profit, in addition to being large, was both merited and inevitable.

The men to whom he referred bought one hundred million dollars of Liberty three and half per cent bonds. To do this they borrowed from the Federal Reserve Bank ninety per cent of the value of the bonds, which had gone down over ten per cent since their issue. The speculation really consisted of betting on the credit and commercial soundness of the United States Government, on the brains and honesty of Uncle Sam. Panic conditions prevailed at the time and it took courage to buy one hundred million dollars' worth of any bonds. Today when things are different it seems the most natural thing in the world to say that betting on the United States is always a safe proposition. But these bonds wouldn't have gone down to below 90 if every American had bet that way. Still, there were some patriots who had enough common sense to put their money into the best investment in the world.

The little group of New York men went about their business sanely. They took all the offerings around 90 until they had bought over one hundred millions par value. They argued that if buying these United States Government tax-exempt bonds at 90 or less did not make money for them it would be because the United States and the inhabitants thereof would disappear from the face of the earth, in which event everything would go to utter smash and no property would be worth a tinker's dam. If such a thing came to pass they would be no worse off for having the bonds.

(Continued on Page 85)

Not stupid—handicapped

FAILED again! His parents were mortified and worried at his frequent failures in his examinations. He seemed bright enough. He was not a shirk. What could they do?

They had his eyes examined—fortunately, for the examination disclosed a form of defective vision easily corrected by glasses. On the very next school test the work of this apparently backward boy showed such progress that he was promoted with high honors.*

Think how glasses changed this boy's life!

He was given his chance before it was too late. But what of hundreds of thousands of other children who appear to be stupid, who fail in their school work, because they need spectacles? Their constant effort to see properly wastes an excessive amount of their nerve energy and will handicap them in later life.

A scientific eye examination is the only way to assure yourself that your child's eyes are normal. And the wearing of spectacles to correct defective vision in early years may make it unnecessary for them to be worn in later years.

But the responsibility is yours. Defective eyes will retard any child's progress in school. And a scientific eye examination is the only way to be sure that eyes are normal. Have *your* child's eyes examined now.

* *Weekly Bulletin of the Department of Health, City of New York, June 25th, 1921.*

American Optical Company Southbridge Mass U S A

for Better Eyesight
WELLSWORTH
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Better Cows—Better Milk

We invite you to visit, one of these days, the Carnation Milk Farms at Seattle, Washington, or Oconomowoc, Wisconsin. They are our pride; they will be your delight. They will show you how far we go to put into the red and white Carnation cans the best milk from the best cows.

At these farms you will see blue ribbon "contented cows" like Segis Pietertje Prospect, with her world record of 17,800.6 quarts of milk in a single year—more than 48 quarts a day. You will learn that the hereditary ability of these champions to produce the finest milk in the world is constantly being bred into the herds which supply milk to the Carnation Condenseries.

You will learn, too, should you not already know it, that Carnation Milk is just pure, fresh milk, evaporated to double richness, kept safe by sterilization, and placed at your service in convenient form and constant quality for all cooking, for drinking, for coffee, tea, fruit and cereals.

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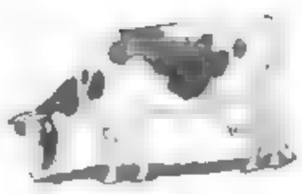
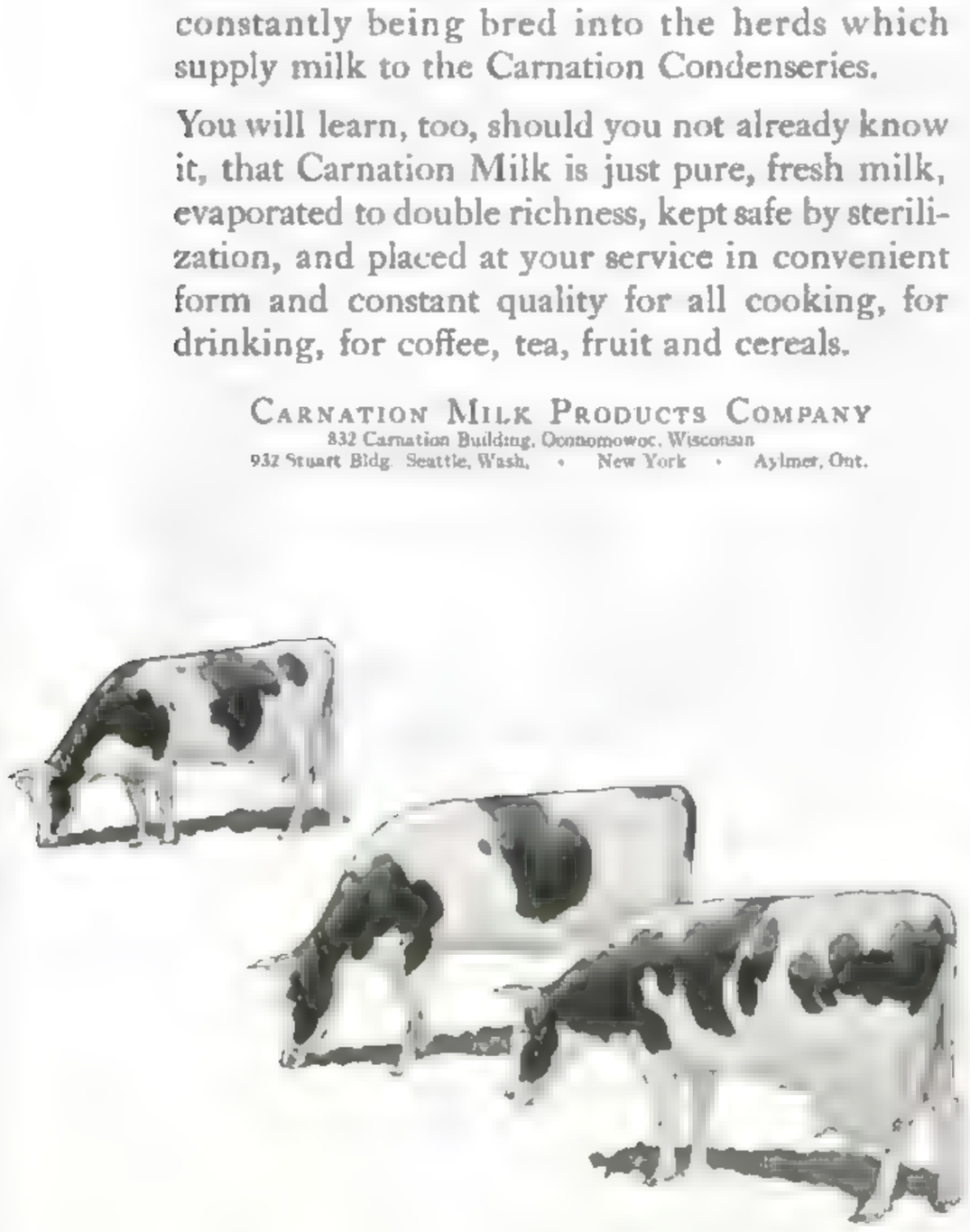




You can dilute the double-rich contents of this can until the quart bottle overflows with pure milk

Carnation Milk

"From Contented Cows"

© 1924, Carnation Milk Products Co.

(Continued from Page 52

If, on the other hand, things improved and Americans recovered their poise and their ability to spot bargains, the buyers of Liberty 3½'s at less than 90 stood to make big money.

These men were multimillionaires and they had to pay the highest-bracket surtaxes. By buying tax-exempt Liberty 3½'s they did not have to pay any income tax on the interest they received from their hundred and odd millions. In addition to this, they deducted from their taxable income the interest they paid to the Federal Reserve Bank on the eighty-odd millions of dollars they borrowed to buy the bonds with. The law provided for precisely such cases, the intention having been to encourage purchases of the bonds. The heavy buying by this little group of men helped everybody. It steadied the price. All holders of Liberty 3½'s benefited, and Uncle Sam was spared the humiliation of a further decline, which would have been an insult to his credit.

When the price went up, the syndicate sold enough bonds to pay for the bonds they kept for permanent investment. The total profits were in excess of ten million dollars.

If a man is bent on speculating he ought to buy the best. Don't buy cats and dogs. Treat your own pocket as considerately as a wise man treats his stomach. Don't put inferior securities in your strong box any more than you would deliberately put ptomaines into your bread basket.

I remember how anxious I was, as a beginner, to make a record. I thought I had to get results and I argued that any kind of business, so long as it was honest, was good business to get. But after an experience of twenty-odd years in the stock-brokerage business I find that developing any kind of business resembles in its essentials the building of your home. When you have your home in mind you know you are not building a house to sell at a profit to a careless millionaire. You are constructing a place for yourself to live in. You are going to spend years and years in it. Therefore you strive after permanence and comfort rather than easy vendibility. In your business, permanence will depend upon yourself, and comfort upon the character of your customers.

Improving His Game

We have always kept these principles before us. I hate to dwell so much on our virtues, but really we are prouder of our relations with our customers than we are of our capital or the size of our offices. I have at times refused business that would have increased our profits, simply because the customer wasn't the kind we enjoyed doing business with—perfectly legitimate business, understood—or because the nature of the business was not to our taste. I need not say that this is the common experience of all reputable brokerage firms in this country, though the public deems them commission-hungry always. I once got an order to sell seven hundred and fifty thousand shares of stock. It came to our firm through one of our friends who had been appointed receiver of a great corporation. He sought us of his own accord because he had known us personally for years. And after we disposed of that block—it took us several months to do it—we sold for him eighty thousand shares of another stock, as well as several million dollars of bonds.

The other day one of our customers went to Europe. He left with us five million dollars of negotiable notes made out in the name of the firm and an order to buy certain securities at certain prices. His only security was our reputation. We have not yet executed his order. You remember the late J. P. Morgan's remark: "I'd lend a man more money on his name than on his collateral."

Going back to my early days in Wall Street, I recall that after we got the big customers like Ross and Carney, I ran up against a scarcity of the minor variety. I went out every day, calling on my friends and on their friends, picking up a new account here and there, but not increasing as fast as in my youthful eagerness I desired. I don't suppose I should have been satisfied with my progress, no matter how rapid it might have been. Business to me has been a sort of sport. Getting customers meant getting points. It meant more than winning; it meant improving my game.

I was getting a hundred and fifty dollars a month, I think, and the firm was not losing money on me; but I was not satisfied with the business I was getting.

One afternoon an intimate friend of mine who was a bond broker came to see me in my office. Mr. Williamson had not yet come from the board and I only stopped in to see if anything had turned up that required my attention. I always did this, dropping in several times a day unless my customer chasing took me too far uptown.

This bond broker was Clarence Cramer, who had been my classmate not only at Harvard but before that at Exeter. After leaving college he had gone to work for a firm of investment brokers who made a specialty of high-grade bonds, and he became an expert.

Another Harvard classmate, Brandon Donahue, went into business with his uncle and together they founded the stock-exchange firm of Humphreys, Donahue & Co., specializing on bonds. A couple of years before my arrival in New York, Brandon Donahue invited Clarence Cramer to join the firm as partner, which Cramer did. They had been very successful and were among the best known of the younger houses. Today they are among the most successful in the United States.

Clarence came to see me because he and Brandon had decided to devote more attention to the stock business. In looking about for a man to put in charge of that end of it they both thought of me. We had been together at college—Harvard again, you see—which meant that they knew all about the sort of chap I was. Of course I had seen a great deal of them at the Harvard Club, and every time we ran across each other anywhere we had the kind of chats classmates indulge in.

A Flattering Offer

Clarence told me that he and Brandon had talked it over and they wanted me to go with them as full partner. They were growing fast and they were sure I would do pretty well, for there was no doubt in their minds that I could develop their stock business. I would have complete charge of that end of the business. They had kept their eye on me from the day they learned what I had come to New York for.

It was both a pleasing surprise and a shock to me. It thrilled and it disturbed me. It was an opportunity for me to be my own boss and thus have a free hand to do something big. At the same time it would take me away from Bronson & Barnes. I was glad to know somebody considered me a success, but I was made uncomfortable by the consciousness that I had not finished my work where I was. The thought of a partnership and the increased income was gratifying, but leaving an unfinished task made me unhappy.

I suppose Clarence Cramer must have seen the conflicting emotions on my face, for he said, big-brother-like, "Think it over, Jack. Take your time. We want you. You know us and we know you. It will be a family affair for us to be together in business."

This was just about the close of the market. Pretty soon Mr. Williamson came over from the board. He saw me talking to Clarence Cramer, to whom I had introduced him months before, and he nodded to us. He sat down at his desk and looked over some memoranda I had left there for him. Usually I went over and sat by him and talked over what I had done that day and what I hoped to do on the next. Of course I couldn't do that while my friend was there. But pretty soon Clarence left. Still I did not go over to Mr. Williamson, because I did not know what to say to him, not yet having decided what I was going to do.

I was running over the pros and cons in my mind when suddenly I heard Mr. Williamson call, "Hey, Jack, what's the matter?"

"How do you mean?"

"Just what I said. What is the matter?"

"What makes you think there is anything the matter?" I asked him.

"I see it," he answered.

"Where do you see it?"

"Well, when I see you walking up and down the room with your hands in your pockets and your head bent way down, which is something you never before have done in this office, I naturally conclude there is something the matter. And such being the case, I naturally wish to know what it is. Wouldn't you, in my place?"

His voice was as kindly as my father's would have been, but I wasn't half listening to him. I was thinking that my old classmate Clarence with the best intentions in the world had flung a monkey wrench into the machinery. I was being pulled this way and that. It made me think aloud.

"I wish that damn Clarence hadn't come to see me.

"As bad as that, eh?" said Williamson.

"Yes."

"What did he do to you, Jack?" he asked fraternally.

I had grown very fond of him and the thought of giving up that one-room office for a full-fledged partnership in a growing stock-exchange house did not give me unalloyed happiness. My acceptance of Clarence's offer would mean my not seeing Mr. Williamson, and giving up the talking and the listening and the planning and the working together.

"He has offered me a full partnership in his firm," I said to Mr. Williamson, and I am sure it sounded like a personal grievance. "What do you think I ought to do?"

Instead of answering at once Mr. Williamson got up and walked over to where I stood. He looked at me and the light in his eyes was neither friendly nor unfriendly. When he spoke it was in a noncommittal voice, neither cold nor cordial.

"Wing," he said instead of the usual Jack, "Bronson & Barnes never bid against another firm for any man's services. You will have to do your own deciding."

"Decide what?" I asked.

"With whom you prefer to work," he answered.

"I will," I said.

After a pause he asked me, only mildly curious, "How long will it take you to decide?"

"I'll let you know tomorrow," I said, and already I felt much further away from Joe Williamson than I had felt on the day I reported for work under him.

"Very well," he said. That closed the incident for him in his capacity as resident partner of the brokerage firm of Bronson & Barnes. After a pause he said briskly, "Jack, suppose you dine with me tomorrow night."

"No," I said. "You dine with me at the Harvard Club. We'll go up together from here, what?"

"Fine!" said Joe Williamson.

The Boston Surprise Party

It so happened that I was pretty busy all the next day until late, and I didn't say anything to Mr. Williamson, nor he to me. That night we went to the Harvard Club together and I ordered the best dinner I could get there. We didn't talk business, and the longer I sat at the table the better I felt. Finally, after the coffee, he said to me, "You are feeling pretty gay, aren't you, Jack?"

"I am!" I said.

It suddenly struck me that Mr. Williamson had the makings of a marvelous poker player. He had the face for it. I could not read it any more than I could read a blank wall.

After a long and utterly expressionless look, he asked me, "Have you decided?"

"I have," I said, and boyishly waited for him to make the next move.

He did so by asking, "And, pray, what have you decided?"

"I've decided to stay with Bronson & Barnes," I told him.

He stopped being a poker player and I have never felt so happy in my life as when I saw the change that came over his face. It struck me for the first time that possibly he was as fond of me as I was of him.

He held out his hand and when I took it he squeezed mine with all his might. Then he said in a gruff voice, "You'll go to Boston with me tomorrow, young fellow."

He looked as though he were threatening to break my neck, but I laughed and said, "I'd just as soon travel with you as with someone else."

I didn't know that he had talked to both Colonel Bronson and Mr. Barnes about me. His colloquy with Mr. Barnes, as it was afterward told to me, was something like this:

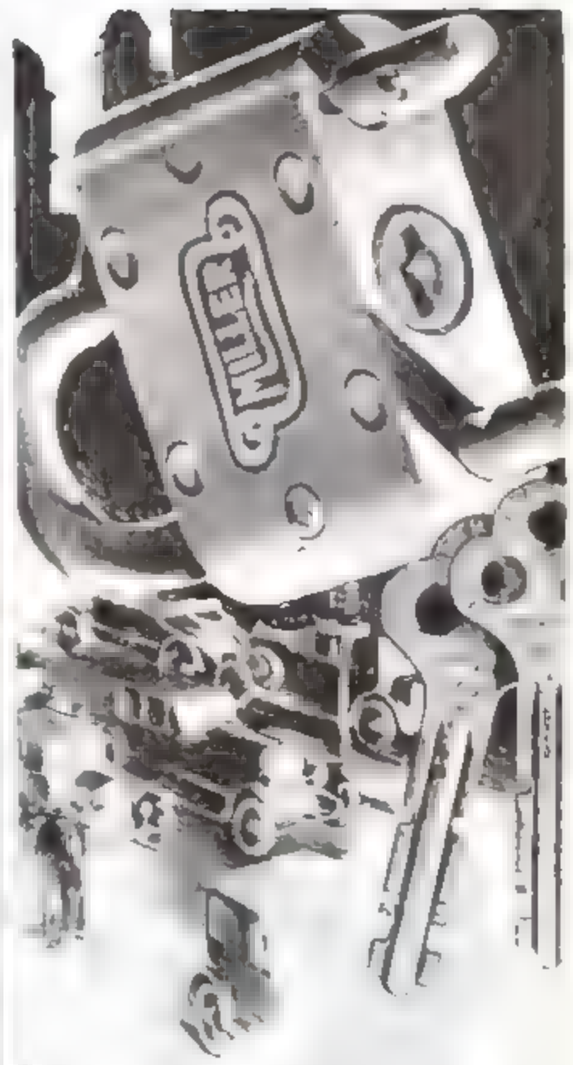
"I'm coming over tomorrow and I want you all to wait for me at the office. Very important business!" said Mr. Williamson.

"What business is it?" asked Mr. Barnes.

"The business of taking in a new partner."

"Who is it?"

"Jack Wing," said Mr. Williamson. "I hadn't been in New York a year, remember



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"This is pretty sudden, isn't it?" said Mr. Barnes in his mild way.

"Yes. But he has had an offer of a partnership in a young and progressive house where all the partners are old personal friends of his. I don't think we ought to wait to be asked for promotions. It is always wiser to anticipate such requests. It is suicide for any firm to let good men go. I told Jack that he would have to decide for himself because Bronson & Barnes wouldn't compete for his services with anyone, and I think he is going to tell me that he'll stick. But while he will stay with us without our having to make him promises of any kind I am strongly in favor of taking him in."

"Don't you think he ought to be with us a little longer before he becomes a partner? Say, one more year?"

"No, I don't. What shall we gain by waiting?" said Mr. Williamson.

"We'd better talk it over," said Mr. Barnes. Of course I didn't know any of this at the time.

"I'll be up tomorrow," said Mr. Williamson.

Well the next day Mr. Williamson and I went to Boston. I felt quite embarrassed when I walked into the home office. I was afraid one of the partners was going to say something nice about my deciding to stay where I was instead of accepting Cramer's offer, and I felt cheap in advance because my motive was simply that I liked my old position better than the new and I was merely pleasing myself. But Mr. Williamson did not indulge in any rhapsodies.

He simply preceded me into Colonel Bronson's office and said, without preambles, "Sam, there is no sense in having all the partners go into a conference about Jack, here. One man can do the talking for all. Suppose you do it."

Colonel Bronson nodded and Mr. Williamson took himself away, leaving me alone with the head of the firm. I had no idea whatever of what was coming. I thought that possibly I might be promised a raise.

Colonel Bronson, who usually smiled when he talked to me, was not smiling now. He said, very seriously, "Jack, you've done very well in New York and we are much pleased with your work."

"It sounds mighty good to me, coming from you, colonel," I said. "Of course I know I haven't done as well as I thought I should."

"You've done well enough to satisfy us," said Colonel Bronson. "Now Williamson seems to think we ought to have another partner in New York to relieve him of some of the responsibility, and we have decided that you are the man we want."

Jack and Joe—Partners

Well, I was flabbergasted. I didn't know what to say. I think I thanked the colonel and promised him to do my best. At any rate when I got through saying whatever it was I said, Colonel Bronson smiled and shook hands, and he told me what my interest in the firm would be—I mean the percentage—and also that I'd have a drawing account of five hundred dollars a month. These details did not interest me as much as you'd imagine. I was thinking of what I'd do, now that I'd be working for myself. I couldn't be more keen to get business than I had been, but I'd be able to ride certain hobbies of mine with fewer misgivings.

I left the colonel's private office hellbent on finding Mr. Williamson to tell him what I thought of him. I was sure it was he who had suggested my being made a partner.

Mr. Williamson was talking to Oswald Elmer, Mr. Barnes' private secretary. I rushed up to him and grabbed both his hands.

"You've done it, old fellow! You've done it, old fellow!" they tell me I yelled at the top of my voice. I know I wanted to hug him. And what do you think that man Williamson, who was quite as happy as I was over it, said to me?

He looked bored to death and remarked, "It's about time we were getting back to New York, young fellow!"

We took the train back that night. I don't think I slept much; in fact, I know I did not. I was up bright and early and was shaved and waiting for Mr. Williamson in the wash room of the Pullman when he came in.

"Good morning, Mr. Williamson," I said. "I think we're going to ——" I began. But he checked further speech by holding up a hand like a traffic policeman.

"Look here, Jack," he said with decision, "there mustn't be any more of that."

"Any more of what?" I asked. I really didn't know what he meant.

"You are my partner now and we don't mister each other in this firm. We use first names."

He was years older than I and I was used to talking to him as one does to a chief of whom one is very fond but who, for all that, is still one's chief.

"I can't call you Joe," I objected.

"The deuce you can't!"

"It doesn't sound right."

"Not from a fresh clerk, but it is what I expect from a partner. We'd be a fine pair, you mistering me and I mistering you. No, partner. I'm Joe from now on, see?"

"I'll have to get used to it," I said.

"You'd better. What else is on your mind?"

"Why did you tell Colonel Bronson and Mr. Barnes to take me into partnership?" I asked.

"Do you really want to know?" he asked. He looked at me and presently began to smile—that fine, little, subtle, New England, ten-reason smile of his.

"Yes," I said, and prepared to hear some jocularity. But his face took on a serious look as he answered me.

Joe's Second Warning

"Jack, trustworthiness is what you owe it to. I can depend on whatever you tell me. You are reliable and a hard worker, and you will accomplish a great deal if you can manage to keep from getting the swelled head. You won't get it as long as I am in the office to watch you, but after I'm gone and there is nobody there to sit on you whenever you need it, you may develop delusions of grandeur."

That was the second time he had warned against the swelled head.

"Have you noticed any signs of it in me?" I asked him. I began to feel anxious.

"I didn't say you had it," he said, "or that you would ever get it. I am pointing out the one danger you must avoid if you wish to go far in our business, or any other business, for that matter."

"No danger," I said. But he shook his head.

"Jack, there is always that danger where a man achieves success. He owes his successes precisely to not having the swelled head, but he sometimes forgets it and in time gets to attribute his success to his luck in being the wonderful man he is. That is fatal. Remember that, will you?"

"I'll never forget it," I promised, and never have I forgotten the voice in which he said, "You'd better not!"

And I haven't. Neither have I ever forgotten his reply to a question of mine about investments. One of our customers asked me which stock or bonds I considered the very best investment, and I told him nobody could answer such a question offhand. It covered too much ground, for one thing. But he persisted and he asked, "I suppose you have some of your capital in securities, haven't you?"

"Yes," I said.

"Well you are supposed to be experts. Now which of the securities that Bronson & Barnes have locked up in their strong box do you consider the best investment? You can answer that, I suppose?" said the customer.

"I can't offhand because I don't remember all the securities we have. We have a lot of securities that have come to us as members of underwriting syndicates," I said.

"I don't mean those. I only want those that you won't sell," explained the customer. So I promised him to look over the contents of our box.

That afternoon I was telling Joe Williamson how the customer had stumped me and he took it so seriously that I was surprised. Joe does not often preach and he has a keen sense of humor. He can see as far as the next man, whether he is buying old silver or bonds or paintings or real estate. He always knows what he does and even what he says.

"Jack," he said slowly, "the best investments our firm ever made are those securities that we shall never sell because they were not what we thought they were going to be when we went into them. We took our loss, and kept them, to remind us. Mighty fine investments, those. Think what we have gained by keeping them instead of passing them on to somebody else! Think of what we'd have lost if we had passed them on, knowing what we did about them!"

That is another speech of Joe Williamson's that I have never forgotten. Perhaps I shouldn't have told you this story. But I wished to make plain the kind of stockbroker Joe Williamson was.

Being a partner in the firm meant that I now had the power to make certain changes in the office force and in the system which I had not cared to press on the firm before. With Williamson's approval I increased the personnel and made the changes I had wished to make. We had been too cramped in our one-room office for some time. We were doing enough business to justify larger quarters and I felt certain we should do still more after we increased our facilities.

We found a fine set of offices in one of the best-known office buildings in the world. They had been occupied by Williamson & Brown, who had outgrown them. They sublet them to us at a low rental.

Our new offices were quite a contrast to the old. There were great columns that looked as if they were supporting all the upper stories. The ceiling was so high that the place suggested a bank rather than a stockbroker's office.

The general impression was one of greater magnificence than we were entitled to; but as a matter of fact there wasn't any too much room.

If I had been active before in my business chasing—and I had brought in more than fifty thousand dollars in commissions from the day I landed to the time I was made a partner—I became even more active now. Joe Williamson and I as usual talked over the business every day; but now we began to develop a habit of planning ahead years instead of weeks. We confabulated and schemed and discussed measures; and then I'd go out and try to carry out the plans we had so enthusiastically formed in our conferences. We tried incessantly to give better and better service to our customers in New York and Boston, and we steadily increased our business.

We were on the list of the leading banking house, but we were not known among the dealers in investment securities. In Boston, of course, we had done some business in bringing out new companies, but these ventures had not been uniformly successful and the prestige of Bronson & Barnes had suffered some severe blows. The failures were not discreditable and those of our clients who hung on as we did in the end retrieved their losses or did even better.

A Lesson in Underwriting

One day a banker with whom I had become friendly suggested to me that our firm underwrite an issue of notes of the Eastchester and Sound Traction Company. The company was doing well, but needed cash to purchase new equipment. It was no time to issue bonds on terms favorable to the company, and hence the notes. The company was doing a good business. It had paid dividends on its capital stock for years and there was no question as to its ability to pay the interest on the notes. There was only five million dollars of them at six per cent per annum. My banking friend thought we would have no trouble in disposing of them at 98. We could buy them at 96.

It looked to me like a quick, sure and easy two per cent commission on five million dollars, and I was strongly in favor of this, my first deal as a partner. I returned to the office and spoke to Joe Williamson about it and he felt as I did. We called up Boston and they were favorably impressed. At my partners' request I went to Boston and talked with Colonel Bronson and Mr. Barnes. They told me to go ahead.

We underwrote the issue of six per cent notes and started to sell them at 98. They went so slowly that I began to get nervous. The Boston office, which had more experience as well as the larger clientele, was not selling so many as I had banked on in my enthusiasm. You see, investors there did not know the traction company as well as New Yorkers did. And as for ourselves in the New York branch, one thing is to find a man who wants to trade in stocks and another is to tie up money for a couple of years even though it may return you better than six per cent per annum.

(Continued on Page 88)

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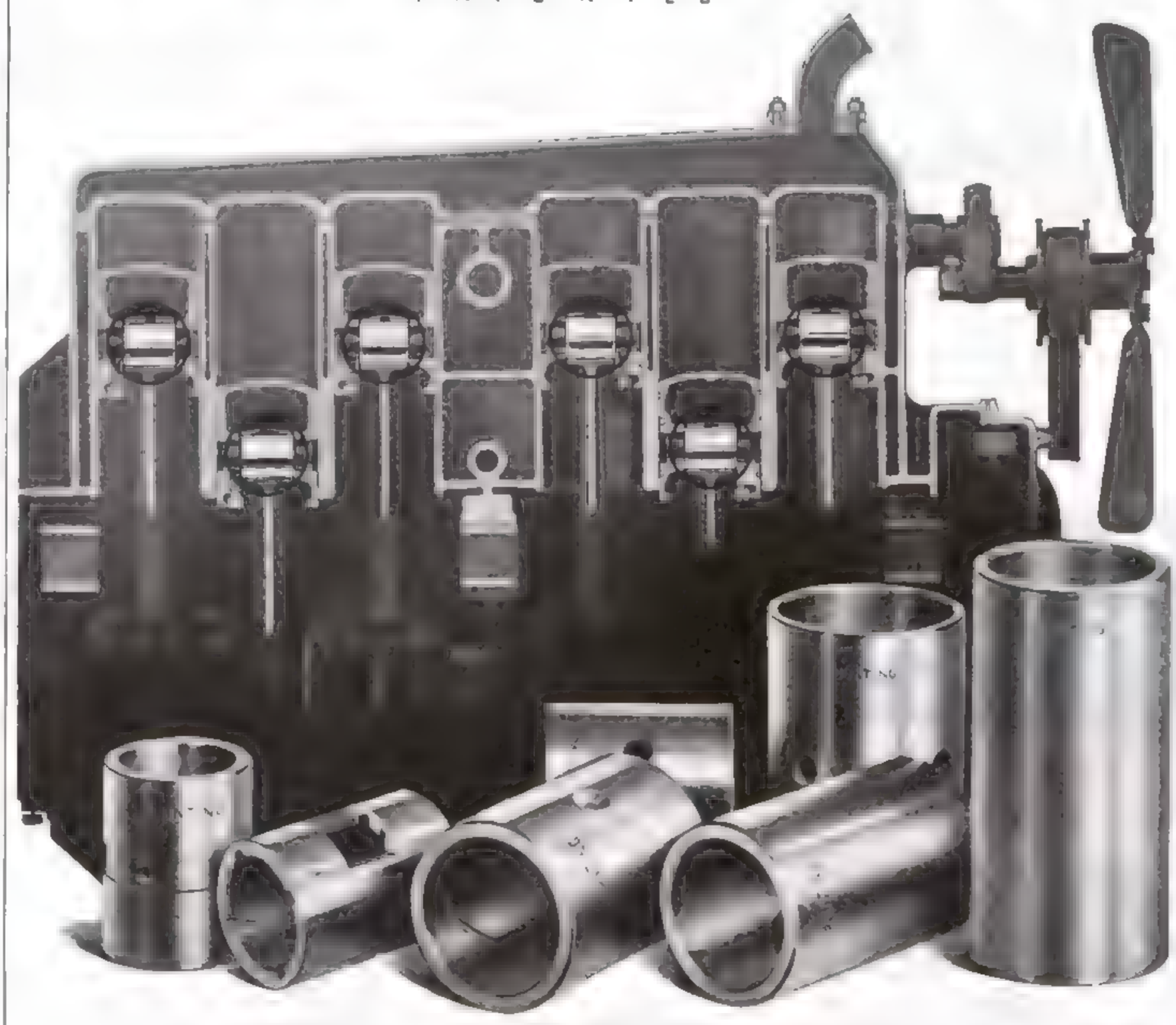

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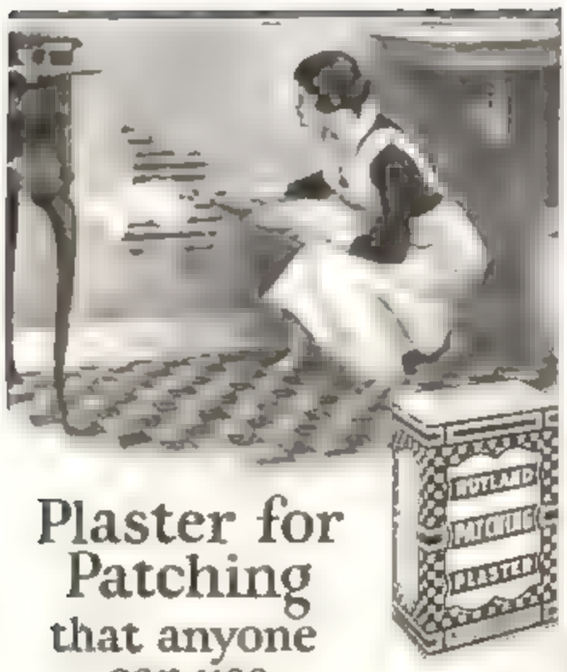

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(Continued from Page 86)

I met my old classmate, Clarence Cramer, at the club, and in the course of our conversation I happened to tell him some of my new worries. He told me that I was too impatient; that investors were a different species of animal from stock traders and therefore the brokers' technic must be different.

A day or two later I ran across him in front of the Subtreasury and he asked me how I was making out.

"About the same," I answered. I imagine I did not look very cheerful.

"Jack," he said, "I was telling Brandon about it. You haven't the organization to make a quick go of it. Now, if you wish, we'll take all the unsold notes off your hands at 96½."

We had only sold a little better than a million in ten days. I certainly had a case of cold feet and I was tickled to death to get rid of the rest without loss of time or money. But I told Clarence I'd let him know what my partners said. I hurried off and reported Humphreys, Donahue & Co.'s offer to Joe Williamson.

"If you are going to stew and worry," he said, "and you want to stick to your knitting after this, I'm willing. Anyhow, you are not taking a loss."

I called up Boston and talked to Colonel Bronson, and he said to do whatever Joe and I thought best. So I accepted Clarence's offer and jobbed nearly four million dollars of the notes at 96⅓. It paid for the advertising and other expenses, with a few pennies left over.

Well, sir, Humphreys, Donahue & Co. had the experience and the organization needed. The first thing they did was to put up the price of the notes, which we couldn't sell at 98, to 99½. Everybody knew then that there was a big demand for those notes. Not to prolong the agony, I'll say that in less than a week they had sold every one of the notes at an average price of 99½. Clarence told me all about it. He did not gloat, for he was and is one of my best friends. He simply answered questions I put to him.

Of course Joe Williamson and I discussed every phase and angle of that deal. Here was the firm of young brokers that had paid me the compliment of inviting me to join them as partner, taking over from us notes we couldn't dispose of and promptly selling them at a point and a half higher than we had offered them to the public. The ease with which they succeeded where we failed was due to organization. That impelled both Joe and me to think how we might build up the distributing end of our business. We decided that we ought to do it.

After Wire Business

One way to increase your facilities for distributing securities is by getting more customers—that is, more clients to take your advice. And one way to increase the number of customers is by having more branch offices. We began to study that question.

We weren't ready to open branch offices in all the big cities, but the essential was to get customers. It did not matter whether they were our customers or another broker's. Therefore if we wanted customers and were not quite ready to open branches of our own we ought to get wire accounts. So Joe Williamson and I decided to go after the latter even while we kept on trying to develop our regular stock business. Business was business and we wanted all we could get—good, clean business, understood. We had the equipment now and the will, and the wire business would help carry our overhead.

If or when Joe Williamson and I heard of some firm of out-of-town brokers that had given up its New York correspondents and was looking for someone to do its business on the New York Exchange he or I would hop aboard a train and go after the account. A friend who was vice president of a bank we did business with and knew what we were after advised me to go to Cincinnati and see Loring & Gibson, who were looking for a New York connection. I made four trips before I got them to put in a wire to our office. A broker on the floor told Joe Williamson about Robertson & Co. of Richmond, Virginia, who had done business for years with Pruyn Brothers, and now the Pruyns were retiring from the Street. Joe Williamson went down and got them. He made five trips to Washington before he landed Shipman, Brown & Co. All these firms were members of the New York Stock Exchange and needed a firm to execute their orders and clear for them. We worked very hard and succeeded in developing quite a nice wire business.

It would take too long to give you the details of how we secured all our wire accounts, but I certainly should like to tell you about two of them.

The first was in Baltimore. Please don't be annoyed if I again drag in poor old Harvard, but as I told you at the very outset of these reminiscences, my college friendships have been responsible for a great deal of my business.

A chap named Dan Carrington, of Baltimore, was in my class, and we were pretty good friends. Dan was the only son of C. C. Carrington, who made a whopping big fortune in the hide-and-leather export business and later trebled it in real estate. When he died he left Dan an estate valued at over eighteen million dollars. A great deal of it was in cash by reason of Mr. Carrington's shrewdness in disposing of large holdings of property at the top of the boom, a short time before his death.

Carrington's Heir

Dan Carrington, sole heir to the Carrington millions, was a normal healthy chap, fond of a good time and very popular with all classes. He was the first fellow in the class to get married—on the night of Commencement Day. He went abroad for his honeymoon, which lasted about a year, and then returned to Baltimore to have a good time on his stock farm somewhere in Maryland. He raised Kerry cows or Durham bulls, I forget which. But he used to win lots of first prizes. He also won the class cup for the first baby.

In the way of business Dan didn't have much to do. His father handled it all because he enjoyed doing it. It seemed to consist of waiting for the price to reach a certain figure and then selling a million or two of choice real estate.

When C. C. Carrington died, Dan found himself in possession of an eighteen-million-dollar estate and two sons. He thought about what he ought to do about the sons a great deal more than about the estate. It was a more important problem and more difficult to solve. As a result of his meditations he reached the conclusion that it was less his duty to leave his sons money to spend than to leave them a business to work at, something useful to be busy with. In picking out a business for his sons to go into twenty years later, he came to the conclusion that his best play would be to pick out the business of investment banker. He devoted considerable time to studying it and finally Dan, who had two infant sons to provide for, founded the banking firm of D. N. Carrington & Co. He bought a membership on the New York Stock Exchange and set about building up his business as though his bread and butter depended upon it. He made a success of it, for he had plenty of sense and plenty of dollars and his chief aim was to leave his sons a business of which they would be proud and therefore would be glad to work in when they were old enough. I've often thought of Dan's motive as being typically American in the best possible sense—to make of his sons useful members of society, good citizens, business men who would be more concerned over accomplishing something worth while than over merely increasing a large fortune. He did not have to work; neither did his sons. But work was what he would do for their sake and what they would do after him for the sake of their sons—who also would not have to work unless their fathers did their duty toward society.

Well, I went to see Dan. He was mighty glad to see me and we lost no time in doing the usual thing—talking about Harvard and living over the days in which we had a joint account. Then we talked about our life since leaving Cambridge. I dined at his house that night, and the next day we motored to his stock farm with the children, and we certainly had a good time.

He told me his business had been growing so much that he was thinking of putting a wire into some good broker in New York and that he had written to his friend Richardson, the first vice president of the National Bank of the Metropolis, asking him to recommend a good firm.

"Is that so?" I said.

"Yes. I got the answer this morning."

"You didn't have to write to Richardson," I told him. "I could have given you the name you wanted."

"Richardson sent me three names," he said, as impressively as though he were considering which surgeon to select.

"Bronson & Barnes is enough," I said.

"Well, Jack," he said unsmilingly, "I shouldn't be at all surprised if you were right, because Richardson mentioned you first, and then two others."

He looked so serious that I laughed in his face. You see, everything that related to the business was of tremendous consequence to this man who was building for his boys. We shook hands and I got the account, and it has grown because Dan does a big business in both stocks and bonds. He is such a fine high-minded man, and so sound and sensible, that he is greatly liked and respected in his home city.

On my way back to New York I stopped over at Philadelphia because I wanted to see another classmate, another multi-millionaire's only son—Bob Wyatt. Bob's father was so well known that Bob couldn't go anywhere without being pointed out as Robert Wyatt, Jr.; whereupon everybody began to talk of Robert Wyatt, Sr. People would stare at Bob and even stand up in a dining room to see how a famous man's son ate oysters. Bob's father was a director in something like a hundred corporations, which made him known to bankers. He went in for chrysanthemums, which made him interesting to really intelligent people. He had the best collection of chrysanthemums in the world. The Emperor of Japan had decorated him three times—that is, every time Mr. Wyatt sent him a collection of new and beautiful varieties.

Bob did not care to go into coal or steel or railroads or gas, in which his father was interested to the extent of some thirty millions. Bob had had a fondness for figures and his analytical mind took pleasure in determining values. He took to the study of securities as a duck takes to water. Within a year of his father's death, which had made him the richest young bachelor in America, Bob decided to go into the banking-and-brokerage business.

He bought seats on the Philadelphia and New York Stock Exchanges and founded the firm of Robert Wyatt & Co. Not for him the idle life.

A Lasting Alliance

I telephoned him from the Broad Street Station and asked him if he was busy. He answered, "You are just in time for luncheon. Come right over."

I did, and he took me to his favorite club for a very nice luncheon.

I went back to Bob's office with him and just before I was ready to leave him I said, "Bob, I'd like to have you put a wire into our New York office and give us some of your business."

"Well, Jack," he said, "I've got a wire with a house down there. But, you know, we don't do a great deal of that sort of business. It doesn't amount to much."

Bob is a fine fellow and I am very fond of him. I felt sure that he would make a great success of his business. I did not see how he could fail. He had the brains, the capital, the connections and the will to succeed. His was the constructive type, the same kind of capitalist that his father was, possessing an abundance of vision, courage and perseverance and the faculty of keeping his feet on the floor. It was good business to do business with such a man, and it is a pleasure to be associated with a chap of whom you have always been very fond.

So I said to him, "Look here, Bob, I'll tell you what I'll do. If you will let us put in a wire we'll leave it there a year and I shan't ever ask you for any business. If, at the end of the year, you find we do not give you good service, we'll take out the wire and on the day we do that you and I will lunch together and nobody's feelings will be hurt."

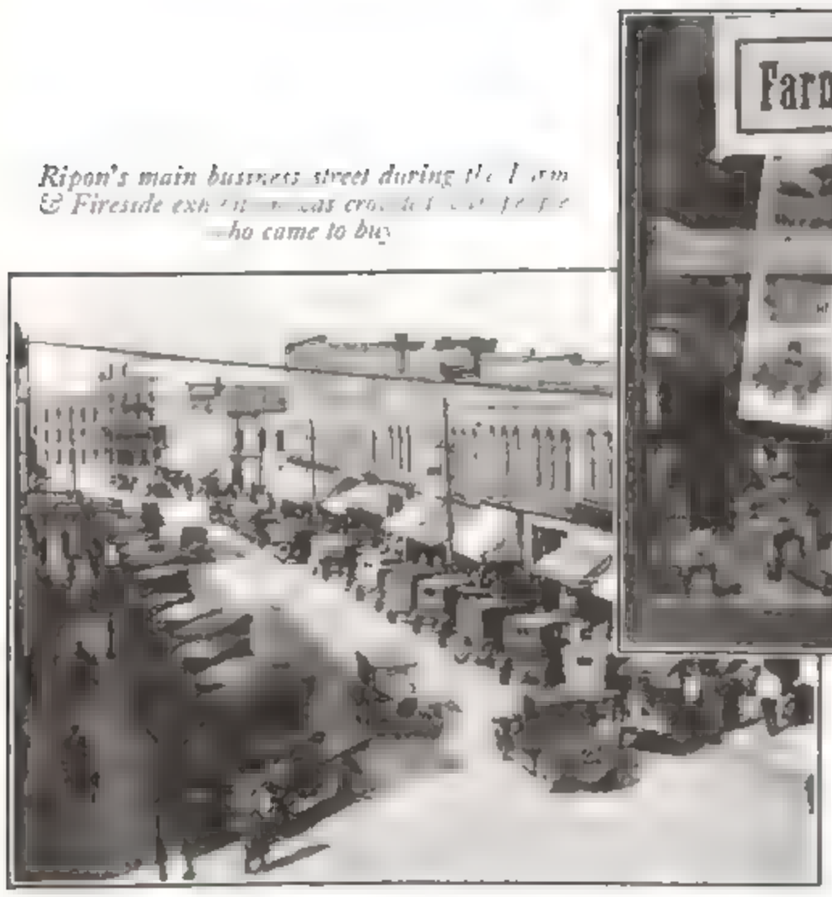
"Jack, do you really mean that?" he asked me earnestly.

"Absolutely! I'll put it in writing if you wish. I really mean it," I assured him.

"Very well, then. Put in the wire!"

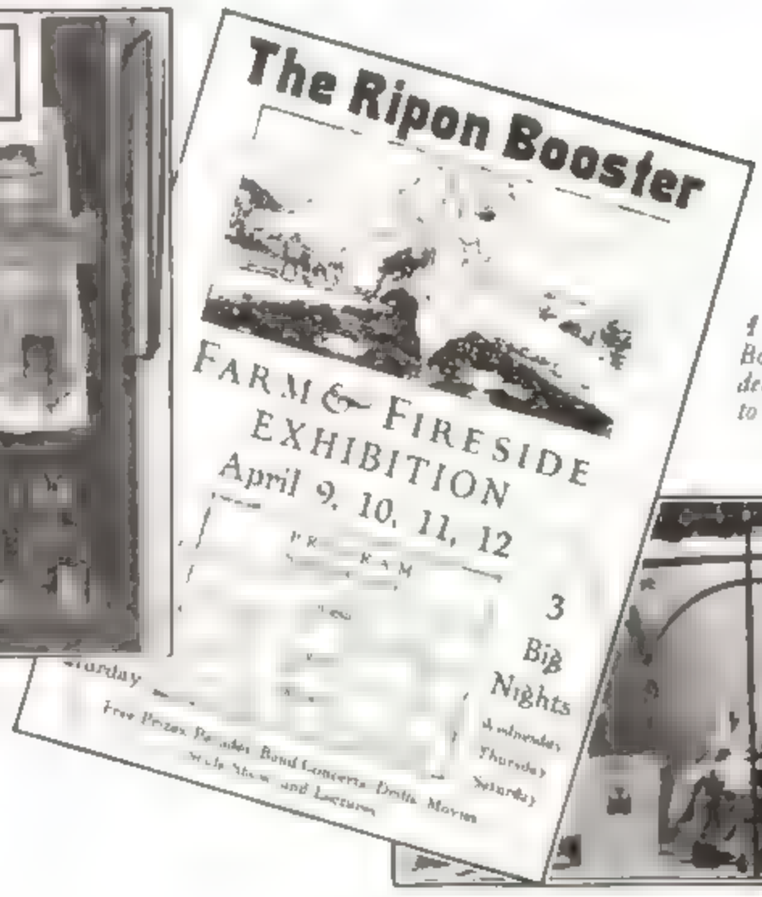
We did. Today Bob has offices in every city in Pennsylvania of 100,000 inhabitants or over. All the stock business of all those branches we do. Moreover, his firm has an office in New York which handles the bond-investment business; but the stock business we are still doing.

Editor's Note—This is the eighth of a series of articles by Mr. Lefèvre. The next will appear in an early issue.

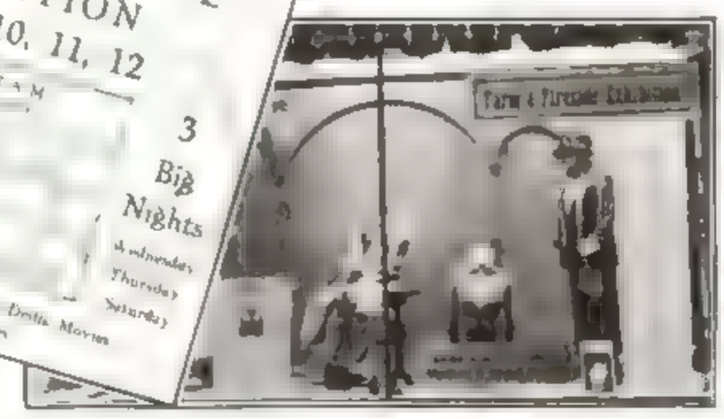


Ripon's main business street during the Farm & Fireside exhibition was crowded with people who came to buy

Attractive window displays featuring Farm & Fireside products helped Ripon merchants increase sales 33%



A special 10-page Booster published by the dealers carried the news to the whole countryside



$5,000 extra business in three days

How the merchants of Ripon, Wisconsin, boosted their sales with a Farm & Fireside Exhibition—a plan that stores everywhere can use.

A NEW record was made recently in the development of merchandising at Ripon, Wisconsin. In three days a group of merchants did a business of $21,313.23—a real selling achievement. During the same period the week before, their sales amounted to only $16,504.17, and to but $15,379.49 last year at that time.

They secured this 33% increase in business by co-operating on a plan so simple, so practical, that it can be used—has been used—to similar advantage by merchants the country over. It is a plan which will work as well in your town as it did here.

Here is the plan

Ripon, you know, is in the heart of Wisconsin's famous dairy section. Like most smaller cities, a goodly percentage of its business comes from farm trade.

Most of the prosperous farm families around Ripon, just as around your town, read Farm & Fireside—they are the farmers who represent real buying power. Month after month they look to Farm & Fireside not only for ideas on better farming and better living, but as a guide to the best merchandise. Consistent advertising makes them prefer the products it features.

So we suggested to a group of Ripon merchants that they get together and hold an exhibition featuring goods advertised in Farm & Fireside, *The National Farm Magazine*. We told them what merchants in other towns had done; told them how we would help. And they decided to try it.

Ripon doesn't do things by half-measures. These merchants worked together to make their Farm & Fireside exhibition a real success. A special 10-page Booster published by the dealers carried the news to the whole countryside—told of the special events, the special displays.

And the farmers came, in spite of almost impassable roads. Right at home, they found, they could see the products they had been reading about. What had been national advertising became *local* advertising for the merchants of Ripon.

The results

$5,000 extra business wasn't the only benefit, as the following letter from one of the leading merchants of Ripon indicates.

"Our sales increased, of course, and we made many new customers.

"Our Farm & Fireside exhibition was one of the best things we ever attempted, and we are all more than pleased with the results.

"We would like to have your help in putting on another Farm & Fireside exhibition here next year. I don't know when we have had anything to do with outsiders who gave us so much support as you did."

This plan will work for you

What the Farm & Fireside plan has done for Ripon, what it has done for hundreds of towns, it can do for yours.

Or it will work equally well in your store alone. A Farm & Fireside Week brought an 84% increase in business to the Chandler Hardware Co., Sylvania, Ohio; it doubled sales the first day for the Rogers Drug Store, Tahlequah, Okla.

Let us tell you more about the plan and what it has done in towns, in stores like yours. Just write: "How may we apply the Farm & Fireside plan?" and give us a list of the products below which you carry. We will gladly co-operate with you. Address your letter, please, to the Retail Sales Director, Suite 10-A, at the address below.

The Crowell Publishing Company
381 Fourth Avenue, New York City

Farm & Fireside, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion, Collier's *The National Weekly*, The Mentor

FARM & FIRESIDE

The National Farm Magazine

TIE *to these products advertised in* FARM & FIRESIDE

Absorbine
Agricultural Carriages
American Chain Co. *(Wood Chains)*
American Fence
American Pad & Textile Company
American Radiator Company
American Saw Mill Machinery Co.
American Sole & Belting Leather Tanners, Inc.
American Telephone & Telegraph Co
Anthony Fence
Bag Balm
Bean Spray Pumps
Black Flag Tree Powder
Boss Stoves and Ovens
Brown's Beach Jacket
Buckeye Incubators
Buescher Band Instruments
Burpee's Seeds
Burroughs Adding Machine Co
Canadian Government
Dept. of Immigration & Colonization
Capewell Horseshoe Nails
CHASE BAG Company
Cleveland Stoker
Corn Products
Cuticura Soap, Ointment & Talcum
Cycle Cars and Trucks
Dain Motor Cultivator
Dark Horse Tobacco
Delco Lighting
Diamond Calks
Dodge Brothers Motor Cars
Dr. Pierce's Pure Dried Buttermilk
Eveready Dry Cells & Batteries
Famous Rugs
Fleischmann Products Refining Co. *(Karo)*
Crescent "Maxpleins"
Crescent Tools
Grigsby Radio Corporation
Dandelion Butter Color
Harley-Davidson Motorcycles & Motors
Harley-Davidson Motorcycles
Hartshorn Shade Rollers
Henderson Sweep
Hinds Honey & Almond Cream
Hires Root Beer and Ginger Ale Extract
Hohner Harmonicas
Hudson Cars
Ingersoll Watches
Dr. Hess Poultry PAN-A-CE-A
Hess Stock Tonic
Hoyt's Spearhead Tobacco
Hubinger's Meat Choppers and Sausage Stuffers
Ivers & Pond Pianos
Jewel Ranges
Kalamazoo Stove Co.
Kant Rust Shoe Polish
Kellogg's Corn Flakes
Kelly-Springfield Motor Truck Co.
Kenosha Auto & Truck Co.
Kentucky Wagon Mfg. Co.
Kewaunee Mfg. Co.
Kingsford's Corn Starch
Kingsford's Silver Gloss
Kingsford's Oswego Starch
Kingsford's Silver Gloss
Kingsford's Oswego Starch
Kingsford's Silver Gloss
Kingsford's Oswego

Confidence

SURGICAL DRESSINGS
ADHESIVE PLASTERS
BABY REQUISITES
ANTISEPTIC SOAPS
FIRST AID SUPPLIES
–and 400 other products

Johnson & Johnson

YOUR DRUGGIST IS MORE THAN A MERCHANT – In training, in service, in knowledge your druggist "is more than a merchant" Pharmacy is a profession; the Druggist cannot afford to sell you anything less than articles of quality.

Try the Drug Store first

D

BALISAND

(Continued from Page 26)

except, it may be, to remind you that it was a compromise measure.

"I repeat that every move which has resulted in the high engagement of the United States, each with each other, came from the determination and wisdom—yes, the prejudices—of a strong individual. Our county, once, bred strong men, but where are they now? We have drifted into a modern and lax state comparable with the beginning of Rome's collapse. We were founded on individuals, I shall say on gentlemen, and if we are to continue, it must be by that means. The weight of Mr. Fanning's remarks, as I took it, was against this. He didn't, in my estimation, keep before him the fact that we were, we are, and always will be, Federalists. He discourses on the need of sinking our personalities in schemes and circulars and bodies of voters; he is discontented with the conference and correspondence systems; both, I have found, efficient and admirable.

"In other words, he wants us to copy Jefferson; and that, with the help of God, we will never do. The place, in any war, of an officer, is ahead and not back of his line. We will never put forward the mass of voters and manipulate their coat-tails from some comfortable and convenient plantation. We'll never hire blackguard and vilifying pens. Better, a thousand times, the pistol than the pen. Death is not always, universally, an occasion of mourning. I do not like bribery or the smell of corruption, either in the corporeal body or the body politic.

"I do not like compromises. I do not welcome servility in the face of inferiors. Nor do I endorse buying even freedom at too great a price. Too much forgetfulness is among us, traditions needed for our very breathing are in danger of being discarded."

He paused a moment, by no means at the end of what he intended to say, but a voice cut sharply in upon him, asking that the business of the meeting be resumed. Richard Bale glanced, in a growing chilled anger, from man to man through the Assembly. Dalney nodded in friendly encouragement, Beverley Mathews applauded him by a silent gesture; but the majority, he saw, had been waiting with only a politeness of silence for him to finish. There wasn't a comment, an expression of approbation, upon all he had so—so carefully said. His anger sank before a return of his depression. Now he was certain the Federalists were hurrying to destruction. Why, the men about him didn't know the causes that had brought them, the business of the meeting!

A sudden binding realization, a resolution, really, came over him—this was the last time he would ever speak politically and publicly. The present didn't want to hear him; it had neither interest nor knowledge in his experience and convictions. He was no good, now. He smiled—the familiar twist, without gaiety, of his mouth—at the memory of past scenes, the commanding men of his generation, dead or old and weary. All that, it seemed, had gone for little: crude efforts in the early crude days of the republic. But the contrary was true—this was the crude time. Francis Bale, clearing the river front of Balisand, was a figure of infinite fineness compared with the men of to-day. It took time, acres, leisure, servants, privilege, to make a gentleman; and only he could be wholly free from threats, fear, influence, dependence on mobs. What, once, had been concentrated, invaluable, a standard for conduct, was being diluted and spread out and lost for ever in the mass. Without leaders reflecting in their persons the qualities which alone made life acceptable, there could be no victory or peace.

He was on his horse, riding slowly back to his plantation. The temper of the meeting he had attended, its resolutions and arranged future, were all in direct opposition to him. The gift of oratory, he told himself, had fled. Balisand. The wooded sides of his narrow lane closed in on him. Soon he could see, between the trees, the sparkle of the North River. He passed under the spread limbs of the broad-nut tree and turned to the left; a negro took the bridle from him.

He confined himself, thereafter, where public affairs were involved, to remarks and discussions in the immediate surroundings of Balisand and of his familiar close associates. The remainder of summer had, for him, the aspect of a disastrous forced encampment in the middle of hostilities. The Federalists gave the impression of activity; there were repeated meetings, legislative party councils at the capital, gatherings at the courthouse and the tavern; but they were only, he continued to think, a weak and unavailing copy of the enemy's tactics. He was obliged to admit that the Democratic-Republicans pressed the last possible good from everything that was to their advantage. Jefferson made a national concern the carrying of legal action from the State to the Federal courts; Monroe, a candidate for Governor of Virginia, was elected on a wave of popular sympathy following his recall from Paris. And, during these subversive plots and movements, the Federalists—owing to their futile methods—were scarcely more than holding their ground.

"It will result in Virginia electing the whole twenty-one Republican electors," Richard declared to Beverley Mathews.

He replied that, against such a possibility, Massachusetts was solidly Federal. "And North Carolina, probably. New Jersey will be for Adams, and Jefferson have no sweep in Maryland."

Lucia interrupted them to say that there would be fox hunting in another week.

"I'll be thankful to hear something besides scandal about Mr. Burr. Richard used to talk to Flora of the war; but now it's the election, and his language isn't a particle more careful than it was."

Flora added, "I like it."

They were in the south room at Balisand; the afternoon was darkening early; the glow of the soft coal burning in a grate visible on the oak floor.

"I've never known the oysters to be better," Beverley remarked. "There is one thing here—you're directly at the river and you can sit on the wharf and eat them as they're brought up. But you can't stand in the garden and shoot partridges."

Richard said, "London broke his arm early in the spring, and, for all we've done, it won't mend. I'd almost as soon break my own." London, Mathews recalled aloud, was Richard's headman. "I suppose I'll have to choose another, and that will near to kill him. Beverley, even the negroes aren't what they were. If Thomas Jefferson could, he'd have them vote."

"Nonsense," Beverley Mathews replied. "Look here, Richard, actually, what difference will it make to us in Gloucester if Jefferson is elected—I mean aside from the hundred dollars you will have to pay? Once the Tidewater was important, the coast of Virginia and New England. We were, it's just to say, America. But hasn't that changed? At one time we commanded the colonies, when we were young; and, now, comparatively speaking, we're old. Giles, in a way, is right—we are like England. In our lives we have seen the current of the United States set away from us, run uphill to the mountains and beyond. We are as unpopular with the body of the States as they are with us. They just let us exist, if we don't try to interfere with their plans; that's about the extent of it. And it won't improve.

"This will horrify you, but I don't believe even Jefferson started the movement he's head of; I think he was swept away by it. We had it all, Richard, and it got away from us. Your daughters, for instance, will marry into another world. And you spoke at the tavern of Balisand staying always as it was. Impossible. When you die, let me tell you, half of it—more, will go with you. A son won't help that . . . born in a new era. You forget how much you have seen shift and break. Remember Morryson; he was convinced that you and Ekkes were letting everything go to the devil. Today, that's your song. The truth is we can't keep up with the truth."

"Father," Lucia objected, "it's right enough for you to be reasonably venerable, but I won't have you making Richard out so old. Everyone does, and I can't understand why. After all, he is only forty-six."

It wasn't his age, Mathews replied, but his inheritance.

"His cursed stubborn blood. There isn't a shade of difference in his looks from the painting of Francis Bale in your dining room. He'd only have to let his hair grow and tie it with a ribbon you'd give him. I'm proud of him, really; I look on him with admiration; but you can't expect the rabble at the courthouse to agree with me when he shoves and damns them aside. My dear Lucia, there is a pistol bullet in his remarks."

Flora Bale gazed at Richard with a speculative surprise. She came close to Miss Howlett.

"Does father talk pistol bullets?" she demanded in a low agitated voice.

"He means," Miss Howlett explained, "that Mr. Bale speaks with great decision. It was only a way of putting it. When little girls talk it should be like a happy song."

Camilla, freshly dressed, came into the room.

"Alice Ellen is mad again," she announced proudly.

"That's three times yesterday and once to-day," Flora observed.

"The Bale temper," Richard remarked; "we're not only getting out of fashion but out of favour—together with other things. Now dueling ——" He turned to Beverley Mathews.

Lucia addressed the governess: "Please take the children into the hall, Miss Howlett. Richard, I never get over being amazed at you."

He continued:

"I don't want to seem inhuman, but there is something to be said for it. The custom does this—under it every man is directly responsible for his acts and speech. Anyone who will back his opinions with his life, holding his name higher, can never entirely lose his honour. Where the protection of women is concerned, a duel is sometimes absolutely necessary. A man who slanders a woman, or has any advantage of one, should be shot. In the army, too, it can't be escaped from, even with the greatest impropriety to discipline. It's the one final answer, Beverley; the shot of a pistol settles all question and difficulties. I have said this before: if any man of sufficient standing to demand attention throws the shadow of a doubt on the honesty of my words or intentions, I will, if I'm able, kill him."

"There," Mathews agreed, "dueling might be defended. The trouble is that it breeds an intolerable class of professional and vain murderers continually looking for more notoriety. The affair of what they call their honour! There are times, of course, when an individual shouldn't be allowed to live. But that is what the law's for. And this in itself makes you wrong. I know how you feel and what you are—a Bale of Balisand—and there are moments, when I reflect you're married to Lucia, that frighten me. Professional murderers. Perhaps it wasn't the same in the past, but that's what duelists are getting to be to-day. Newspaper editors and shady political colonels." He couldn't, Richard observed, be held responsible for a present misapplication of the code. "I'll add this," Beverley said, "if, with your family, you ever engage in a formal duel and survive I will never again, in any manner, recognize you."

"Father," Lucia said quietly, "isn't that an affair of mine rather than yours? I understand Richard better than you ever can, and I know exactly what you're referring to; but I married him, all of him. I hope, I think, he wouldn't put us in danger from just bad temper; but if it happens differently—we might as well be quiet. I'm sick of having Richard perpetually blamed; I was serious about your talking as though he were a—a relic of the ark. Nobody, any more, remembers that he was a soldier; it might be regarded as disgraceful; something to be kept hidden. I asked him once, too, never to fight; but I think it was impertinent. I'm sorry I did. As I told you, I married him. And that's enough of that."

"Indeed, Lucia," her father returned, in a mock humility. "I regret that I spoke that way of your young man. If you could get Richard to say a word about his soldiering I'd be indebted to you."

The balloting for Presidential electors, at the beginning of November, fell on a day in which, it appeared, the sea had taken symbolical possession of the land: a great salt fog had moved across Mockjack Bay and up the Gloucester rivers, its grey density alternately thinned and thickened and there were diagonal gusts of rain, an erratic violent wind. The air, the fog, was pervaded by the sound of waves: Richard Bale had a vision of the white raging water along the coast. He was riding to the

(Continued on Page 93)

PLAY SAFE!

Read Your Gas Supply On the Dash

It's so easy to forget all about your gasoline supply, until you find it gone. With the gauge on the rear, you never know just how you stand, until you find yourself out of gas, perhaps many miles from a supply station.

One sad experience like this generally costs enough to pay for the K-S Telegage, the new gasoline gauge located on the dash, right before your eyes. The K-S Telegage not only gives you at a glance the exact number of gallons in the tank, but is so minutely accurate that many motorists use it as a guide in getting the utmost mileage per gallon from their motor. It tells the whole story of your gasoline performance.

The K-S Gasoline Telegage has already been adopted as standard equipment on seven well-known cars. It can be quickly and easily installed by your garage or accessory dealer, price $14.00, or if you will give name of your car, we will send you the Telegage complete, with directions for installing, on receipt of price. Write for information, giving your car make, year and model.

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"No car is fully equipped unless it has a Telegage."

The K-S GASOLINE Telegage

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Salesmen Wanted

3 more Quality Notions

3more Notions as a full time or side line may pay you better than your regular job.
Tell me the territory you are covering and let me tell you how you can earn hundreds of dollars selling the lines of these cooperating manufacturers.

Address Sales Manager, 3more Factories,
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Jos. P. Allen Co., Inc — Hartford Blue Narrow Fab. Co
Penn Rivet Corp — Johnson Cowdin Engineering Co
Eclipse Products Mfg. Co — Swiss Feather Co
George Kollstede — O. L. Smith, Jr. Co
Glouster Mills — Reuso Mfg. Co — Burnett Mills

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SINCE 1869 MAKERS AND DISTRIBUTORS OF ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT

(Continued from Page 91)

courthouse to vote, wrapped in an aged cloak he had worn in the army, a soft black silk scarf about his throat. The rain beat squarely on him and ran in streams down the sides of his horse; eddies of fog swept through the trees and enveloped him; the trees were but insubstantial and agitated tracings. He wasn't, except for the sharpened pain in his leg, troubled by this—his experience had included weather so much worse than it could ever be again—but he wondered if, in effect, the storm would drive Federal power away from the Tidewater, its peculiar and proper home. His thoughts returned to something Beverley had said, about the general world, the United States, turning regardlessly from Gloucester County, leaving it without interest, almost without comment, to its different past. That Richard didn't, he couldn't, agree with; but there had been a substance, an excuse, for Mathews' assertion. Yes, here was the truth—at one time, during even his memory, the Gloucester of tidal rivers and early plantations had been individual, a locality with a spirit and air of its own. It had been jealously apart from the newer Virginia of the high inland counties; the men from it cherished it and their inherited lands; they upheld the Tidewater against all other regions. That he had had from preceding generations, from its first isolation; and it was gone.

Locality by locality, district by district, State by State, the country was losing its separate identity; men were losing their characteristics; the land, at last, was beginning to assume the solidity Washington, in another sense, hoped and demanded for it. Under his hand, Richard saw, the political body of the United States had changed more utterly than he had known. In a way, now, he, Richard Bale, was opposed to the development of the Federalistic ideal. At the beginning the men who had become Republican fought the Constitution—the Constitution had been forged as a Federal document but to-day the Democratic-Republicans supported it in its absolute form; and he was in sympathy with the arbitrary interpretation of Hamilton.

It was the devil of a humorous situation! He recalled—how long ago it seemed—that Edmund Randolph had carried to the convention of 1787 the Virginia plan from which, ultimately, the Constitution had been formed; and that Randolph, persuaded that the Federal Government was arrogating to itself a limitless privilege, had finally refused to support his own proposals. Gawin Todd had declaimed against the Constitution at every conceivable place and time—Todd, who was now its champion in the protection of the rights of the people! And those were the politics, the convictions, of the present. It was natural that such men, such measures, were in opposition to any tradition or memory whatever.

He had fought for a united country; but, God knew, not one united from the present undesirable materials. His fundamental belief, that a happy arrangement of government lay in the administration, by a few capable minds, of an obedient and industrious people, was now only laughed at; and yet that had always been, it must always be, the religion of his party.

The conclusion of this, certainly, was that his party was vanishing; perhaps it had vanished. He had seen the Whigs and Tories go with all that once they had so passionately contended for; he had seen a small country actually brought out of war into existence by Federal effort. The reaction, after the death of Washington, had grown increasingly powerful—past motives and needs and battles forgotten—and now the colour of events had again shifted. The people, which he had regarded as an undisciplined mob, at which Jasper Robine had jeered through a long night of his drunken discontent, were mounting to a greater and greater magnitude. They had taken the words of the Constitution for their own.

There was a wet morose crowd of men in the courthouse; the voting proceeded rapidly and silently; the lists of twenty-one candidates, Federal or Republican—some previously signed by the voters and some hurriedly endorsed at the polls—were folded; the County Clerk checked name after name against his register of taxed lands. Bale found himself beside James Fanning, and a short conversation followed in relation to Fanning's daughters and the school at Balisand.

"I saw they had arrived safely," Richard said; "and Lucia will keep them all night, certainly. Fanning, I used to know every man at an election, but there are fifty here I'm sure I've never seen. Or do you suppose their faces have changed too?"

"It's the opposition vote," the other explained; "Gawin Todd has them all out in spite of the weather. Do you remember the old elections, when the candidates sat in a row and you made your bow to the one you preferred?" Richard did.

"And argue with them, too, if you were a candidate," he added. He told Fanning a little of all that, coming to the polls, had been in his mind.

"You're right and wrong," James Fanning declared. "We won't lose the party but drop out of it the men and ideas not in keeping with the times."

Richard supposed that had happened to him, but Fanning had left him, forced away by the movement of the crowd.

The rain, Richard found, had ceased, the wind gone down, the fog sullenly settled in the hollows of the road and woods. Above, it was lighter; there was visible a diffused radiance of the sun. The booming of waves in the air had sunk to a low far murmur, soothing and reflective and melancholy. The impersonality of Richard Bale's thoughts grew personal; his leg ached with a vindictive persistence; and he was impressed by the fact that, in a very short while, he would be fifty. That wasn't exactly young. He didn't actually feel this; at no moment had he been conscious of a change from youth to middle age; it was only a mental realization, a thing he told himself. It had created a state of mind in keeping with the November day; one seemed appropriate to the other. Richard looked back in amazement at the hardship he had, with hardly more than a curse, survived. He recalled the parties, his idiotic performances, in the past. Remarkable! The amount of drinking hadn't lessened, but the manner was not the same. Why, Madeira was old-fashioned now; the habit of drinking port was vanishing, the tradition of toddy had been lowered, diluted.

Dropped by the party! Yes, that was what it amounted to, with this difference—the party was no longer strong enough to hold itself together. It would go. It would go. He wished that he might have Robine to talk to, but Jasper Robine was dead; he had died on a mission in Spain. A gentleman who had, at heart, been unable to conform to a present. It was a question with Richard if a man of complete breeding could. His thoughts were never widely projected, they returned to the same few conditions and ideas; and he said to himself, very positively, that breeding in men was one of the things a universal party, the equal people, were casting away. It insulted, contradicted, their pretence of equality. This, he thought later, was the last thing Washington would listen to. It was December, and the result of the election had been announced from Richmond: Virginia had chosen twenty-one—her entire number—Democratic-Republican electors. To that result Richard devoted a night of wine and rum varied by toddy. He sat alone, except for the portrait of Francis Bale, in the dining room; and the candles, one by one, flickered, sent up an evil smoke, and went out; yet they had been renewed, and it was dawn; but he was impervious to nights and days and calamities.

Definitely he was drawing back into Balisand, to Lucia and the children; there change might come, but not until he had followed Morryson Bale to the walled enclosure by the garden. His days became what, in the past, the life on his plantation had been: the school bell was rung in its regular rotation, it marked the school hours, controlled the movements of the negroes, called the house to the dining room. Another headman was appointed in the place of London—who became an unofficial but increasingly tyrannical power—and the new man, Jacob, stood at the foot of the portico steps to drink the glass of whisky which was the public recognition of his new importance. Every day, practically, he fox-hunted with Lucia and the neighbours. They rose early in the cold dark of their room—a servant had started the scarcely perceptible fire in the grate—dressed hurriedly, had a breakfast with rum, and rode with their hounds and an informal kennel man, through the brightening morning, to join the day's hunt.

There were hounds from Balisand and Welfield, from plantations on the Severn and York Rivers, with Bradlock Wiatt and the Fannings, partly merged in a pack that, Lucia constantly protested, could not be properly handled. She had very decided, and revolutionary, ideas about fox hunting. For example, she disliked the competitive running of single hounds; that mad chase, she insisted, spoiled hunting. Her dogs were trained to hold together. In the Tidewater such hunting was mainly an affair of the fastest hound killing the fox; and Lucia was so contrary, Richard declared, that she was actually relieved when the fox escaped.

"Of course I am," she acknowledged. "We're not just ridding the farms of foxes." They were trotting past Roaring Springs, toward the Cow Creek Pond and Balisand after a long hunt. Lucia was ahead, with an easy looseness of seat but a ready hand for the holes in the way. "I'll say this, too," she added: "I wouldn't allow any cur dogs in the circle. But a lot of the riders are no better. They go yelling through the woods by every possible path as though they were chasing negroes. Half the horses aren't fit for what they make them do. I positively ordered one back to-day."

She was, Richard Bale said, more dictatorial than himself. Fox hunting was for everyone, high and low, but principally for the low. She paid no attention to this.

In their hall they sat for a minute, weary but keen from excitement and the rush of cold air. Lucia had taken off her hat: her hair lay always in a flat black sweep, he thought. It was lustrous and orderly, and that brought to him the memory, the softness and perfume, of hair very different, light and in a waving disorder. It was stronger than a memory, an emotion, dark with regret, longing, and touched by pain. Nothing like that had happened to him for years, and, after drifting into its mood of agreeable sorrow, he recalled himself brutally. Lucia was gazing at her hands, abstracted and content. A feeling of anger took possession of him; he was infuriated at a weakness which, he silently asserted, he had as well as invited.

His wife rose, went upstairs, but he remained sitting; his anger turning into what, almost, was panic. He had conquered Lavinia's swift invasion of his life; but an echo of it, like the falling vibration of a clear bell, lingered within him. Nothing now was as desirable. That, of course, was absurd, a sentimental delusion. Nothing now—so sweet. "Absurd!" he spoke vigorously aloud. But, against his decided manner, fear again brushed him—fear and a sense of guilt.

Abruptly he followed Lucia and changed his clothes. It was still the middle of day, and, explaining that he must see Thomas Ekkes, he mounted a horse at the rack. He wanted to be alone, not even—not most of all—with a mere memory, a shadow. At any rate, he told himself, what had happened to him wasn't as full, as strong, as it had been when such seizures were more frequent. It had gone, retreated, almost at once. Probably it would never come again. Yet, for the briefness of its duration, he had been filled with rapture. To recall it brought back the insistent vibrations of his joy. The trouble was he didn't understand what had happened to him—his mind wasn't yet at rest about Lavinia. The whole thing had been so fantastic, and—sixteen years ago.

Where Lucia and he were concerned he had no doubts—he was hers, his body and his spirit and his thoughts. Yet, sitting before her, while she gazed idly at her hands, he had been filled with—with love for another woman. The word love came independently to him. It wasn't that, however. He loved only Lucia. But merely to say that didn't help him. If it was something else, then what was it? He had no will to deny his old passion for Lavinia; that he had put away, not disclaimed. It came over him that he was needlessly exaggerating the importance of his feeling. No one could perfectly control his mind, his thoughts, put out of memory all that had passed. Yes, that was a reasonable attitude, a just conclusion. Purposely he thought of Lavinia as a yellow rose that, once, had made lovely a minute of his existence. His emotion, consequently, was one of gratitude.

With this he should be satisfied; but he wasn't. He could argue as long as he pleased, but the fact, the thrilling reality, remained: Lavinia, who was dead, had given him a moment of ecstatic happiness. But what, particularly, shook his confidence in life's safety and proprieties, was not the past, not even the troubled present, but the future. What if Lavinia—that, for convenience, was the way he put it—came back

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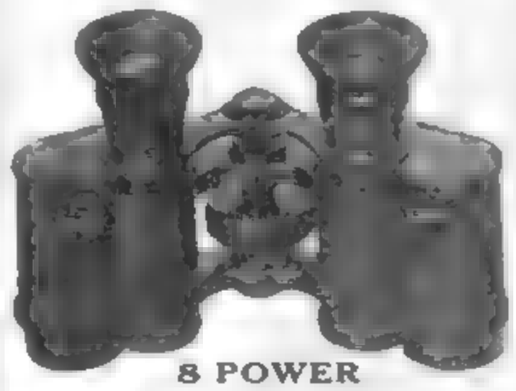

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still again? It was evident that his logical trust in the preserving attachment of his marriage had been destroyed. Even Lucia hadn't been able to control, to banish, the charm of an old June. There she had been, peaceful and intent on her capable hands!

This much, however, was certain—the past might overtake him in flashes, but, at the end, he'd put it out, extinguish its fragrant flame; not entirely because he wanted to, but because it was his simple duty. And in this he was assisted by what Lucia, supremely, was. His duty and his happiness were absolutely one. Richard didn't find Ekkes, he hadn't looked for him; and, since it was the hour for dinner, he rode back to the house.

"You look tired," Lucia told him; "the run this morning wasn't long or hard. Richard, are you quite truthful about your leg, are you certain it doesn't hurt more than you say?"

"I'm not," he assured her; "and my leg is all right when the weather's reasonable. It was fine to-day."

But she wasn't satisfied; he was conscious of her gaze upon him in moments when he seemed to be occupied. The following morning Lucia wouldn't let him hunt.

"I'm not certain you're honest," she said; "there is no use in your objecting. I won't have you along. But be careful what you say to Flora. Miss Howlett complained to me that Flora insisted you told her that her history lesson was a lot of lies and nonsense, and you had decided to teach her things that were useful and true."

Some of that, he was forced to admit, he had said.

"I wanted her to understand what was going on now, and about France and England in the United States."

He was, Lucia answered with a light despair, incurable. She was at the front door, and, suddenly, he was reluctant to have her go—to leave him alone. But already she would be late.

A breath of fear—yet which might have been the cold from the opened door—touched him. He couldn't go on like this; probably he was sick—fever accounted for so much. Really, he was inclined to laugh at himself: Richard Bale afraid of a memory, of a lovely and fragile shape dead sixteen years. That was all he had to do—repeat the bare facts of what concerned him.

His confidence in himself and in his circumstances slowly returned; now that Lavinia's invasion of his contentment was over, he again felt that it hadn't been as strong and unsettling as, at the time, he had thought. Anyhow, it was ridiculous to magnify it into a voluntary or involuntary infidelity. It had nothing, nothing at all, to do with his life. Richard asserted this silently, but emphasizing each word. At last he was convinced that what had happened was merely trivial: he had walked to the wharf, and, indifferent to the cold, was looking out over the dull tide to where his oyster beds lay. A marking pole, he thought, had been dragged from its mooring; it lay almost parallel with the water, a possible danger to his canoes. It must be replaced. There was a flash from the surface of the river that utterly blinded him; and, dazed, grasping at the support of the wharf covering, the winter was swept away in an illusion of full summer, a garden of flowers and trees with mocking birds singing in their leafy branches. It was the perfection of the year, with Nature bright in the tender promise of fertility; the sky and river were a distant idyllic blue; the sun a gold veil thrown over the earth.

His happiness, his joy, grew more and more complete; it seemed to be advancing graciously toward him; as it drew nearer he thought he must choke with rapture. The impersonality of his emotion gave way to the realization that this was Lavinia. Not, certainly, Lavinia herself; nothing to hold in his arms, to kiss; and yet that, in sensation, exactly. Richard sank down on the bench fortunately beside him, his eyes open, but seeing no winter, his hands tightly clasped. He thought he said her name, again and again, Lavinia; his lips moved; but no sound came from them. Waves of triumphant delight passed over him; he was submerged in a sense of utter fulfilment.

It left him slowly, no less entrancing in retreat than when it had overcome him. Richard Bale sat bowed forward, cold and empty and shaken. He must go back to the house, he recognized; and he rose, moving with a stumbling tread and the uncertain dragging assistance of his cane. He found a fire- where it didn't matter—and huddled over it, trying to set in order the confusion of his shocked mind. What, specially, he combated was the impulse, the temptation, to return to and dwell on the passionate loveliness of his experience. It had created an immense desire in him; yes, a hunger for his defrauded love; he wanted to take it up from the interruption by death and follow it to the end.

This struck him—the beauty of his vision, if it might be called that, was like whatever he had known of Lavinia, preliminary, a miraculous beginning. Just as their summer was unfolding it had been halted, suspended; it hadn't, after all, been killed Flowers, it appeared, could escape death. His thoughts, then, turned outward, to the room about him and Balisand, to Lucia. He was appalled at the knowledge that, for a space however short, her reality had been less a substance than the texture of memory. He couldn't help himself by denying it. No, what had happened to him was too serious to be disposed of in empty conventional phrases. His situation was precarious. A hatred for what he had participated in began to rise; but it didn't include Lavinia. How could it? The weakness was his alone, a secret fault being made increasingly clear to him.

This, as well, was plain—for all his thought, his logical conclusions, he knew nothing about his emotions where the two women of his life were implicated. He might as well give up his speculations; he'd be forced to, Richard saw, since the sheer struggle before him would require determination and not argument. The gathering peace around him had been suddenly shattered. There was no question of what he must do, of what, at bottom, he desired: nothing could destroy his attachment to Lucia. That took the form of a challenge . . . but addressed to what? The room where he sat was familiar, reassuring, actual with the materials of his existence; a horse was stamping on the lawn; a sudden barking came from the hounds left at the kennels. Lavinia wasn't present in any of this; she had never had a part in it; nothing here was hers. Even now he still couldn't imagine Lavinia at Balisand.

Yet she had been here, on the wharf, wrapped in tender love and June. But to think of her in such terms was an act of faithlessness; it was, in effect, to pray her to return, to stay with him always. Damn him! He deliberately, in turn, re-created the images of his family: Lucia, splendid and strong and dark; Flora, so curiously, in a totally different mold, like himself; the candid and sturdy Camilla; Alice Ellen, flaming with the impatient temper of the Bales. How engaging, how warm and superior, they were; how fortunately his. Every aspect of his life was favourable to him, to what he regarded as the success of his honour. His problem had grown simpler, direct, at that second when he had ceased trying to solve it. The obligations of duty he fully understood. This was what confronted him:

He must disentangle himself from the memory of the past, keep his mind rigidly on the need, the happiness, of what he had, so that Lavinia could not intrude her loveliness into his whole commitment of being. Richard felt relieved at once. For seven years Lavinia hadn't dominated him, and, now that he was so armed against her, it was probable that she would fade back into the past. Now that he was armed against her! Against Lavinia. A cruel phrase in connection with her. He didn't, exactly, mean that; it was only her measureless charm, her perfection, which he was forced to combat. Her very beauty made it imperative for him to guard himself. This, his explanatory thought, his silent apology, took the form of a remark addressed to her. Almost he was begging her to forgive him. He was asking for a release, a peace, like that of death—imploring Lavinia to accept the fate which had overtaken them.

He would have to cultivate a sounder mind, Richard determined; he wasn't sufficiently normal; but neither was there any trace of insanity in him; no Bale had ever been threatened by that. A race of soldiers, a supporting fact. Born to fight, he would continue, with necessity, to the end. He was grimly entertained by the ironic humour in that: now, in the serenity of Balisand, the apparent tranquillity of his middle age, he was, perhaps, entering into a struggle more desperate than any in the celebrated warfare of his youth. If Lavinia came back! With this, when he

(Continued on Page 97)

Good Teethkeeping

YOUR teeth—how about them? How long since you have had them carefully examined? Do you ever go to the dentist except when riotous pain sends you?

Science has learned many startling things about the direct influence that bad teeth have upon our health. Bad teeth may cause any one of a dozen or more serious ailments—rheumatism, joint trouble, neuritis, neuralgia, and heart disease.

And it doesn't take a mouth full of diseased teeth to cause acute trouble. One single cavity—if neglected—may be sufficient. This is what happens: A bit of food lodges in a tooth. Decay begins. As the cavity grows larger, the millions of germs which are always present in the mouth go trooping into the tooth where they settle down comfortably and have large families. Before long the breaking down and decay of the inside structure of the tooth permit the germs to reach the pulp which is filled with blood vessels and nerves. This is what the germs have been waiting for. They are picked up by the blood and given a tour of the body. Some of them debark in the heart. Others get off in the joints. Still others call out their station in the lungs or kidneys. Many times the result is years of pain. Sometimes a crippled body. Sometimes—death. All may come from a neglected tooth cavity!

Real trouble is often hidden

There is another source of trouble that is nearly always unsuspected—infection at the roots. This may happen to a tooth that never has been filled. You may think that your teeth are in good condition—you may have spent hundreds of dollars on them—they may be beautifully white and shiny—but you can't be sure about them from appearances. Devitalized teeth—teeth from which the pulp has been removed—and teeth which have been improperly filled frequently develop abscessed roots which pour virulent poison into the system. This often goes on quietly without causing the slightest local pain, although intense agony may be felt in other parts of the body from the effects of the poison.

If you have any golden architecture—bridges or crowns—in your mouth, it is well to suspect the foundation and have these teeth X-rayed. In your case—and in the case of most of us who are grown-ups—the best we can do is to have the damage repaired so far as is possible.

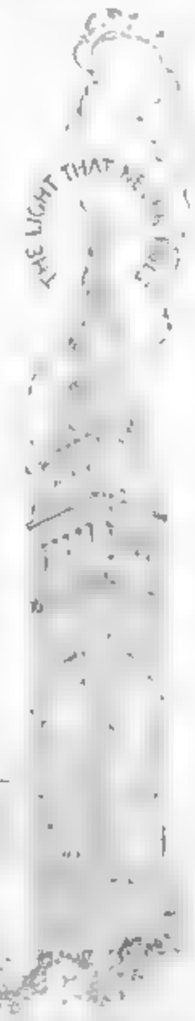
Now what about the children?

Half of the total number of the school-children in United States and Canada have badly diseased teeth which are a definite menace to their health. Nine out of every ten children at school have one or more unfilled tooth cavities. We can save such children from the suffering and illnesses that we have had, if we all work together for them.

How? By teaching children to have clean mouths, and by clean mouth is meant not only clean teeth but clean gums. Above all things we must teach them to brush their teeth regularly for two minutes at least twice a day—after every meal if possible.

And we must see that they eat proper food. Milk, eggs, whole wheat bread, fresh vegetables and green foods of all kinds contain the lime needed to build strong, healthy teeth. If mothers-to-be will eat plenty of the foods which contain lime, their children will have better teeth.

Your dentist—if he has studied modern methods—will know what to do about teeth which are diseased. Have him put your mouth and your children's mouths in a healthy condition. Then visit him regularly every six months. It is cheaper and less painful to have a little work done twice a year than to wait until neglect has developed a serious condition.



Preventive dentistry—oral prophylaxis—is still new to many people. It is a great step in the work being done for public health. Every year taxpayers are assessed hundreds of thousands of dollars for the re-instruction of children who have failed to be promoted because physical disabilities—frequently caused by the teeth—held them back. Teaching mouth hygiene in the schools—with tooth-brush drills and regular twice-yearly examinations and reparative work—will remove much of the disability and save the taxpayers' money.

Oral hygienists are trained to clean the teeth of school children and to teach them to take proper care of their mouths. Twelve states in the U. S. so far have permitted oral hygienists to practice in the schools. In 36 states no concentrated effort has been made to save the teeth of their future citizens.

What is your particular community doing to promote oral prophylaxis for the school children? Local clubs and organizations are helping school boards to introduce oral hygiene into the public schools. This rapidly growing interest is making for a better educated, healthier, happier people. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will be glad to mail, free, a copy of a booklet, "Care of the Teeth" to anyone who requests it.

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(Continued from Page 94)

thought of his wife, he was conscious of an increasing dislike for himself, for his body and thoughts. It seemed to him, somehow, that he had been—well, contaminated. A little of his arrogance in the face of the world, his severity of judgment, had gone. He was allowing for pressures, temptations, in men that formerly he had dismissed with contempt. He was getting soft!

That, with the loud clangour of a warning, sent him upright on his feet. If this grew impossible, he told himself, if he couldn't conquer it on the land, he would sink it, cooled for ever, with all that it included, in the North River. Better that than a slow corruption. He'd give Lucia no half allegiance, he wouldn't live with her and fall into shuddering delights at the vision of Lavinia. Richard went into the dining room, to the long high table that held the decanters, and drank a glass of brandy. There later Lucia found him.

"That was full when I left this morning," she observed, of the decanter. "Only part of a half cask is left. You will have to send to Norfolk or Welfield for more."

At supper Richard Bale, sombrely dressed, was self-contained, silent.

"Miss Howlett, have you told the children what to-day is?" he asked.

His demand was so uncompromising, he had addressed her so severely, that she was wholly confused.

"I'm afraid not, Mr. Bale. If I should have remembered I am sorry."

He replied that it was the first anniversary of General Washington's death.

"Never again, in my house, let that be forgotten by anyone."

Lucia objected to his peremptory tone.

"But, Richard, you said nothing about it sooner."

He had been preoccupied with something else, he explained briefly. A sudden appreciation of the simplicity of his years in the Continental Army, the Virginia Line, possessed him. The difficulties, the abject privation, seemed to have been immeasurably less than the reward, the reward not of recognition or public applause or payment, but the sense of victory over the body, of accomplishment with no thought of price. That time had been best suited to him of any in the degenerate present. And how various it was, how many different scenes and countrysides and services he had passed through. The war with England was an affair of scattered engagements, long retreats, forced marches, North and South. Only a little group of men, about Washington, knew how many times their cause had been potentially lost; how many times from defeat, imminent ruin, they had at least preserved a few troops with which to fall back.

Winter and summer and winter again; they had stopped keeping track of seasons, of years, except to remark that January always overtook them when most they lacked clothes. It was in the fall of 1776 that, with a captain's commission, he had recruited a company in the Tidewater. They had joined the Sixth Virginia Regulars at Williamsburg, and drilled there through the winter. Even then there were objections, muttering in the line, against an indispensable discipline. What training his men had had, in addition to ornamental and really disorganizing muster days, had been in open marches, through the woods, against Indians. Each held stubbornly, ignorantly, to his individual freedom. Yet, when they marched North into Pennsylvania they formed able if unimpressive troops. They crossed the Delaware above Trenton. There was a town—what was it? Perth—Perth Amboy! And, almost at once, they went into action, under General Lee, covering Washington's retreat. They began that way! His men had held a bridge across the Raritan River while Washington withdrew his army and stores beyond the Delaware.

He, Richard Bale, was particularly fortunate, since he had been with the force that, hurried across the river, had beaten the Hessians at Trenton. Then, for a while, he was attached to the staff at Princeton—his company already had been decimated, left, for the most part on a bank of the Raritan. However, what he had experienced was nothing to the bloody and often single-handed fighting at Middle Post. Forays at night, outposts surprised, quiet slaughter. That had lasted well into June, and then he joined the main army under Wayne. At the Brandywine he was in Wayne's division, with the Third Virginia Regiment on the left of the American line. Across their front meandered a narrow creek, and beyond that slight interruption Knyphausen had had seven thousand men. All day the German assaulted, but without success. How many times, Richard wondered, had he closed in the gaps in his company. But, at sunset, with the right of the army turned, Wayne had been forced to fall back. With Colonel Marshall, he, Richard Bale, had removed to Chester.

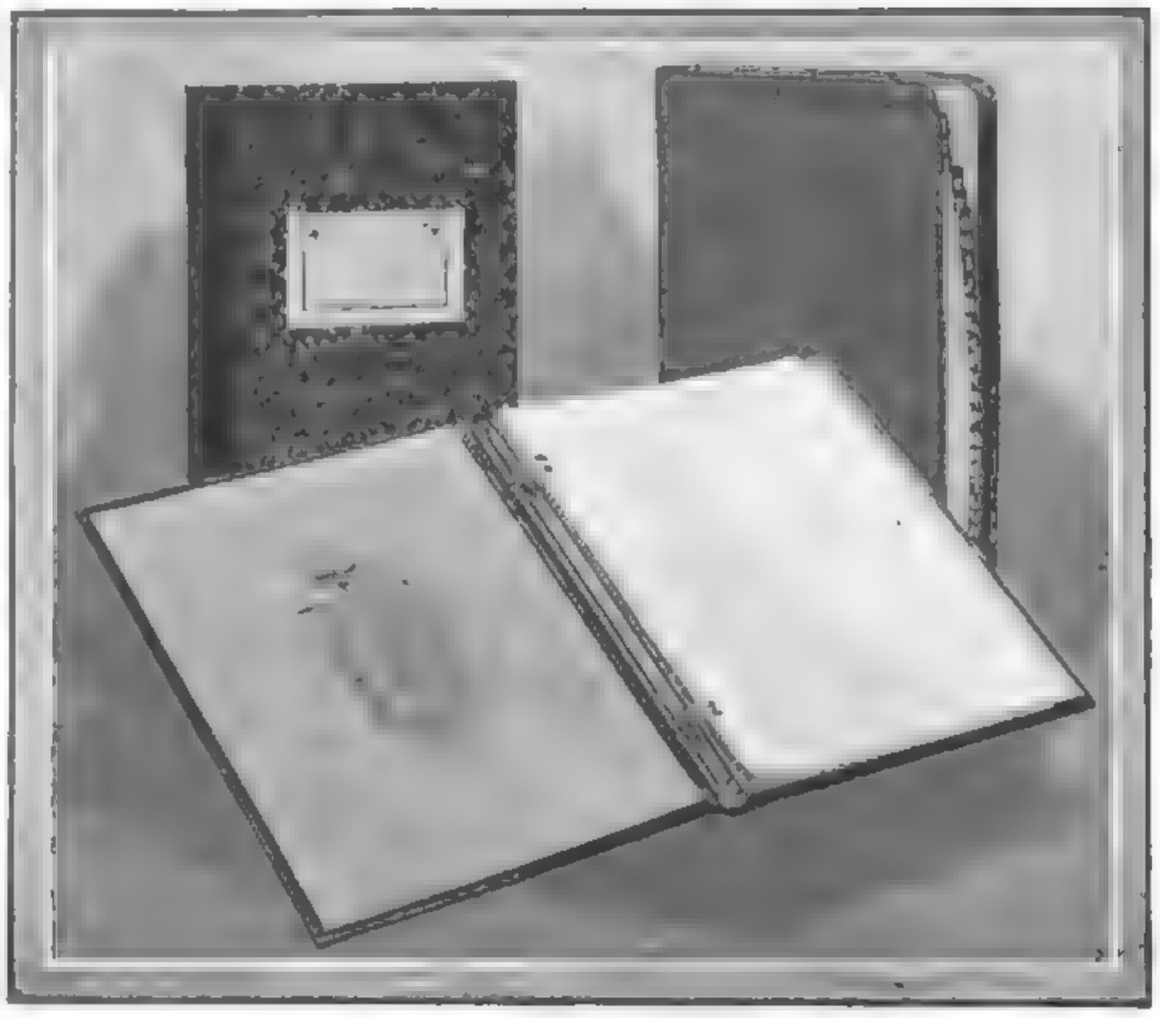
Again over the Schuylkill they had tried, without avail, to save Philadelphia from the British; but not because Philadelphia had shown any great desire to be saved. That city had the appearance of a cheerful reconciliation to its occupation and fate. The echoed violins of its balls, the genial sounds, almost the savours, of its dinners incessantly reached those who were supposed to be its defenders. Then came the disaster at Paoli, when, at the Warren Tavern, they were surprised by the British rear guard. He had fought in the dark, trampling through the guy ropes of his marquee, with—his sword lost—a detached bayonet he had been lucky enough to catch up. This finished, Wayne had demanded the vindication of his conduct by court-martial, and Richard had testified, with a reprimand for his contemptuous bearing toward the ignorant malice of the charges.

When was it Washington had held the general conference of his officers for the purpose of considering a proposed attack on Germantown? Toward the end of September, for the engagement took place the first week in October. The discussion, anyhow, had been at the White Marsh encampment, and Wayne recommended the action. A dark morning of fog, through which the noise of the gunfire was less noticeable than its red streams of fire. The left wing, with Greene—Richard paused to damn him for faithlessness—never came up, and Wayne and Sullivan, on the right, took the whole stunning weight of the English attack. Yet, mainly with the bayonet, they had pushed them back—a full three miles, when they had mistaken Greene for British reënforcements and retreated.

And then winter; with no shoes; he had had no baggage since the Brandywine; winter with cursed little to eat and less to burn. Disconnected memories came back to him: a fife and drum corps on a January day, a hard, brilliant, glittering day, with their bodies more naked than clothed in rags that had never even been uniforms; his company too weak to drill or bear muskets; details through the New Jersey pines in desperate search for cattle not sent in to the English, to Philadelphia. But, for encouragement, Von Steuben, the incomparable drillmaster, had arrived at Valley Forge, and worked the miracle of his energy and military science. Richard could hear him now, shouting in a German that men without German yet contrived to understand.

But, if Valley Forge had been cold, Monmouth was fought on the hottest day he had ever experienced. That, too, had opened with defeat, with General Lee's failing to obey his order. June, that was. Richard had been with the advance post, in the famous Monmouth orchard—famous, that was, once—and engaged the English guards under Monckton. The best blood, the best troop, in England! He had fought body to body with radiant English youths, beautiful boys with fair hair, in a welter of stabbing and tripping and strangling; splendid boys from the green serenity of England, the fashionable drawing-rooms of London. He remembered their desperate efforts to recover Monckton's body. In the end they had broken and killed them, left them, impressive in uniform, at the trunks of the apple trees.

Lucia, he saw, had gone from the dining room; Mrs. Patton and Miss Howlett, with the children, had withdrawn. For the moment they seemed immaterial, like a dream in the profound weariness after battle. Lucia, Lavinia, were figures far away; it was as though, in place of gazing into the past, he had been enabled to see the future. Lavinia was like an infinitely small cloud on the horizon; it wasn't conceivable that he would get himself involved in a net of women and sentiment. Not he, a Bale of Balisand, not Richard Bale of the Virginia Line! Yet the war was long over; this was an anniversary of General Washington's death. He drank without rising, with no show or form, to his commander. He had, once, directed Gawin Todd never to disparage Washington to him, but that had been only an act of bravado, a drunken mood at dinner. Now



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he disowned any such conduct. He recalled the vileness of the Republican prints, Jefferson's papers. The death at Mount Vernon had silenced even them, made unnecessary the continuation of such abhorrent political expedience.

What followed those celebrated engagements was very different. He was a major—this dated from the fall of 1778, but he hadn't been able to secure his new ranking until a year later, when his captain's commission was rubbed to a paper shred in his pocket—yet he performed the duties of every grade and separate service, almost, in the Army. Richard had returned to Virginia—it was now 1780—where he was aide-de-camp, for a number of months, to General Nelson. Indeed, his employments had been so various that he couldn't recall them in proper order. He had had charge of the magazine and laboratory at Westham, above Richmond, but how long had that been after Monmouth? When was it, exactly, that from the heights at Rocket's below Richmond, he had cannonaded General Phillips? Then, certainly, he was attached to artillery. Such guns as had been available! Every possible military resource Virginia commanded had been ordered South for the support of General Greene.

After that he moved the Westham magazine across the James River by Brittan's Ferry, and a devil of an undertaking it was; yet, no sooner, hardly, had he succeeded than it must all be brought back. He had sunk his cannon in a creek and left his stores at Point of Fork. Colonel Tarleton, about then, crossed the James near Charlottesville and drove away the Legislature. Richard had watched the dragoons galloping over the mountain side, looking for Jefferson. Thomas escaped, he told himself; yes, he got away; the country, America, the United States, might have lost him! Again his mind, his memories, were confused. He had marched a uniformed detachment over the mountains with colours flying and beating drums, and, everywhere, they were mistaken for the British—the only Virginia troops the countryside knew wore hunting shirts. He rather thought it was on that occasion his men had mutinied. No pay! Anyhow, they had appeared at the general beat without knapsacks, and he had been forced to run a sergeant through the body with his sword. Upon that he had set the barracks on fire—they couldn't, he saw, have been on forced march—and, though it was evening, removed the command to a situation eight miles distant. He had fought a duel, in addition to all the rest, with a relation of Nelson's.

A ridiculous affair: he had been late to roll call, and, not wholly sober, had explained that he preferred lateness to appearing in a dressing gown and slippers. Slippers and a dressing gown had, on that occasion, adorned the general's relative, and the duel followed. Neither had tried to hit the other. He had reached the summer of 1781. Early in June, Wayne, with some eight hundred men, had—in place of proceeding to South Carolina—joined Lafayette at Fredericksburg. Two battalions were formed, and to them was added a third, Virginians under Colonel Gaskin, with Richard bringing seventy-five soldiers.

He was quartered with General Lawton's brigade; they had one cannon, a six-pounder; and he remembered a small operation with a vidette corps of dragoons under Larkin Smith. Somehow he was in a skirmish at Hot Water, with Butler and the rebellious Pennsylvania Line. But the purpose of this campaign was to harass and check the English raids sent out from the headquarters of Cornwallis at Portsmouth, which the British had made into a fortified magazine for the supplies of the fleet. Together with this, too, the meagre American force had to keep Cornwallis from moving into North Carolina. The English, mostly, operated through the region between the James and York; and Richard, with an insuperable amount of marching, was intermittently engaged with the enemy's rear guard.

He had fallen into the habit of attacking at dawn, when resistance was lowest. They would sleep at brief moments, in the closeness of the woods, or on dignified lawns by a river; and, in a weariness too deep for cursing, again move on their inconsequential and important purpose. He had spent, that way, informal nights in formal, stately drawing-rooms, eaten hurried suppers past midnight on tables of old magnificence and renown—a figure of shadowy passage, of muted orders, indefinite men, constantly, needfully, alert. He must have been a haggard night visitor to those historic plantations; haggard but welcome; and how strong, how young, he had been; how little sleep he had required. No thicket of forest, of wild grapevines and brush, or treacherous marsh, was too difficult for his course, no stream too swift to ford, no river so wide but that he crossed it somehow.

Yes, that time was best, better than the present, even with Lucia and their children, at Balisand. Then he had thought with longing of the peace of his plantation by the North River; all he wanted was to return there; and now he was envious of such a desperate past. Yet, not that—he was regretting himself, what he had been, and his supreme privilege. Such years, he felt, would never come again; there would be other wars, of course—probably they'd never cease—but not quite the same. Not such a pure incentive; and never a second Washington.

It was in July that Cornwallis, moving along the James, had sent a small detachment across the river, and the report carried to Wayne that the British force was cut in half. Richard Bale, himself, had seen the negro who brought them that false intelligence, just before Green Spring was fought. He was with the advance—an insignificant number that had passed over the causeway of a swamp—which had suddenly found itself opposed to the greater part of the English army drawn up in battle array. But they escaped, orderly they withdrew across the swamp; and then, to avoid the ruin of panic, Wayne had charged the overwhelming forces threatening to surround him.

Soon after, Cornwallis was driven back into Yorktown, where he was fortified; the French fleet under De Barras, the French ships from the West Indies with Saint-Simon's troops, arrived; and the finish drew near. They were a different French from those who, under the States-General, had been their successors—the republic had actually thrown Lafayette into jail—and Richard recalled them with affection and gratitude. Together they had sung a song, in French . . . from an opera then in great favour. Lucille, it was called, and the name of the composer came back to him, Grétry. Some words, as well, returned to memory; and, uncertain in air, with no possible reference to their part in a strange language, he half sang:

"Où a-t-on plus de bonheur
Qu'au sein de sa famille ——"

He had had no active part in the final attack on the Yorktown redoubts; in the main an affair of siege-guns; and on the seventeenth October the enemy blew the chamade.

That call, proclaiming the end of English dominion in the American colonies, had, as well, sounded his, Richard Bale's, discharge from war. Or had it been from peace? He couldn't determine which. Cramped from long sitting, he rose, still enveloped in the heroics of the past, and, forgetting the weakness of his leg, he nearly fell. Where had he laid Morryson's cane? As he went around the table, limping from the room, he met the painted supercilious gaze of Francis Bale, the Cavalier; but not even he had seen a more desperate or honourable service. And Charles had been beheaded, the first Charles; and then the second—the revolution that had freed America beginning in Great Britain! "—— on plus de bonheur," he hummed, slowly mounting the stairs. The candle he bore cast a pale and isolated light around him; there was a flicker of shadow, Richard Bale, on the wall; he nodded to it and it nodded vaguely back, a dark insubstantial confirmation of their joint approval.

The immediate result of his extended and special memories was that, with a refreshed energy, he applied the precepts of a more than civil discipline to Balisand and himself. It seemed to Richard that he had fallen into a disorganized indolence in itself dangerous. And, obstinate to the shrinking of negroes from the cold, he undertook improvements to the plantation long ago designed and put off. He had the marshland back of his informal race track drained and filled and the trees cut out. Once before he had begun this, but he had been forced to stop after a particularly heavy loss of money at hazard, in the tavern cellar, to William Newsome. He supervised the labour from his horse, closely wrapped in the

(Continued on Page 101)

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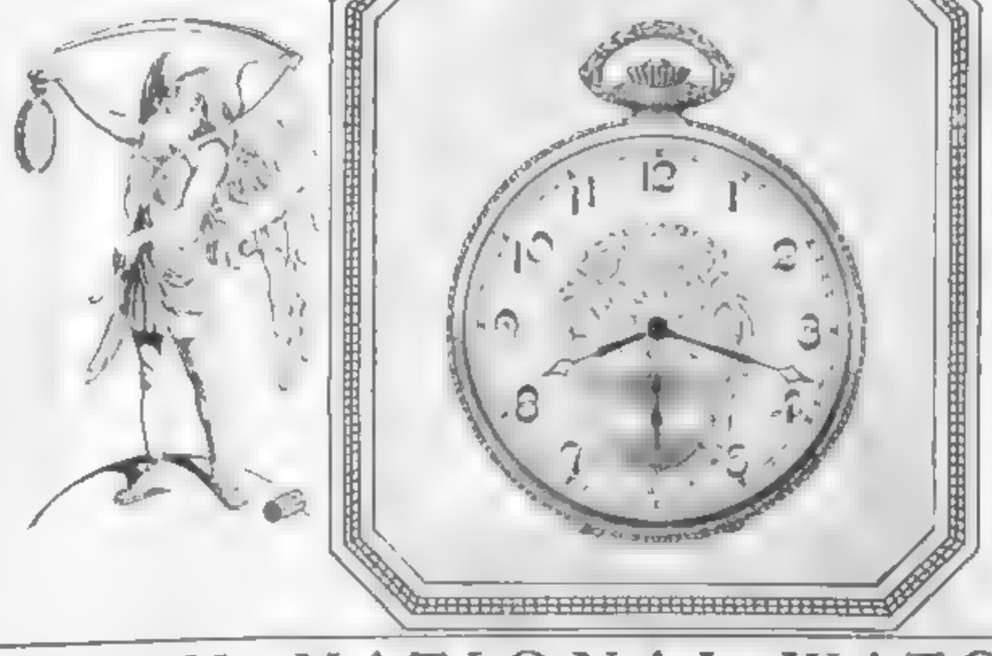

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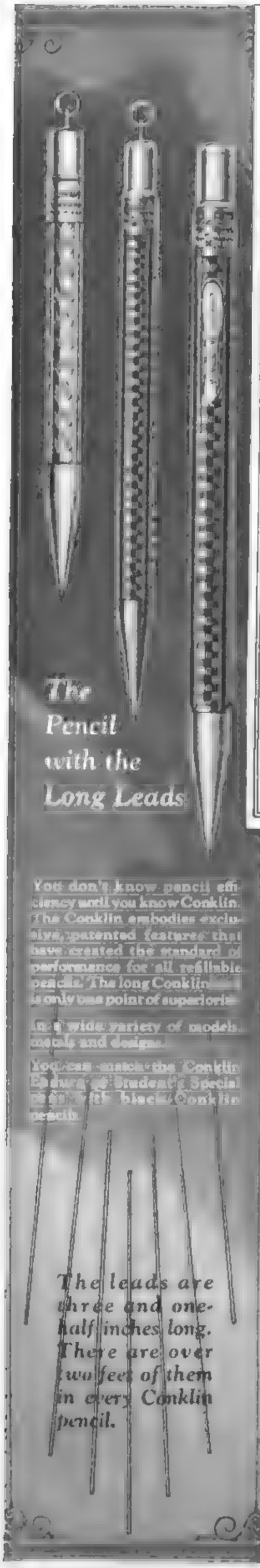
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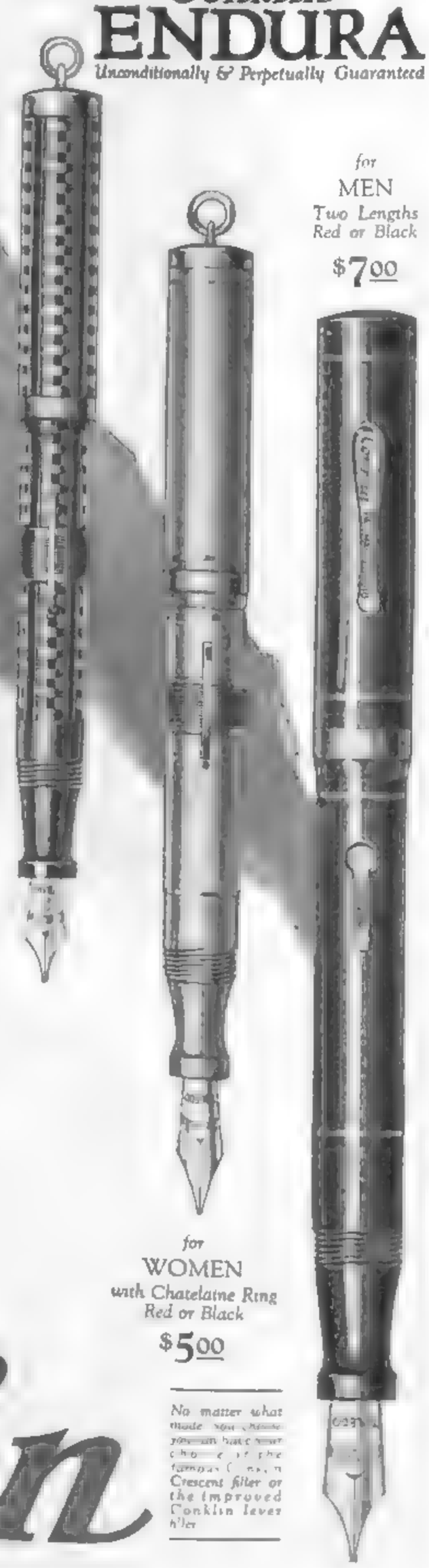

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(Continued from Page 98)

worn cape with a martial history. He must be occupied, Richard told himself; employed, when he wasn't fox-hunting, throughout the day. A part of his conscious strategy against the invasion of his security by Lavinia. The political situation, was, very temporarily, completely quiet: the vote of the electoral college wouldn't be opened until February; but there was a general conviction that the choice would lie between Jefferson and Aaron Burr. Adams, though the general acrimony of the late contest had died, was submerged in a petty and vindictive quarreling with his cabinet. Gawin Todd, it was reported to Richard, in the probable event of a Jeffersonian victory, would be very suitably and publicly recognized.

His life, it appeared very clearly to Richard, had been divided into two utterly different periods: formerly it was vivid, concerned with events, and later it had grown contemplative. The second part began with Lucia—or had it been with Zena Gainge?—and Lavinia belonged to neither; she inhabited a sphere of her own, unreal and compelling, disembodied and enchantingly present. There, he felt, his panic had shifted to a philosophical willingness to accept the evil with the good in what yet awaited him. A single reflection troubled this—the realization that when he wasn't overcome with his strange late passion for Lavinia he couldn't credit its potency. Free from it, and in the warm presence of Lucia, it seemed fantastic, no weakness of a Bale. But, in connection with that, he recalled what Morryson had told him about his mother: a small, quiet, oversensitive girl, Morryson had said, who had written a poem about love and eternity. And when, within a year, she had died, his father had never married again. Richard Bale vainly wished that he had asked Morryson more about that—it might have a bearing on his own experience. Lavinia, for example, was like a poem. Poets, he gathered, chose just such subjects for their lines. There was his mother! He, Richard Bale, since the forced pages of his early instruction, had read nothing: he wholly distrusted extravagant books and sentiments.

In that, he now recognized, he had been right. The habit of indiscriminate reading was responsible for a great deal of harm; among other undesirable things, the Democratic-Republican Party: Jefferson was an acknowledged friend of literature. The people got hold of printed subversive promises and lies, and, as a consequence, lost their grasp on the plain indispensable facts of existence. The Bible was, for such reading, sufficient; and it was well to have it chained, written in Latin. This he repeated, at length, to Lucia. Miss Howlett, with Camilla, was in the room, and she became so patently distressed that, against her painful reluctance to being noticed, she finally spoke:

"Mr. Bale, I have such trouble with the children now, making them listen when I read, and if they hear you I might as well go away."

Lucia laughed.

"I have just been arranging for music lessons," she told Richard; "for the first time in the children's lives it's possible; and what will you say to that?"

Music, he asserted sharply, was as dangerous as poetry. She grew serious.

"Richard, you've never talked this way before. What is it? And Miss Howlett is right; we can't let you interfere with her. It would be decidedly better if you went back to explaining Federal politics to Flora, even with the cursing. Actually, you sound like the people at camp meetings."

He wasn t, Richard replied, to be taken so literally. He had only tried to say that he wanted his children taught the solid and undeniable facts of life.

"It isn't religion at all, but as far from that as possible. They must be like you, Lucia."

For that—she was standing—Lucia gave him one of her rare public kisses. She pressed it, cool and reassuring, on his forehead.

"Then send them out to the stable, since you and Beverley insist that's where I learned whatever I know."

He wasn't, unfortunately, able to describe his feeling. The truth was that he didn't want his girls to inherit or be encouraged in any of the nonsense that had upset him. It had occurred to him that a measure of it might have come from his mother; for, if the habits, the very appearance, of the Bales descended from generation to generation, why wasn't it possible, as well, that he bore within him the influence of the other?

Entirely a poetic affair. Poets, he continued, were individuals who got along notoriously ill with actual events. In that they resembled unhappy women. He was alone, Lucia was at Welfield, the children were with their governess, and he proceeded to the case of books standing in the hall by the door to the east room. They had been there since the time of Francis Bale, not later than 1680; one or two volumes, at least, had undoubtedly come with Richard from the disaster to a Stuart England; yet a number of them, he rigidly decided, no longer should have a place in his house. Hakluyt's Travels he ignored, Wisdom in Three Books he left undisturbed, but a romance concerned with Cleopatra he unhesitatingly condemned. He passed by Aristotle's Problems, a religious book by Diodati, another called Boanerges and Barnabas, An Observation on the Turk's Government, a Jure Maritimo, and then came on a slender volume of Virgil's Poems, which he removed. The Cure of Gunshot Wounds he approved, as he did Directions for Planting Mulberry Trees. A Discourse Concerning Comets and what seemed to be a medical work, The Birth of Mankind, could demoralize no one; but Homer's Iliad, a book by Ben Jonson and Donne's Poems he added to those he had condemned.

Unhappy women and poetry! That chance phrase stayed in his mind. Music and trouble—he heard, from the garden at Todd Hundred, the low singing of the violins. Lucia might mock him as she pleased, but he'd be damned if the Methodists weren't justified in their opinion of —of such traps for the heart. Poetry and women who were dissatisfied, cut off from their desire. He elaborated this into the tentative and highly unpleasant theory that what he chose to call beauty rotted like apples when they were left on the tree. It might be that the whole loveliness of a woman kept from its purpose, the simplicity of birth and its attending business, grew into a poison. This wasn't a new thought; somewhere, long ago, he had been familiar with it.

If he could convince himself of the truth of that, all his indefinite dread, persisting, he found, hiding, at the back of his logic, would be vanquished. But merely to announce it wasn't enough: he knew this, that his problem was not of the head. Mentally he disposed of it a score of times in a day. Lavinia had never appeared to him in a sensible light. She had come to him, as a matter of fact, through the dark, a voice—with pauses. Almost at once, after a moment, a flash of sun, she returned to darkness, and there, really, she ought to stay.

With, privately, the destruction of such volumes of poetry and imagination as he could locate, Richard made no further efforts or comment in that direction. Lucia would have been very decided in her objection to such an apparently arbitrary interference in her plans for the children. Her placidity there wasn't indifference. And, as it was, Miss Howlett, he saw, had grown frightened of him. His natural severity was increasing; but with it his affectionate interest in Flora and Camilla and Alice Ellen had expanded. He asked for them more frequently: he was specially tender with Flora; Camilla impressed him by her early ability to look out for herself; and he was, very much in secret, amused by Alice Ellen's bad tempers. At the slightest provocation she would screech—he always returned to Flora's word for that—as energetically as Von Steuben at drill She required more attention than anyone else at Balsand Camilla largely went her own way, a way almost as satisfactory to others as it was to her She got her lessons more easily, remembered them better, than did Flora, but her curiosity never extended beyond them; she never, Miss Howlett reported, read a line other than necessary. Flora, however, overtaken by eagerness, would neglect the studies set her for the infinity of possibilities they suggested. She had to be restrained, her history lesson shortened, for more than once it had made her ill with excitement.

Lucia, he thought, was inclined to be impatient with her; impatient, that was, for Lucia; in another, probably, her bearing would have been a model of consideration.

"I don't understand Flora at all," she admitted. "She hasn't a single Mathews trait, and try my best I can't see you in

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her -unless I don't know you. All the Tuckers I've met are different, too. I don't want to be unjust, but, unless she changes, I'm afraid she's going to be unhappy.

"Flora is too intense. But then you are that. Sometimes I think you're beyond me, Richard; I didn't use to, but I do now. Could you be a little different, do you suppose? It's not your leg; I've given that up. Are you worried, Richard? You would tell me if you were, wouldn't you?"

He wasn't worried, he replied, justified in what was, at times, very much a lie.

"What is there to bother me?" he demanded.

She didn't know, she couldn't put a finger on it. Beverley, Lucia continued, had spoken of this, as well.

"He thinks you seem thin."

Richard managed to laugh at the mere suggestion of a fat Bale.

"Richard, I haven't disappointed you?"

Here he was free for the expression of all he felt.

"How could you do that, Lucia? You are so perfect that at times I forget to mention it. I don't notice Balisand is like a heaven with you." She nodded.

"That's all right, then." Thank God, she hated sentimentality as much as he did. "You haven't known it, but we're going to Welfield over Sunday, all of us. Christopher and Amalie will be there, and maybe Garland."

That, he said at once, would be pleasant; a change of scene do him good; perhaps it would shake him out of the mood she seemed to have noticed. Christopher Mathews was Lucia's brother. He had married Amalie Lagné of New Orleans, where he had lived for the past twenty years, getting very seldom to Gloucester County. Richard would be glad to see him, and then, too, Beverley would have the latest news of the vote for President.

For a while it had been thought that the Federal Senators of Pennsylvania had, in Richard Bale's sense, saved the country; but a corrected report from South Carolina exploded that hope. Yes, Adams was already defeated; however, a new possibility, in which Richard found nothing to commend, had developed: there was a strong Federalist current turning toward the support of Burr.

Anything, the cry was, to beat Jefferson! A rumour spread that the New York Republicans might refuse him their vote. Jefferson, it was asserted, to combat this, had offered a cabinet position to one of the Livingstons.

At the tavern a Republican celebration was held, where the liquor consumed, the proprietor assured Richard, would have almost done credit to a gathering of Federal gentlemen. Gawin Todd made an impassionate address of confidence in the future and ridicule for Adams and the reigning families of the past. About this Richard Bale was cold, but he heatedly denounced the efforts of his own party entirely to defeat an election by the forced choice of a temporary president. He came to the conclusion that, in the old, the correct, meaning, he no longer had a party. He had denied this to Beverley Mathews, but it was true. Yet it was, at the same time, equally true of Jefferson and James Madison: those iron constructionists of the Constitution now, dismayed by the growing strength of Burr, proposed that the two candidates for President join in summoning a new national Congress. A humiliating situation.

December had gone in that way, and January, and—waiting for the carryall to bear them to Welfield—it was February. The balloting at Washington was under way. The entire Bale family, however, were, just then, indifferent to the political crisis. Alice Ellen was absorbing all their attention. She didn't want to leave Balisand, and, in her usual manner, she was making her objection clear.

"Let her stay on the floor and kick," Richard advised them; "she'll have to get tired."

"Perhaps, then," Flora added, "we will be here, just like this, for a week."

Camilla thought not. Mrs. Patton was solicitous, Miss Howlett declared that her nerves could not last at this rate; but Lucia unceremoniously picked Alice Ellen up, turned her over, and applied a succession of loud firm spanks to her youngest daughter.

"She can't make any more noise," she observed. Flora was transfixed in an agony of attention.

"She is, though," she announced; "twice as much." Richard agreed with her.

"I don't know why you take her," he protested; "in the future if she goes anywhere I won't."

He was thoroughly exasperated. Miss Howlett's attitude fitted him exactly. Lucia begged him to remain calm, since none of the trouble actually rested on him. But he was in no mood for calmness or his ordinary concealed—entertainment at Alice Ellen's outbursts. He called for a servant, ordered a horse saddled, and expressed surprise that he should have considered driving with a cursed nursery and mob of women.

"Indeed," Lucia retorted, "I'd far rather not have you. It was your own suggestion to go in the carryall. And I'd be glad if you weren't so unreasonable before the whole house. You have been too strange lately."

A vision of Balisand with only Morryson and himself there, except for the tactful Mrs. Patton, returned to him, and he viewed it regretfully. He had no talent, it appeared, for living with women, none for a family.

"If you would take care of your children, instead of riding all over the county behind a pack of hounds, you might be able to manage them," he incautiously asserted.

Lucia gave Alice Ellen to a servant.

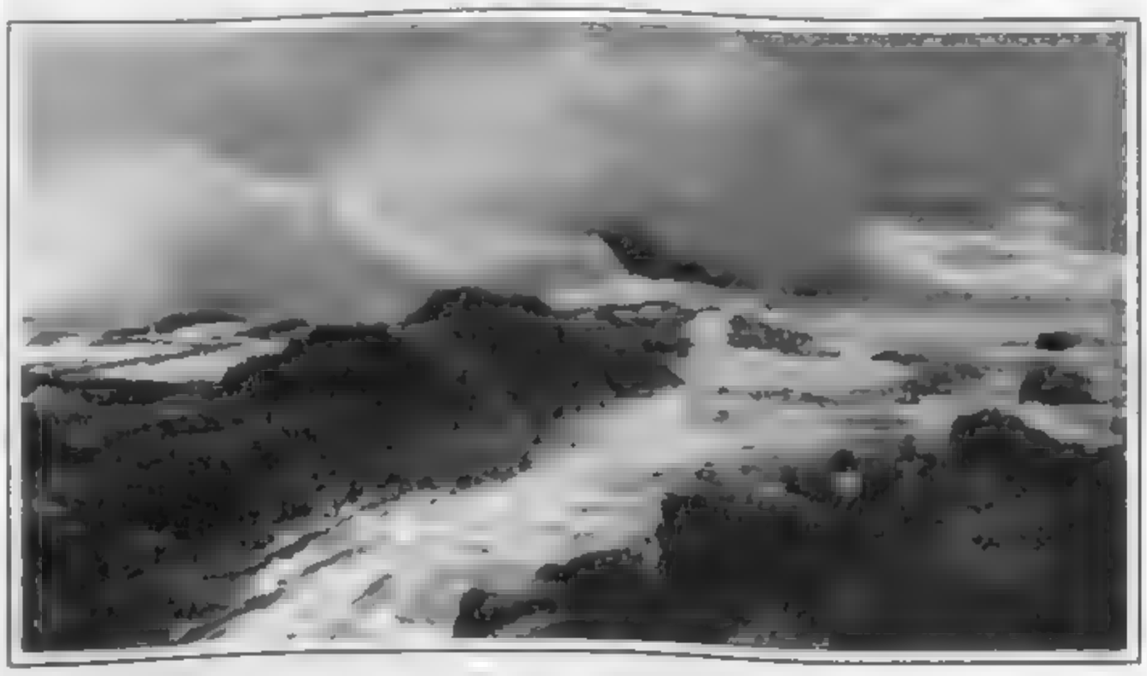
"I don't like quarreling in private," she said evenly, "and I certainly won't descend to it here. If you think I oughtn't to fox-hunt I'll stop, of course."

He was, now, infuriated at himself. All that his temper had betrayed him into was the precise reverse of what he felt. How handsome Lucia was! He was degenerating into a woman. Flora's eyes were filled with tears and Camilla's mouth was open, Alice Ellen silent in the negro's arms.

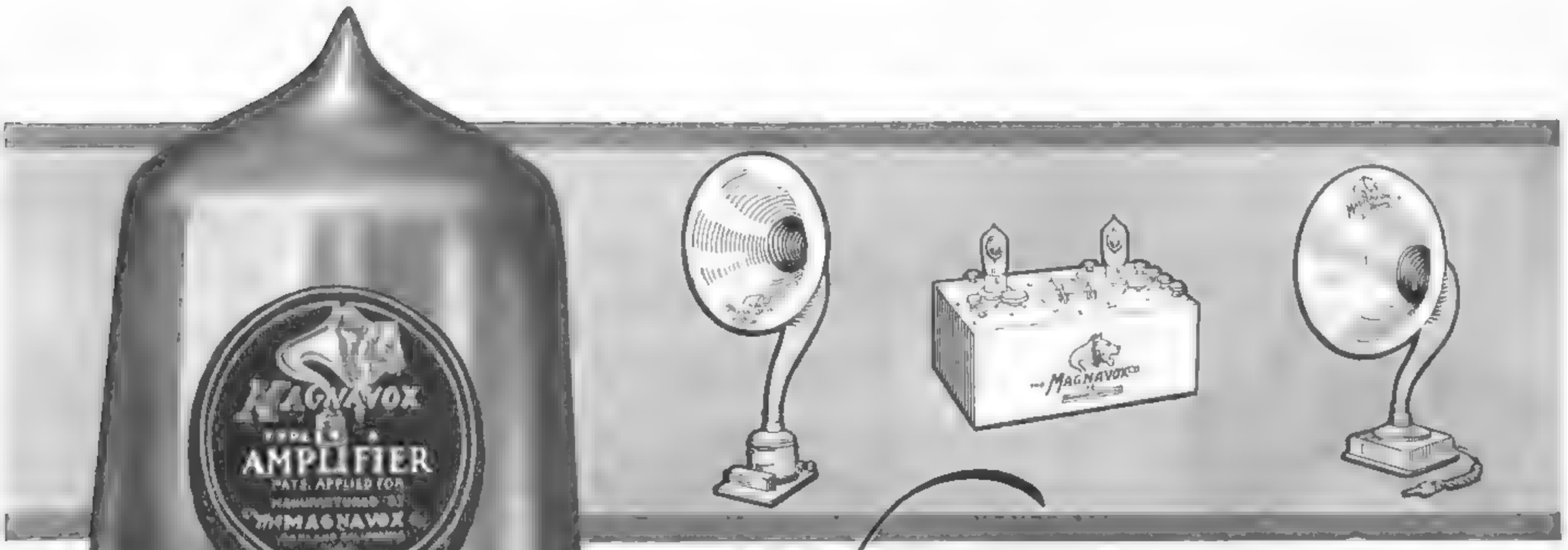
"If I am going to ride," he spoke lamely, "I shall have to make a change. Go on, Lucia, and I'll catch up with you."

How handsome she was, how correct in manner! He mustn't subject her to another open scene; Richard recognized proudly she wouldn't have it. Not Lucia! His cape settled about him with a familiar comfort. Bradlock Wiatt owned a horse she admired; and if he happened to be at the Mathews, and would sell . . . the perfume of a June garden illusively enveloped him.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



The Rugged Maine Coast



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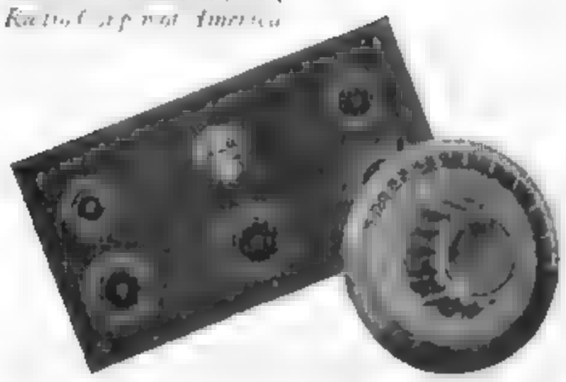

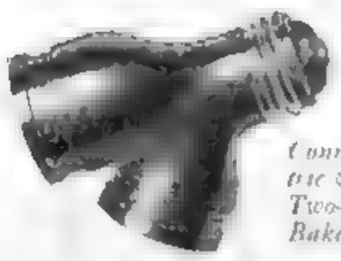

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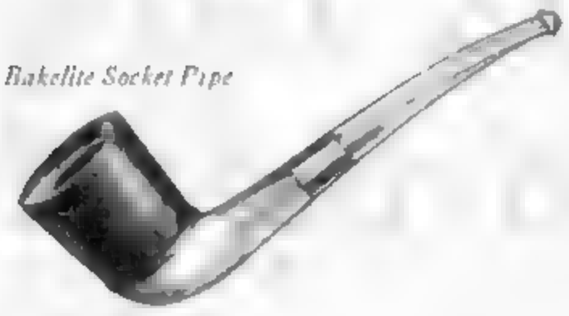

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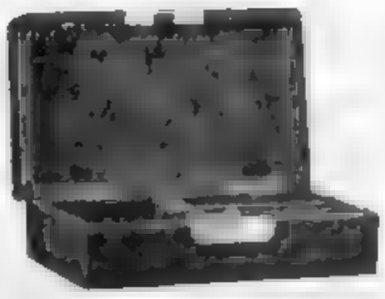

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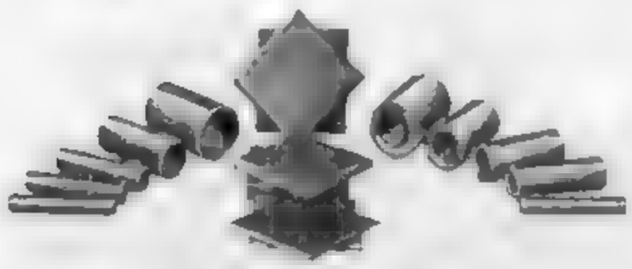

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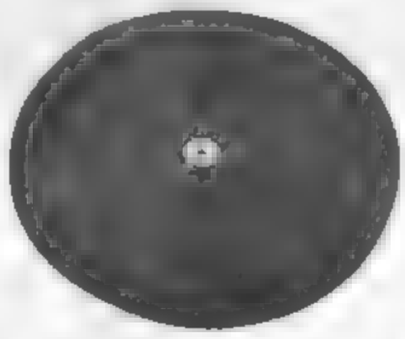

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 22)

While Mrs. Bell's an equal flair
For mayonnaise or an éclair,
They have the self-same baggy skin,
Though Mrs. Bell has one more chin.
They have the selfsame trick of wheezing,
And devastating way of sneezing.
But there's one difference we note—
It gives the Elephant our vote!
Though he and Mrs. Bell both eat
Till they're, to say the least, replete,
Unlike her he won't try to bluff
While we sit by and watch him stuff
His food with greed disquieting,
By telling us he's dieting!

Mr. Willoughby De Witt—The Puffer Fish

THE Puffer Fish, when in a state
Of panic, will at once inflate
And then, as quickly as a wink,
Instead of turning pale, turn pink.
Precisely similar to it
Is Mr. Willoughby De Witt.
He's always viewing with alarm!
The country's sure to come to harm—
These radicals all make him sick—
A lamp-post for each Bolshevik
Is what he'd do if he'd his way!
You'll see him almost any day,
As in the club's best chair he sits
Indulging in conniption fits,
And registering indignation
By pinkness, puffing and inflation.

Harold Whinnick—The Mole

THE Mole and Harold may not strike
Us just at first as much alike.
It seems so silly to confuse
The Mole's brown fur and varied hues
Of Harold's golfing suit of tweed.
For Joseph's coat was dull indeed
Compared with that which Harold thinks
The Well-Dressed Man upon the links
Should wear. Please note the stocking chaste
In which his shapely calf's incased!
But here's where Harold's like the Mole—
He dearly loves to make a hole!
The Mole, we know, is not a shirker,
And Harold, also, is a worker.
Though "work's" a word that's far too tame.
He'd rather call his golf his "game."
He swings and pirouettes and pivots,
Replacing painfully the divots,
For hours beneath the broiling sun
In order to reduce by one
His record for a single hole.
Could we demand more of the Mole?
We must admire such rare devotion,
Although it seems a bit Bœotian.
As for his skill—we do not doubt it,
But wish he wouldn't talk about it.
We do not give a—well, do you?—
If he got on the green in two.
It only makes us numb and logy
To hear of holes he makes in bogey
It's here that on the Mole he's scoring—
He's much superior at boring.

—*Katharine Dayton.*

Bulky Billionaire Sued

Mr. Beroot Again in Court

MANY charming gowns were seen Thursday last at the trial of Hardfist Beroot, who is being sued by Miss Aintsche Knuttye for ten million dollars' damages for breach of etiquette.

The plaintiff was smartly appareled in a one-piece frock of *poitrine de souris* crêpe, silver-fox scarf, saucy black hat, a necklace of graduated black pearls, a white bandage over her left eye, and was holding to her nose an adorable smelling-salts bottle of the latest model.

Miss Knuttye was attended by three nurses, four physicians and two specialists.

She wore the new potato-blossom shade of hose with gray pumps, and it was easy to see from the worried expression on the faces of the defendant's lawyers that they feared the jury might be unduly influenced by the fact that it took the combined efforts of the three nurses and one specialist to cross the petite plaintiff's knees at the customary angle.

It was then observed that her platinum garter buckles bore a dazzling monogram of blue diamonds.

The huge Mr. Beroot wore the latest-style haircut, a suit of the new fishcake brown, cut along the lines of the one in which he made such a striking appearance in his third divorce complication, caterpillar-green socks and brown oxfords. His right hand was incased in adhesive tape.

The nurses wore the conventional uniforms, the specialists the correct afternoon frock coats and gray trousers, and the physicians wore simple but perfectly cut suits of brown, gray, blue and tan with socks and ties to harmonize.

A judge and several legal persons were among those present.

When placed on the stand Mr. Beroot explained that Miss Knuttye fell down his apartment stairs after accidentally bumping her face against a bunch of forget-me-nots tied with silver ribbon which he was presenting to her with an affectionate gesture.

Mrs. M. T. Dome, in a fascinating frock, was hostess of one of the smartest parties attending the court function. Lack of space prevents a description of the bewitching frocks worn by the debutantes.

—*May Philo.*

The Rising Tide

EVENING prayer of the ethnologist's little boy: "God bless mamma and papa, and please maintain the Nordic supremacy!"

Analytical Geometry

THE baby's nose tilts at a sky-angle;
His mouth's an isosceles triangle—
That is, when he's glad;
But when he is mad
He alters the shape to a cry-angle.

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

And He Had Been Bragging for Two Weeks That His Aunt Was Going to Bring Him a "Dawg"

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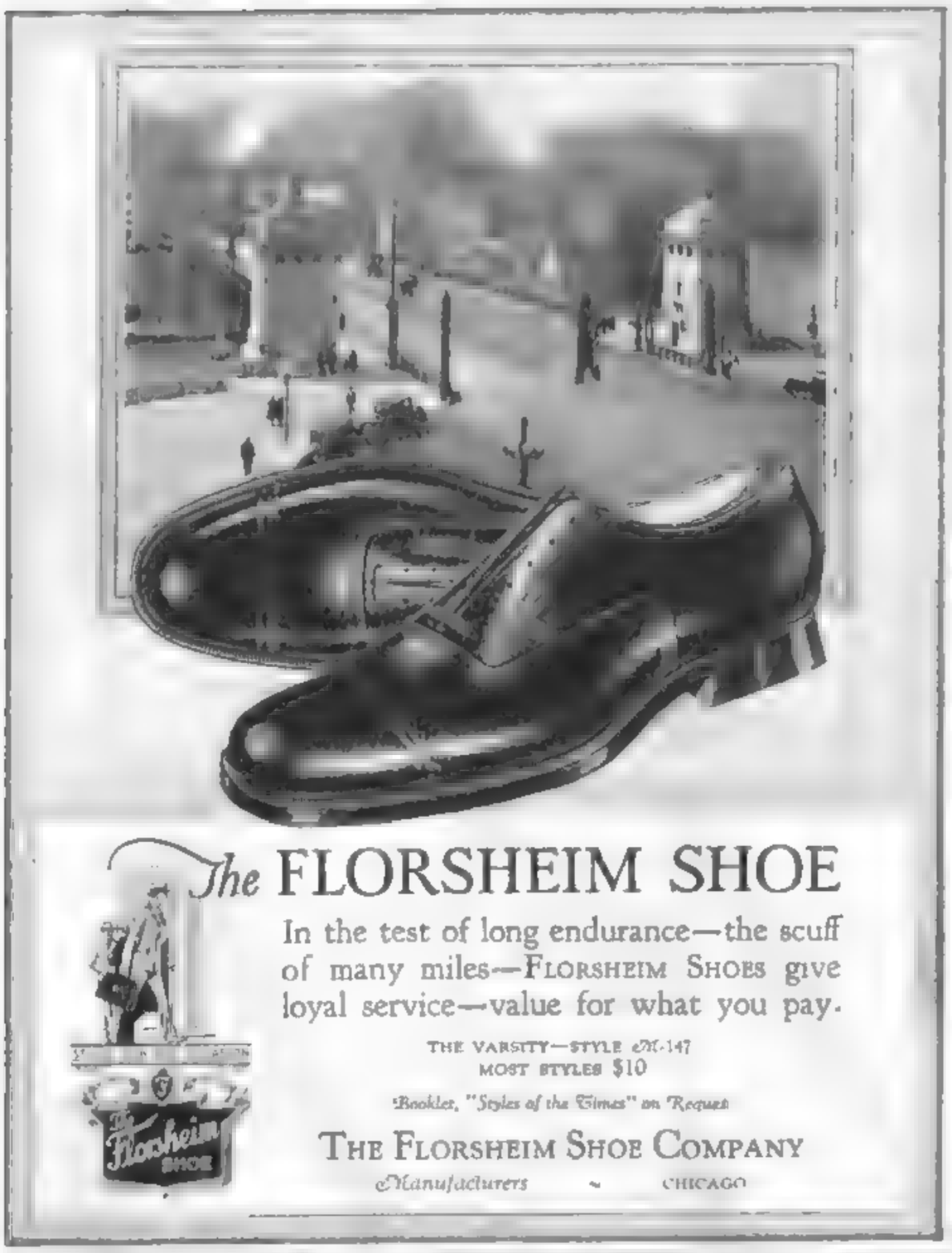
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UNCLE SAM AND THE TUB THUMPERS

(Continued from Page 21)

so did Rumania; half a dozen countries pointed out how their remittance revenues would be hurt, and warned the United States of serious consequences; British newspapers began to play up harrowing stories of the hardships the new regulations would work; and Japan sent a warning through its ambassador.

Why? What inspired hopes of successful protest against what they all do themselves, unless they were persuaded Uncle Sam would knuckle under to clamor?

At this writing a London newspaper publishes a cable from Tokio, date of June twenty-seventh: "The Japanese Foreign Office has decided not to appeal to the League of Nations against the United States excluding Japanese immigrants. This decision is not because the Japanese Government considers its case at all weak, but because the League appears to be impotent."

This hint of the uses to which the League might be put will scarcely help its advocates in the United States. It is on a par with the proposal broached at one of the League's first sessions to pool the raw materials of member countries.

To illustrate a typical European attitude toward the immigration law, I need quote only a couple of sentences from a very temperate item appearing in a newspaper of June tenth: "The new laws confer almost inquisitorial powers on American consuls. They are empowered to ask all kinds of personal questions and then use their discretion as to whether the visa shall be granted."

We have been all along cherishing the notion that we were a self-governing nation, yet a purely domestic law like prohibition has brought down on us an avalanche of denunciation. It seems to be taken as a mortal affront abroad. Why? It is easy to understand the howls of distillers and brewers and wine growers, but the malevolence displayed by the masses of some foreign countries toward this domestic legislation appears extraordinary. And although Americans themselves are sharply divided on the question, they cannot but speculate wonderingly over such attacks and the conception of Uncle Sam which prompts them. They cannot help asking themselves, "What business is it of theirs?"

Our Duty to Everybody

They make many of our problems their business, however. Day by day, month in and month out, foreign statesmen and publicists and writers and lecturers have been instructing the American people in their duty until our ears and souls have wearied. What has induced this attitude toward us?

I was in Berlin a few months after the Armistice, while the Peace Conference was sitting at Paris. German efforts to soften the terms took the form of threats and huge demonstrations. And whom did they threaten? Against whom did they demonstrate? They soon learned better than to try such tactics on the French or British, so all their fury was directed against America. The explanation is simple enough—they were persuaded the United States Government could be bluffed into an effort to extract a more favorable settlement from its allies for them. Everybody remembers their campaign throughout the United States for this purpose. What led them to think this?

The efforts to induce the United States to cancel war debts are fresh in memory; also the appeals from every quarter of Europe and the Near East and Asia for additional financial aid. Importunities for help finally reached such proportions and were based on grounds so fantastic that a halt was called. Uncle Sam began to draw in his horns, even in his humanitarian expenditures, but not without bitter opposition from organizations which this orgy of spending had called into being.

Why was it that people and governments without the shadow of a claim on us should have supposed their demands for money would meet with success?

The policy of the British Foreign Office launched the Greeks on a disastrous adventure against the Turks when Turkey lay prostrate. France backed the Turks, and the Sick Man of Europe startled the world by an amazing rally under the stimulus of aggression. The English people repudiated this sordid political gamble with honest indignation and refused to support another war.

More than half a million refugees fled from Asia after this disaster. Where were they to live? From the standpoint of western civilization they were undesirables, a considerable portion drawn from the scum of eastern bazaars and parasitic occupations. At once the cry went up that the United States ought to receive them. This seemed to the Greeks and many Europeans a good way out. Of course it was absurd, yet even in the United States many were found who exhorted America to open her gates to these "victims of Mohammedan barbarity" and tried to raise the Cross against the Crescent, ignorantly exalting a shameful political tragedy into a species of holy war. Just recently a resolution was drafted at the Democratic National Convention which, in denouncing the treaty with Turkey, bleats about a "betrayal of America's duty to Armenia."

Uncle Sam's Sacrifices

Now France had Syria to offer as an asylum to these starving hordes, with millions of virgin acres crying out for cultivation—soil as rich as good old Texas prairie land. It had Morocco. There were vast British dependencies and dominions with sparse population. Did a voice in Europe have the effrontery to suggest that Syria or Canada or Australia should take these exiles in? Then what do they think of America?

Since the treaty of peace was signed invitations have poured in on Uncle Sam to join conferences. Sometimes a direct proposal is made; sometimes the indirect approach is employed, and we have a sudden scurry by a group in one of the two political parties in the United States to "lend a hand to stricken Europe."

In every conference which Uncle Sam attended as a member he has had to make sacrifices. The disarmament agreement is a case in point, and subsequent proposals contemplate further surrenders by the United States in order to compose French and English rivalries. The rôle of peacemaker may prove hazardous. Why these expectations of generosity from us?

Everybody agrees that the appointment of American representatives to what came to be called the Dawes committee was a fine gesture, an admirable political expedient, and a much-needed move. Yet if the French did not entertain high hopes of the United States they would not have countenanced the proposal for a moment, and it remains to be seen what will be asked of Uncle Sam when the time comes to apply the Dawes plan. Already the Allied press is gleefully pointing out that this project being Uncle Sam's own child, he ought certainly to be willing to do handsomely by it. All those encomiums and all that gratitude for showing them how to do it will cost America money. I predict our people will experience some bewilderment when they discover just what is expected of them before the settlement can be put into operation.

We are constantly hearing from our sentimentalists of the shameful manner in which the United States has abandoned Europe. These people don't know anything about Europe, of course. They haven't an inkling of the stream of private capital going from America into investment there. The truth is, that continent has made amazing recovery from the war.

How could Uncle Sam allay that rivalry by interfering? If he were to back either of these powers against the other it would provoke a crisis compared to which present irritations are mere pin pricks. Whenever Europe urges the United States to come to her relief it is because each power hopes to find in Uncle Sam a useful ally. The moment he lined up with one the other would rail at America to stay at home and mind its own business. France did that very thing when American protests were heard against the occupation of the Ruhr.

Now what I've said is not intended as a plea for isolation. It is not an attack against the League of Nations idea. The world

(Continued on Page 109)

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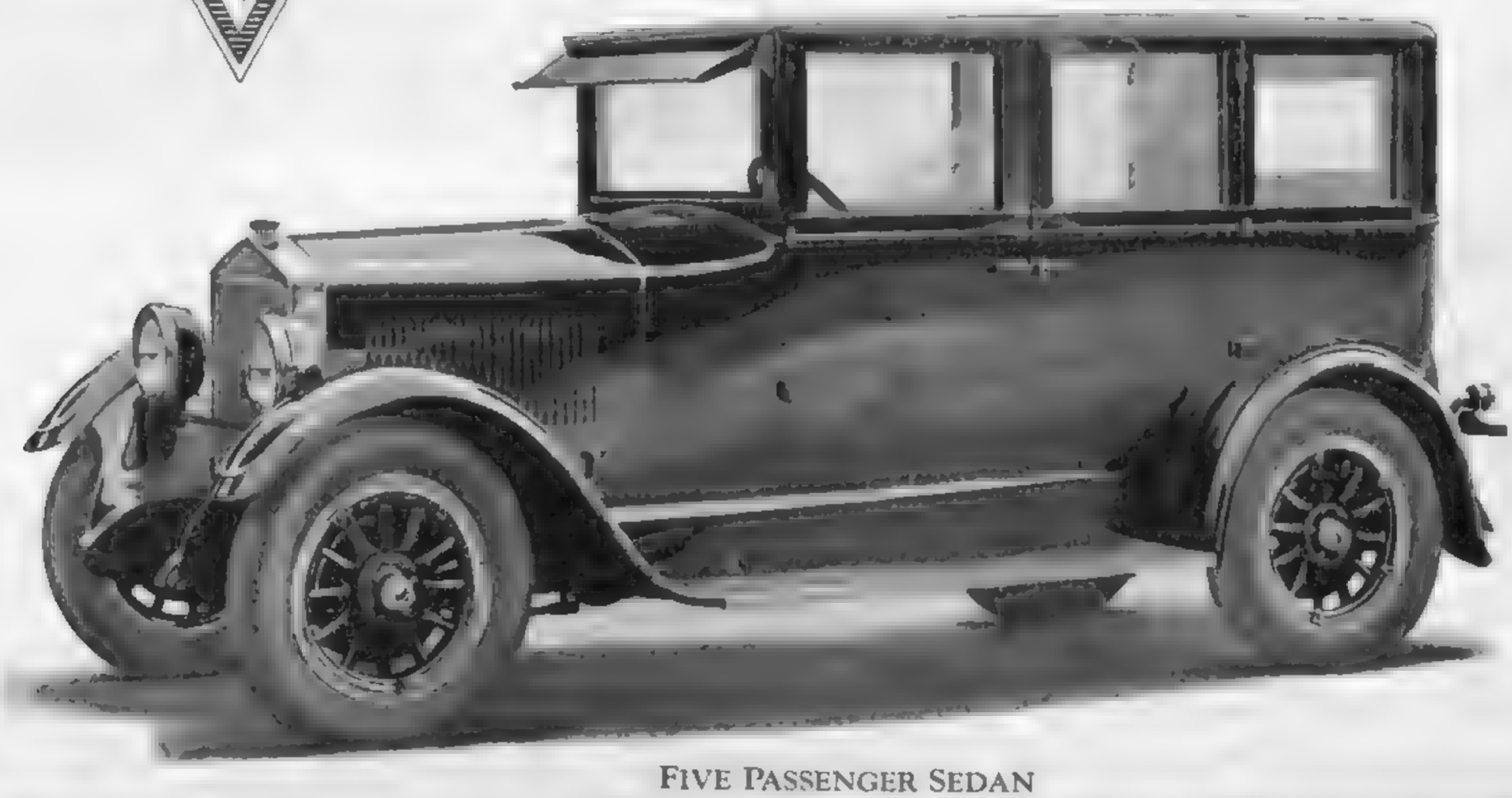

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(Continued from Page 106)

must come to a genuine league of nations, with the United States one of the strongest members. If it doesn't it is faced with the alternative of one great power winning to domination by a series of wars or a throwback to numerous small and constantly warring groups, which spells chaos.

Then what is the argument? Simply that Americans should approach foreign affairs with their eyes open. The Government frequently comes in for attack on account of lack of foreign policy, but I submit that any government is apt to hesitate when it is expected to negotiate as an agent for sentimentalists. Until it can count for support on an informed public opinion which will bring to international problems the same sanity and common sense it would apply to business, the Government is bound to hold back. The new immigration bill is the most hopeful sign in years. Critics assert that its passage involved a serious breach of good manners.

Stressing good manners is a favorite device of those who deal with Uncle Sam. They can warn and lecture us—that is quite all right. But when we take any defensive action to protect ourselves, that is bad taste and bad manners. Right here I would like to point out that in all the railing against the United States, not one nation has ever been able to charge an aggressive offense—their only grounds of complaint are that we don't leave the country wide open to their emigrants and don't throw its wealth and strength wide open to European exploitation. They have never been able to accuse us of trying to grab what belongs to other peoples. This is an important difference.

Moreover, if vital interests are to be sacrificed to good manners Uncle Sam is certainly unprepared to do business with anybody. And if we are to forgo our rights for fear of the risks incurred in offending the sensibilities of other peoples, the American democracy is finished. The outstanding fact, aside from the tremendous need of the immigration act, is that its passage demonstrates Uncle Sam is at last rousing to maintain his rights.

A Badly Needed Law

The outcry against its passage in our own country was revealing. Large numbers of citizens whose parent race quotas the bill cut down met together in halls and mass meetings here and there to pass resolutions and berate the United States as a land of liberty or justice or anything else worth while. It may be that these people had good grounds for grievance too. In fact, the probability is that the American sense of fair play would concede all of them justified in leaving the United States flat on its back and returning to their countries of origin. The demonstrations achieved one result: They convinced the American public that this law ought to have been passed a generation ago.

The tendency to split up into tub-thumping minorities and discard tried American institutions in favor of panaceas which have failed dismally in every practical test in Europe can be traced to the influence of our undigested aliens and not to the rebellion of youth that some writers like to acclaim. These people have succeeded in superimposing on the native viewpoint an attitude toward the social structure which is the product of ancient wrongs and oppression. They are unconsciously applying to altogether new conditions and opportunities the hang-over spirit of the downtrodden.

The tendency shows clearly in recent literature. It has become almost a vogue to depict American life and ideals from the pessimistic Russian standpoint.

When did all this start? During the war, of course. Up to then Americans thought as Americans, and the Government was accustomed to insist upon American rights being respected. With the outbreak of the European struggle that state of mind disappeared. Some of us became pro-British, some pro-French, some pro-German. In our efforts to maintain neutrality and preserve a correct attitude toward the combatants it became necessary to let much go unquestioned.

Also, we had to put up with a series of affronts. That we suffered them so long convinced the outside world Uncle Sam could be bluffed and cowed. Our entry into the war demonstrated to these peoples the spirit of the American nation, but it did not greatly change their estimate of the American Government. They still proceeded on the theory that Washington could be moved by sentimental appeal, and their judgment turned out to be sound.

Considering the contribution he was making to the defeat of Germany, Uncle Sam played a distinctly junior-partner rôle in the control of wartime activities. And always the soft pedal had to be put on the assertion of any American view. It was "Sh-h! Sh-h! You mustn't say that. It will hurt their feelings." We faithfully adhered to this notion. We obeyed not only an official censorship but a self-imposed censorship far more rigid. Perhaps this was right enough under the circumstances, although I would like to point out that some of our associates observed no such nice regard for other nations' interests as opposed to their own.

But what was the result? The experience broke down the habit of thinking as Americans and almost destroyed our national consciousness. It accustomed us to accepting tutelage. It split our people into camps. Foreign agencies largely controlled American thought and opinion. Any purely American viewpoint was certain to raise howls of anguished protest.

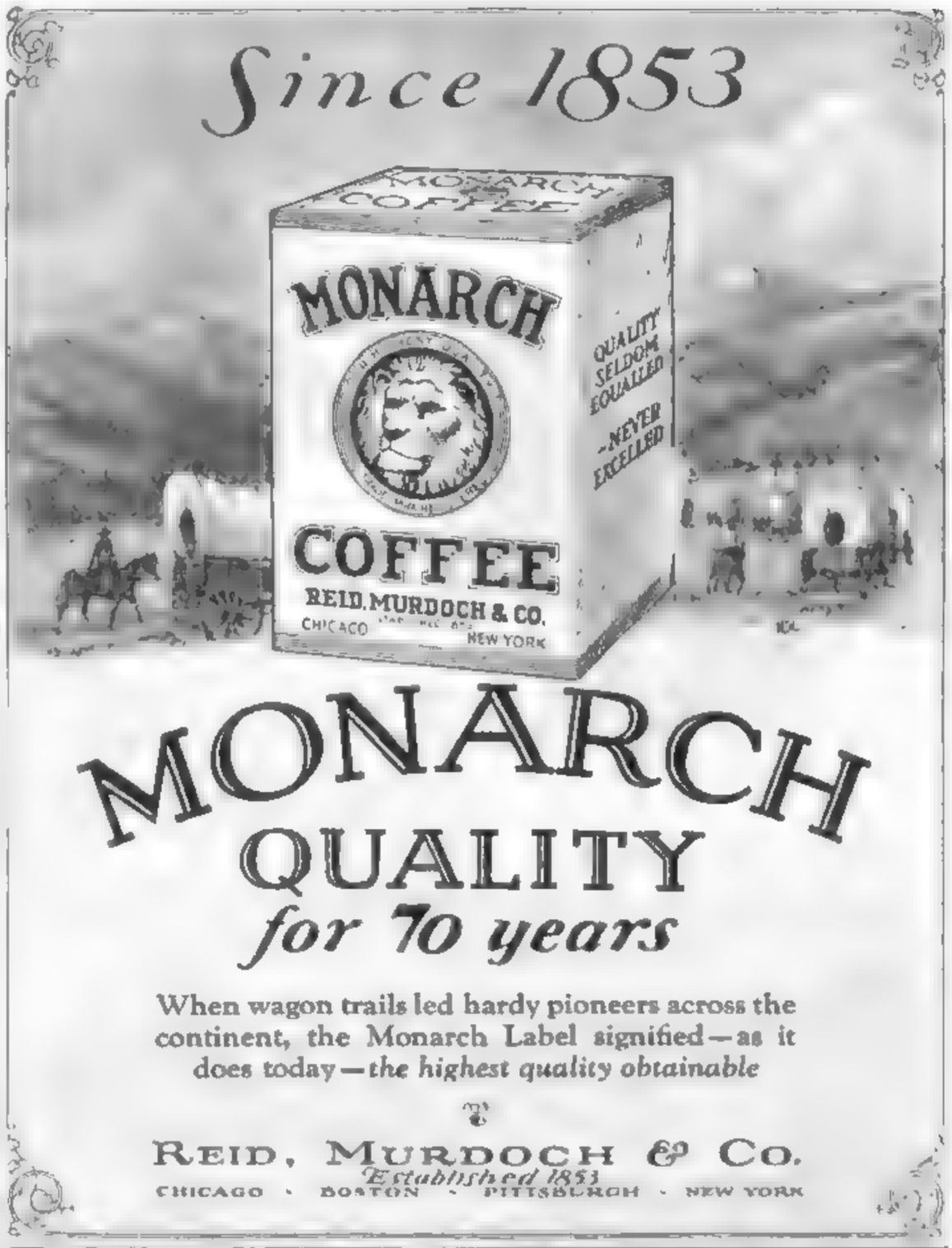
The Sop to America

The war ended. Men of experience said, "Now comes the scrapping; each country will play its own game." They did, with the single exception of the United States. We started in to play Big Brother to All the World—"Come and help yourselves, children." For by this time the professional sob sisters and brothers had gained complete control of the situation; day and night they vociferated tearful concern for our gallant allies. The few who tried to break the news that the Armistice had shattered wartime solidarity and each of the European powers was now following selfish national aims were denounced as anti-British, anti-French, anti-American, anti-God, and pro-German. With all our late associates diligently thinking and remaking the map of the world as Britishers or Frenchmen or Italians, the vast bulk of the American people still clung to the war hysteria. It was prodigious. Never in history had a nation surrendered so abjectly to foreign control of its thinking.

And the conference at Paris proceeded to make a peace settlement—a peace settlement with scarcely a vestige of the principles for which America had fought, but with a make-believe League of Nations thrown in as a sop to the sentimentalists. Then Uncle Sam woke up—too late, as usual. That they've been trying ever since to undo the mischief of Versailles is sufficient comment on the treaty.

The French have still a lot to learn. Idealism being foreign to their natures, it is seldom brought out for public appeal at home and they employ it awkwardly when driven to employ it for foreign consumption. Impatient of hypocrisy, quick to detect buncombe and claptrap, they assume the same capacity in others, and generally place reliance on a statement of their position from the standpoint of their safety and necessities, taking it for granted sane people must know that every nation acts in a desperate emergency from self-interest. Consequently their chagrin knows no bounds when a people to whom they look for intelligent recognition of facts furiously espouses an equally selfish policy dressed up as a cause.

It is curious how the mere mention of idealism among Americans is supposed to settle any argument over the merits of an international dispute and to flatten the



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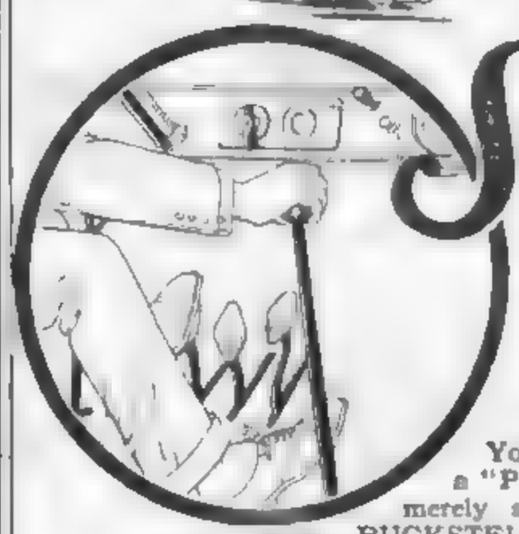

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practical thinker like a pancake. Why? What is an idealist?

The sentimentalist thinks he is one, and he recognizes no other. There is no more scathing denunciation in his vocabulary than "a man of no ideals." Now probably no man above the level of the brute ever went through life without ideals; but a thinking person learns discrimination. He finds out that many youthful theories are demoralizing in practice. His early conception of the human race as man is demolished. He realizes there is no such animal, but that governmental and social systems must be adapted to fit multitudes of men of varying and fiercely clashing characteristics, and what would be meat for one kind would be the other's poison.

Gradually his idealism becomes tempered with the sound common sense of practical experience. He no longer has confidence in the effectiveness of vague soul urgings to right the world en masse, and tearful yearnings over the plight of distant peoples give place to active concern for the family in distress around the corner. And so the practical man of honest intent ends up with a sturdy faith in fair play as the most serviceable and enduring form of idealism.

That marks his graduation from the ranks of the sentimentalists. A sentimentalist is merely a person of humane impulses in a lower stage of development. He hasn't yet learned to distinguish between facts and bedtime stories.

Then why is it he wields such influence in the United States? It seems to me his strength consists chiefly of vociferousness, and that multitudes of clear-thinking citizens defer to his viewpoint rather than incur the stigma of lack of feeling. The sentimentalist has most of us cowed. The result is that the American people swallow more mush than any other five nations combined. We can see it in every field of activity.

It invades political arenas to the absolute obfuscation of the issues involved. Provided a candidate can make a sentimental appeal, other shortcomings are largely overlooked, so it is inevitable that sentimentalism should become the refuge of the scoundrel. Those who rebel against its shams are held up to opprobrium.

Up to the time of postwar readjustment, cleavages in public opinion usually occurred over clearly defined issues, but with the American people in such a timorous state of mind it was inevitable that groups should try to profit from it. And so we saw the rapid growth of organizations under various guises, but with one real purpose; we were treated to the spectacle of Congress yielding to minority intimidation; we saw raids on the Treasury, and the phenomenon of blocs forming in both Houses and threatening to swing the balance of power. Discovering that noise could stampede the politicians and a lot of good folk, the tub thumpers waxed powerful and ever bolder. Labor split up into factions—factions whose aims ranged from the legitimate aspirations of the movement to the red-ruin ambitions of the communists. And we beheld the curious anomaly of the advocates of force for the imposition of a new order denouncing the application of force to suppress their activities.

The cry was for a short cut to the millennium. Every quack nostrum put forward had as objective the betterment of one group at another's expense—a panacea stood no chance without that. Now although everybody longs for Utopia, when it is proposed to establish it by the sacrifice of himself and all his family and friends, even the most idealistic of men must necessarily fight it to the death. And so, what one group championed, others tightened their belts to battle, and a lot of us ran hither and yon, emitting shrill piping cries, and getting nowhere.

Meanwhile a solid, inarticulate body of Americans stuck to the job and carried on the work of the nation. For no matter what party or what governmental system rules in Washington, no matter what type of men run our industries and banks, the daily work must be done or we shall all starve to death, including our lustiest Utopians and communists. So eminent a Socialist thinker as Bernard Shaw declares: "Liberty is an excellent thing; but it cannot begin until society has paid its daily debt to Nature by first earning its living."

We are still moiling and milling about, getting excited over trifles and stampeding to tub-thumping hysteria. People prone to squander their strength in fuming seldom have the moral stamina for a great test. Splitting up into numerous groups is always the forerunner of disintegration. How far down that road do we intend to go?

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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